This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

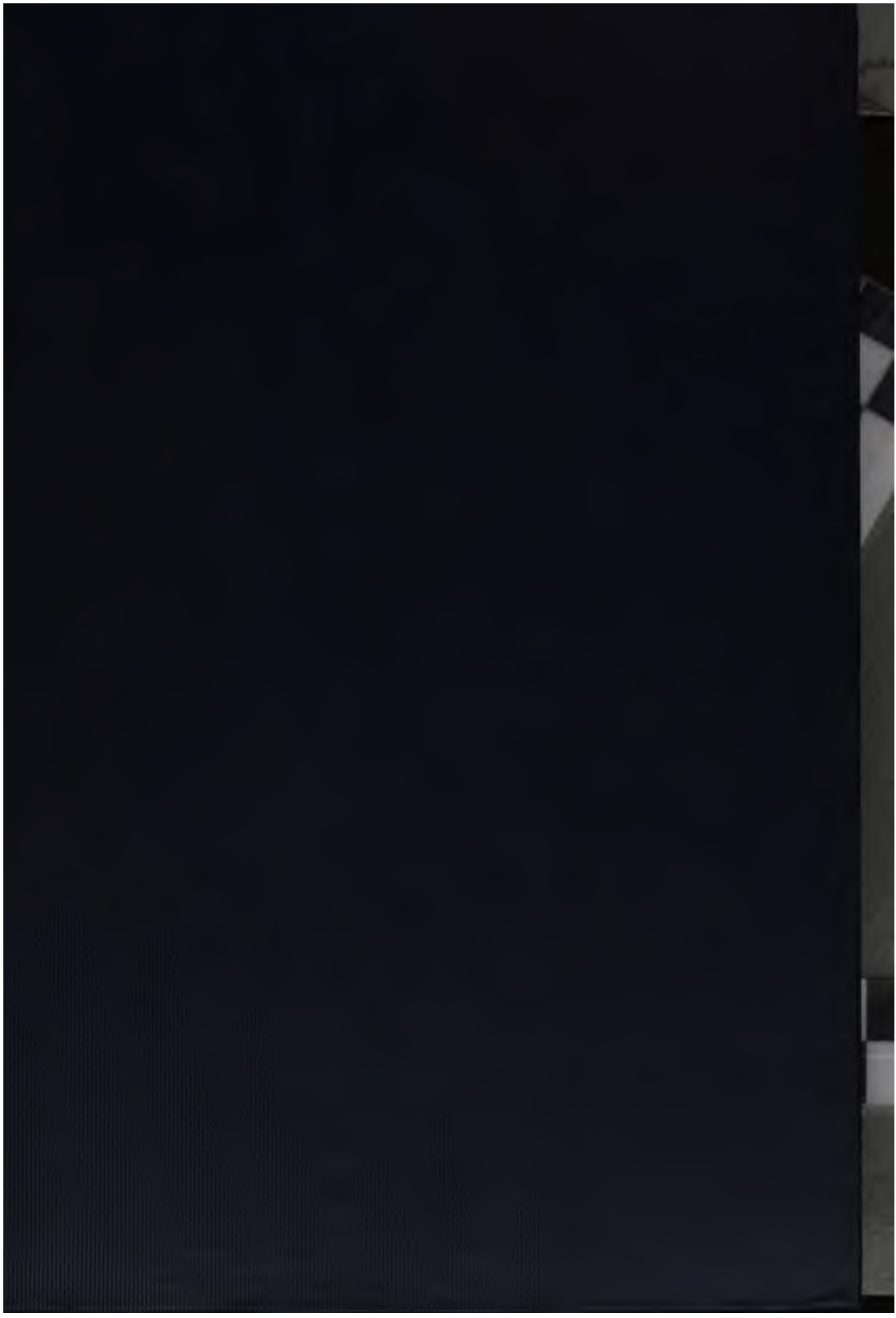
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



gift of

Professor
Charles D. O'Malley

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

CENTENARY EDITION

THE WORKS OF

THOMAS CARLYLE

IN THIRTY VOLUMES

VOL. VII

CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES

II

Elizabeth Steward:

Mother of Oliver Cromwell.

Elizabeth Howard

Duchess of Norfolk

THOMAS CARLYLE

OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES

WITH ELUCIDATIONS

IN FOUR VOLUMES
VOLUME II

LONDON
CHAPMAN AND HALL
LIMITED
1897

Originally published 1845

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II

PART V

CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND. 1649

PAGE

LETTER LXXXVII. To Rev. Mr. Robinson: London, 1 Feb. 1648-9 3

This Letter and the Three following relate to Richard Cromwell's Marriage.

PASS 4

LETTER LXXXVIII. To R. Mayor, Esq.: London, 12 Feb. 1648-9 6

ORDER 7

LETTER LXXXIX. To R. Mayor, Esq.: London, 26 Feb. 1648-9 8

„ XC. To the same: London 8 March 1648-9 10

„ XCI. To Dr. Love: London, 14 March 1648-9 12

Recommends a Suitor to him.

„ XCII. To R. Mayor, Esq.: London, 14 March 1648-9 14

This and the Four following relate to Richard Cromwell's Marriage.

„ XCIII. To R. Mayor, Esq.: London, 25 March 1649 17

„ XCIV. To the same: London, 30 March 1649 20

„ XCV. To the same: London, 6 April 1649 . 21

PAGE

LETTER XCVI. To R. Mayor, Esq.: London, 15 April 1649 22

THE LEVELLERS 24

LETTER XCVII. To Sir J. Harrington: London, 9 July 1649 35
Earl of Thomond's Petition.

„ XCVIII. To Hon. W. Lenthall: London, 10 July 1649 37
Recommends Mr. Lowry, his fellow Member.

„ XCIX. To R. Mayor, Esq.: Bristol, 19 July 1649 39
In answer to a Recommendation.

„ C. To the same: Milford Haven, 13 Aug. 1649 41
News received from Ireland: Jones's Defeat of Ormond at Bagatrath.

„ CI. To Mrs. Richard Cromwell: Milford Haven, 13 Aug. 1649 43
Religious Advices.

„ CII. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Dublin, 22 Aug. 1649 45
Vice-Admiral Ayscough's Lease.

A DECLARATION BY THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND . 46

IRISH WAR 48

LETTER CIII. To the Chief Officer in Dundalk: Tredah, 12 Sept. 1649 55
Summons to Dundalk.

„ CIV. To President Bradshaw: Dublin, 16 Sept. 1649 56
Storm of Drogheda.

„ CV. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Dublin, 17 Sept. 1649 57
Storm of Drogheda.

		PAGE
LETTER	CVI. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Dublin, 27 Sept. 1649 . . . . . Venables in Ulster: Supplies.	64
„	CVII. To the same: Wexford, 14 Oct. 1649 . March to Wexford: Capture of Wexford.	66
„	CVIII. To Governor Taaff: Ross, 17 Oct. 1649 . Ross summoned.	80
„	CIX. To the same: Before Ross, 19 Oct. 1649 . Terms for Ross.	82
„	CX. To the same: same date . . . . Same subject.	83
„	CXI. To the same: same date . . . . Same subject.	84
„	CXII. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Ross, 25 Oct. 1649 Account of the Gaining of Ross.	85
„	CXIII. To R. Mayor, Esq.: Ross, 13 Nov. 1649 . Irish News, and Family Affairs.	87
„	CXIV. To Hon. T. Scott: Ross, 14 Nov. 1649 . The Vote of Lands to Lieut.-Gen. Jones: Lord Broghil.	89
„	CXV. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Ross, 14 Nov. 1649 Proceedings in Munster; Cork, Youghal, Baltimore, Castlehaven; other Mercies.	90
„	CXVI. To the same: Waterford, Nov. 1649 . Reynolds takes Carrick-on-Suir; defends it gallantly: Reflections.	96
„	CXVII. To the same: Cork, 19 Dec. 1649 . . Waterford not taken; Death of Lieut.-Gen. Michael Jones; Repulse of the Enemy at Passage.	102
„	CXVIII. To Lord Wharton: Cork, 1 Jan. 1649-50 . Wharton's Doubts.	106

PAGE

DECLARATION FOR THE UNDECEIVING OF DELUDED PEOPLE . 110

LETTER CXIX. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Castletown, 15 Feb. 1649-50 133
New Campaign: Reduction of many places in Tipperary and the Southwest.

„ CXX. To the Governor of Cahir Castle: Cahir, 24 Feb. 1649-50 139
Summons to Cahir.

„ CXXI. To President Bradshaw: Cashel, 5 March 1649-50 140
Progress of the Campaign: Cahir taken.

„ CXXII. To the Governor of Kilkenny: Before Kilkenny, 22 March 1649-50 . . 142
Summons to Kilkenny.

„ CXXIII. To the same: Before Kilkenny, 25 March 1650 144
Same Subject: this and the Five following.

„ CXXIV. To the same: Before Kilkenny, 26 March 1650 146

„ CXXV. To the Mayor of Kilkenny: Before Kilkenny, 26 March 1650 . . . 147

„ CXXVI. To the same: Before Kilkenny, 26 March 1650 148

„ CXXVII. To the Governor of Kilkenny: Before Kilkenny, 26 March 1650 . . . 150

„ CXXVIII. To the same: Before Kilkenny, 27 March 1650 151

„ CXXIX. To the Dublin Commissioners: Carrick-on-Suir, 1 April 1650 . . . 151
Disposal of Cork House.

PAGE

LETTER CXXX. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Carrick, 2 April 1650 153
Kilkenny taken; Col. Hewson.

„ CXXXI. To R. Mayor, Esq.: Carrick, 2 April 1650 159
Reflections on the Mercies in Ireland.

„ CXXXII. To R. Cromwell, Esq.: Carrick, 2 April 1650 161
Fatherly Advices: Raleigh's History.

PART VI

WAR WITH SCOTLAND 1650-51

WAR WITH SCOTLAND 169

LETTER CXXXIII. To Hon. W. Lenthall: London, 20 June 1650 175
On behalf of Alderman Hooke of Bristol.

„ CXXXIV. To R. Mayor, Esq.: Alnwick, 17 July 1650 177
Concerning his Son and Daughter-in-law.

„ CXXXV. To President Bradshaw: Musselburgh, 30 July 1650 180
Appearance before Edinburgh: Lesley within his Lines.

„ CXXXVI. To Scots Committee of Estates: Musselburgh, 3 Aug. 1650. . 185
Remonstrates on their dangerous Courses, on their unchristian Conduct towards him.

„ CXXXVII. To Gen. Lesley: Camp at Pentland Hills, 14 Aug. 1650 . . . 190
Answer to Lesley's Message and Declaration.

PAGE

LETTER CXXXVIII. To the Council of State: Musselburgh, 30 Aug. 1650 194

Progress of the Scotch Campaign: Skirmish on the Stirling Road, no Battle; Retreat to the eastward again.

BATTLE OF DUNBAR 197

LETTER CXXXIX. To Sir A. Haselrig: Dunbar, 2 Sept. 1650 199

Day before Dunbar Battle.

PROCLAMATION: The Wounded on the Field . . . 209

LETTER CXL. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Dunbar, 4 Sept. 1650 209

Of Dunbar Battle:—This Letter and the next Five.

„ CXLI. To Sir A. Haselrig: same date . . 217

„ CXLII. To President Bradshaw: same date . 219

„ CXLIII. To Mrs. Cromwell: same date . . 221

„ CXLIV. To R. Mayor, Esq.: same date . . 221

„ CXLV. To Lieut.-Gen. Ireton: same date . . 222

„ CXLVI. To Lord Wharton: same date . . 224

Wharton's Doubts again.

„ CXLVII. To Governor Dundas: Edinburgh, 9 Sept. 1650 228

Has offered to let the Ministers of Edinburgh Castle preach in the City: Rebuke for their Refusal.

„ CXLVIII. To the same: Edinburgh, 12 Sept. 1650 232

Second more deliberate Rebuke, with Queries.

QUERIES 237

PROCLAMATION: Inhabitants have free Leave to come and go 240

PAGE

LETTER CXLIX. To President Bradshaw: Edinburgh, 25 Sept. 1650 241

Has marched towards Stirling, but been obliged to return.

" CL. To Scots Committee of Estates: Linlithgow, 9 Oct. 1650 . . . 247

Remonstrates again with them concerning the folly and impiety of this War.

" CLI. To Col. Strahan: Edinburgh, 25 Oct. 1650 250

On the foregoing Lotter; desires a Friendly Debate.

PROCLAMATION: Mosstroopers 253

LETTER CLII. To Governor of Borthwick Castle: Edinburgh, 18 Nov. 1650 254

Summons.

" CLIII. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Edinburgh, 4 Dec. 1650 255

Progress of Scotch Affairs; Ker and Strahan.

" CLIV. To Governor Dundas: Edinburgh, 12 Dec. 1650 260

This and the Six following, with the Pass and Proclamation, relate to the Siege of Edinburgh Castle.

" CLV. To the same: same date 261

" CLVI. To the same: Edinburgh, 13 Dec. 1650 . 263

" CLVII. To the same: Edinburgh, 14 Dec. 1650 . 265

" CLVIII. To the same: same date 265

" CLIX. To the same: Edinburgh, 18 Dec. 1650 . 267

" CLX. To the same: same date 268

PASS 268

PROCLAMATION 269

PAGE

LETTER CLXI. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Edinburgh, 24 Dec. 1650 270
Edinburgh Castle surrendered.

„ CLXII. To Col. Hacker: Edinburgh, 25 Dec. 1650 273
Captain Empson's Commission cannot be revoked. Censures a phrase of Hacker's

„ CLXIII. To Gen. Lesley: Edinburgh, 17 Jan. 1650-1 275
Provost Jaffray, Rev. Messrs. Waugh and Carstairs.

„ CLXIV. To Scots Committee of Estates: Edinburgh, 17 Jan. 1650-1 . . . 279
Augustin the German Mosstrooper.

„ CLXV. To Committee of Army: Edinburgh, 4 Feb. 1650-1 282
Symonds, and the Medal for Dunbar Battle.

„ CLXVI. To Rev. Dr. Greenwood: Edinburgh, 4 Feb. 1650-1 285
Has been elected Chancellor of Oxford University.

„ CLXVII. To the same: Edinburgh, 14 Feb. 1650-1 289
Waterhouse: For an Oxford Degree.

„ CLXVIII. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Edinburgh, 8 March 1650-1 290
Intercedes for Col. Robert Lilburn.

„ CLXIX. To the same: Edinburgh, 11 March 1650-1 292
Durham University.

„ CLXX. To President Bradshaw: Edinburgh, 24 March 1650-1 295
Has been dangerously unwell; Thanks for their inquiring after him.

PAGE

LETTER CLXXI. To Mrs. Cromwell: Edinburgh, 12 April 1651 296

Domestic. The Lord Herbert. Richard and the other Children.

„ CLXXII. To Hon. A. Johnston: Edinburgh, 12 April 1651 298

Public Registers of Scotland.

SECOND VISIT TO GLASGOW 301

LETTER CLXXIII. To Mrs. Cromwell: Edinburgh, 3 May 1651 306

Domestic. Regards to his Mother.

„ CLXXIV. To President Bradshaw: Edinburgh, 3 June 1651 307

Dangerous Relapse; now recovering: Drs. Wright and Bates.

„ CLXXV. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Linlithgow, 21 July 1651 310

Inverkeithing Fight.

„ CLXXVI. To President Bradshaw: Dundas, 24 July 1651 312

Gone over to Fife.

„ CLXXVII. To the same: Linlithgow, 26 July 1651 313

Inchgarvie surrendered.

„ CLXXVIII. To R. Mayor, Esq.: Burntisland, 28 July 1651 315

Rebukes his Son Richard for excess in expenditure.

„ CLXXIX. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Burntisland, 29 July 1651 317

Burntisland. Army mostly in Fife.

PAGE

LETTER CLXXX. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Leith, 4 Aug. 1651 318
St. Johnston taken: the Enemy suddenly gone southward.

„ CLXXXI. To Lord Wharton: Stratford-on-Avon, 27 Aug. 1651 323
Wharton's Doubts once more.

BATTLE OF WORCESTER 325

LETTER CLXXXII. To Hon. W. Lenthall: near Worcester, 3 Sept. 1651 328
Battle of Worcester.

„ CLXXXIII. To the same: Worcester, 4 Sept. 1651 330
The same.

(*Adjoined to this Volume*)

THE SQUIRE PAPERS 339

LIST OF PLATES

CROMWELL'S MOTHER . . . . . *frontispiece*
ADMIRAL BLAKE . . . . . *at page* 89
GENERAL DAVID LESLEY . . . . „ 276

PART FIFTH

CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND

1649

LETTERS LXXXVII—XCVI

On *Tuesday 30th January* 1648-9, it is ordered in the Commons House, 'That the Post be stayed until tomorrow morning, ten of the clock'; and the same afternoon, the King's Execution having now taken place, Edward Dendy, Sergeant-at-Arms, with due trumpeters, pursuivants and horse-troops, notifies, loud as he can blow, at Cheapside and elsewhere, openly to all men, That whosoever shall proclaim a new King, Charles Second or another, without authority of Parliament, in this Nation of England, shall be a Traitor and suffer death. For which service, on the morrow, each trumpeter receives 'ten shillings' of the public money, and Sergeant Dendy himself—shall see what he will receive.[1] And all Sheriffs, Mayors of Towns and suchlike, are to do the same in their respective localities, that the fact be known to every one.

After which follow, in Parliament and out of it, such debatings, committee-ings, consultings towards a Settlement of this Nation, as the reader can in a dim way sufficiently fancy for himself on considering the two following facts.

First, That on *February 13th*, Major Thomas Scott, an honourable Member whom we shall afterwards know better,

[1] *Commons Journals*, vi. 126; Scobell's *Acts and Ordinances* (London, 1658, 1657), ii. 3.

brings in his Report or Ordinance for a COUNCIL OF STATE, to be henceforth the Executive among us; which Council, to the number of Forty-one Persons, is thereupon nominated by Parliament; and begins its Sessions at Derby House on the 17th. Bradshaw, Fairfax, Cromwell, Whitlocke, Harry Marten, Ludlow, Vane the Younger, and others whom we know, are of this Council.

Second, That, after much adjustment and new-modelling, new Great Seals, new Judges, Sergeant's-maces, there comes out, on *May 19th*, an emphatic Act, brief as Sparta, in these words: 'Be it declared and enacted by this present Parliament, and by the authority of the same: That the People of England, and of all the dominions and territories thereunto belonging, are and shall be, and are hereby constituted, made, established and confirmed to be, A COMMONWEALTH OR FREE-STATE; and shall from henceforth be governed as a Commonwealth and Free-State,—by the Supreme Authority of this Nation the Representatives of the People in Parliament, and by such as they shall appoint and constitute officers and ministers under them for the good of the People; and that without any King or House of Lords.'[1]—What modelling and consulting has been needed in the interim, the reader shall conceive.

Strangely enough, among which great national transactions the following small family-matters again turn up; asserting that they too had right to happen in this world, and keep memory of themselves,—and show how a Lieutenant-General's mind, busy pulling-down Idolatrous Kingships and setting-up Religious Commonwealths, has withal an idle eldest Son to marry!—

There occurred 'a stick,' as we saw some time ago,[2] in this Marriage-Treaty: but now it gathers life again;—and, not to agitate the reader's sympathies overmuch, we will say at once

[1] Scobell, ii. 30; *Commons Journals*, 19th May.
[2] Letter LVI, vol. i. p. 306.

that it took effect this time; that Richard Cromwell was actually wedded to Dorothy Mayor, at Hursley, on Mayday 1649;[1] and, one point fairly settled at last!—But now mark farther how Anne, second daughter of the House of Hursley, came to be married not long after to 'John Dunch of Pusey in Berkshire'; which Dunch of Pusey had a turn for collecting Letters. How Dunch, groping about Hursley in subsequent years, found 'Seventeen Letters of Cromwell,' and collected them, and laid them up at Pusey; how, after a century or so, Horace Walpole, likewise a collector of Letters, got his eye upon them; transcribed them, imparted them to dull Harris.[2] From whom, accordingly, here they still are and continue. This present fascicle of Ten is drawn principally from the Pusey stock; the remainder will introduce themselves in due course.

LETTER LXXXVII

Colonel Norton, 'dear Dick,' was purged out by Pride; lazy Dick and lazy Frank Russel were both purged out, or scared away, and are in the lists of the Excluded. Dick, we infer, is now somewhat estranged from Cromwell; probably both Dick and Frank: Frank returned; Dick too, though in a fitful manner. And so, there being now no 'dear Norton' on the spot, the Lieutenant-General applies to Mr. Robinson, the pious Preacher at Southampton, of whom we transiently heard already;—a priest and counsellor, and acting as such, to all parties.

FOR MY VERY LOVING FRIEND MR. ROBINSON, PREACHER AT SOUTHAMPTON: THESE

"London," 1st February 1648.

Sir,—I thank you for your kind Letter. As to the business you mention, I desire to use this plainness with you.

When the last overture was, between me and Mr. Mayor, by the kindness of Colonel Norton,—after the meeting I had with

[1] Noble, i. 188. [2] Harris, p. 504.

Mr. Mayor at Farnham, I desired the Colonel (finding, as I thought, some scruples in Mr. Mayor), To know of him whether his mind was free to the thing or not. Colonel Norton gave me this account, That Mr. Mayor, by reason of some matters as they then stood, was not very free thereunto. Whereupon I did acquiesce, submitting to the providence of God.

Upon your reviving of the business to me, and your Letter, I think fit to return you this answer, and to say in plainness of spirit to you: That, upon your testimony of the Gentlewoman's worth, and the common report of the piety of the Family, I shall be willing to entertain the renewing of the motion, upon such conditions as may be to mutual satisfaction. Only I think that a speedy resolution will be very convenient to both parties. The Lord direct all to His glory.

I desire your prayers therein; and rest, your very affectionate friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[*]

'February 1st,'—it is Thursday; the King was executed on Tuesday: Robinson at Southampton, I think, must have been writing at the very time.

On Tuesday night last, a few hours after the King's Execution, Marquis Hamilton had escaped from Windsor, and been retaken in Southwark next morning, Wednesday morning. 'Knocking at a door,' he was noticed by three troopers; who questioned him, detected him;[1] and bringing him to the Parliament Authorities, made 40*l.* apiece by him. He will be tried speedily, by a new High Court of Justice; he and others.

PASS

'TO ALL OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS, AND ALL PERSONS WHOM 'THESE MAY CONCERN

'WHEREAS John Stanley of Dalegarth, in the county of 'Cumberland, Esquire, hath subscribed to his Composition,

[*] Harris, p. 504; one of the seventeen Letters found at Pusey.

[1] *Cromwelliana*, p. 51.

'and paid and secured his Fine, according to the direction 'of Parliament:

'These are to require you to permit and suffer him and 'his servants quietly to pass into Dalegarth above-said, with 'their horses and swords, and to forbear to molest or trouble 'him or any of his Family there; without seizing or taking 'away any of his horses, or other goods or estate whatsoever; 'and to permit and suffer him or any of his Family, at any 'time, to pass to any place, about his or their occasions; 'without offering any injury to him or any of his Family, 'either at Dalegarth, or in his or their travels: As you will 'answer your contempt at your utmost perils.

'Given under my hand and seal this 2d of February 1648.

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'*

Oliver's seal of 'six quarterings' is at the top. Of course only the seal and signature are specially his: but this one Pass may stand here as the sample of many that were then circulating,—emblem of a time of war, distress, uncertainty and danger, which then was.

The 2d of February is Friday. Yesterday, Thursday, there was question in the House of 'many Gentlemen from the Northern Counties, who do attend about Town to make their compositions,' and of what is to be done with them.[1] The late business that ended in Preston Fight had made many new delinquents in those parts; whom now we see painfully with pale faces dancing attendance in Goldsmiths' Hall,—not to say knocking importunately at doors in the gray of the morning, in danger of their life! Stanley of Dalegarth has happily got his composition finished, his Pass signed by the Lieutenant-General; and may go home, with subdued thankfulness, in a whole skin. Dalegarth Hall is still an estate or farm, in the southern extremity of Cumber-

* Jefferson's *History and Antiquities of Allerdale Ward, Cumberland* (Carlisle, 1842), p. 284.

[1] *Commons Journals*, in die.

land; on the Esk river, in the Ravenglass district: not far from that small Lake which Tourists go to see under the name of *Devock Water*. Quiet life to Stanley there!

LETTER LXXXVIII

FOR MY VERY WORTHY FRIEND RICHARD MAYOR, ESQUIRE: THESE

"London," 12th February 1648.

Sir,—I received some intimations formerly, and by the last return from Southampton a Letter from Mr. Robinson, concerning the reviving of the last year's motion touching my Son and your Daughter. Mr. Robinson was also pleased to send enclosed in his a Letter from you, bearing date the 5th of this instant February, wherein I find your willingness to entertain any good means for the completing of that business.

From whence I take encouragement to send my Son to wait upon you; and by him to let you know, That my desires are, if Providence so dispose, very full and free to the thing,—if, upon an interview, there prove also a freedom in the young persons thereunto. What liberty you will give herein, I wholly submit to you.

I thought fit, in my Letter to Mr. Robinson, to mention somewhat of expedition; because indeed I know not how soon I may be called into the field, or other occasions may remove me from hence; having for the present some liberty of stay in London. The Lord direct all to His glory. I rest, Sir, your very humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[*]

Thomas Scott is big with the Council of State at present; he produces it in the House tomorrow morning, 13th February; and the List of actual Councillors, as we said, is voted the next day.

There is also frequent debate about Ireland[1] in these days, and what is to be done for relief of it; the Marquis of

[*] Harris, p. 505; one of the Pusey seventeen.

[1] *Cromwelliana*, 14th February, etc.

Ormond, furnished with a commission from the Prince, who now calls himself Charles II., reappeared there last year; has, with endless patience and difficulty, patched-up some kind of alliance with the Papists, Nuncio Papists and Papists of the Pale; and so far as numbers go, looks very formidable. One does not know how soon one 'may be called into the field.' However, there will several things turn up to be settled first.

ORDER

On the Saturday 17th February 1648-9, more properly on Monday 19th, the Council of State, first met, to constitute itself and begin despatch of business.[1] Cromwell seems to have been their first President. At first it had been decided that they should have no constant President; but after a time, the inconveniences of such a method were seen into, and Bradshaw was appointed to the office.

The Minute-book of this Council of State, written in the clear old hand of Walter Frost, still lies complete in the State-Paper Office; as do the whole Records of the Committee of Both Kingdoms, of the Committee of Sequestrations in Goldsmiths' Hall, and many other Committees and officialities of the Period. By the long labour of Mr. Lemon, these waste Documents, now gathered into volumes, classed, indexed, methodised, have become singularly accessible. Well read, the thousandth or perhaps ten-thousandth part of them well excerpted, and the nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine parts well forgotten, much light for what is really English History might still be gathered there. Alas, if the Half-million of money, or but the twentieth part of it, wasted in mere stupidities upon the old-parchment Record Commission, had been expended upon wise labours here!—But to our '*Order*.'

Sir Oliver Fleming, a most gaseous but indisputable historical Figure, of uncertain genesis, uncertain habitat, glides through the old Books as 'Master of the Ceremonies,'—

[1] *Commons Journals*, vi. 146.

master of one knows not well what. In the end of 1648 he clearly is nominated 'Master of the Ceremonies' by Parliament itself;[1] and glides out and in ever after, presiding over 'Dutch Ambassadors,' 'Swedish Ambassadors' and suchlike, to the very end of the Protectorate. A Blessed Restoration, of course, relieved him from his labours. He, for the present, wants to see some Books in the late Royal Library of St. James's. This scrap of paper still lies in the British Museum:

'TO THE KEEPER OF THE LIBRARY OF ST. JAMES'S

'THESE are to will and require you, upon sight hereof, to 'deliver unto Sir Oliver Fleming, or to whom he shall appoint, 'two or three such Books as he shall choose, of which there 'is a double copy in the Library: to be by him disposed "of" 'as there shall be direction given him by the Council. Of 'which you are not to fail, and for which this shall be your 'warrant.

'Given at the Council of State, this 22d day of February '1648.

'In the name, and signed by Order of the Council of State 'appointed by Authority of Parliament,

'OLIVER CROMWELL
('*Præses pro tempore*).'*

There is already question of selling the late King's goods, crown-jewels, plate, and 'hangings,' under which latter title, we suppose, are included his Pictures, much regretted by the British connoisseur at present. They did not come actually to market till July next.[2]

LETTER LXXXIX

REVEREND MR. STAPYLTON, of whom we heard once before in Edinburgh, has been down at Hursley with Mr. Richard;

[1] 2d November 1643, *Commons Journals*, iii. 299.
* Additional Ayscough MSS. 12,098.
[2] Scobell, Part ii. 46, the immense Act of Parliament for sale of them.

Miss Dorothy received them with her blushes, with her smiles; the elder Mayors with 'many civilities': and the Marriage-treaty, as Mr. Stapylton reports, promises well.

FOR MY VERY WORTHY FRIEND RICHARD MAYOR, ESQUIRE: THESE

"London," 26th February 1648.

Sir,—I received yours by Mr. Stapylton; together with an account of the kind reception and the many civilities afforded "to" them,[1]*—especially to my Son, in the liberty given him to wait upon your worthy Daughter. The report of whose virtue and godliness has so great a place in my heart, that I think fit not to neglect anything, on my part, which may consummate a close of the business, if God please to dispose the young ones' hearts thereunto, and other suitable ordering "of" affairs towards mutual satisfaction appear in the dispensation of Providence.*

For which purpose, and to the end matters may be brought to as near an issue as they are capable of,—not being at liberty, by reason of public occasions, to wait upon you, nor your health, as I understand, permitting it,—I thought fit to send this Gentleman, Mr. Stapylton, instructed with my mind, to see how near we may come to an understanding one of another therein. And although I could have wished the consideration of things had been between us two, it being of so near concernment,—yet Providence for the present not allowing, I desire you to give him credence on my behalf.

Sir, all things which yourself and I had in conference, at Farnham, do not occur to my memory, through multiplicity of business intervening. I hope I shall with a very free heart testify my readiness to that which may be expected from me.

I have no more at present: but desiring the Lord to order this affair to His glory and the comfort of His servants, I rest, Sir, your humble servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

[1] To Richard Cromwell and him.

* Harris, p. 505; one of the Pusey seventeen: Signature only is in Cromwell's hand.

LETTER XC

THIS Thursday 8th March 1648-9, they are voting and debating in a thin House, hardly above sixty there, Whether Duke Hamilton, Earl Holland, Lords Capel, Goring, and Sir John Owen,—our old friend 'Colonel Owen' of Nottingham Castle, Jenner and Ashe's old friend,[1]—are to die or to live?

They have been tried in a new High Court of Justice, and all found guilty of treason, of levying war against the Supreme Authority of this Nation. Shall they be executed; shall they be respited? The House, by small Majorities, decides *against* the first three; decides in favour of the last; and as to Goring, the votes are equal,—the balance-tongue trembles, 'Life or Death!' Speaker Lenthal says, Life.[2]

Meanwhile, small private matters also must be attended to.

FOR MY VERY WORTHY FRIEND RICHARD MAYOR, ESQUIRE: THESE

"London," 8th March 1648.

Sir,—Yours I have received; and have given further instructions to this Bearer, Mr. Stapylton, to treat with you about the business in agitation between your Daughter and my Son.

I am engaged[3] *to you for all your civilities and respects already manifested. I trust there will be a right understanding between us, and a good conclusion: and though I cannot particularly remember the things spoken of at Farnham to which your Letter seems to refer me, yet I doubt not but I have sent the offer of such things now as will give mutual satisfaction to us both. My attendance upon public affairs will not give me leave to come down unto you myself; I have sent unto you this Gentleman with my mind.*

I salute Mrs. Mayor, though unknown, with the rest of your

[1] Letter LXXXII. vol. i. p. 394. [2] *Commons Journals*, vi. 159. [3] obliged.

Family. I commit you, with the progress of the Business, to the Lord; and rest, Sir, your assured friend to serve you,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

On the morrow morning, poor versatile Hamilton, poor versatile Holland, with the Lord Capel who the first of all in this Parliament rose to complain of Grievances, meet their death in Palaceyard. The High Court was still sitting in Westminster Hall as they passed through 'from Sir Robert Cotton's house.' Hamilton lingered a little, or seemed to linger, in the Hall; still hopeful of reprieve and fine of 100,000*l.*: but the Earl of Denbigh, his brother-in-law, a Member of the Council of State, stept up to him; whispered in his ear;—the poor Duke walked on. That is the end of all his diplomacies; his Scotch Army of Forty-thousand, his painful ridings to Uttoxeter, and to many other places, have all issued here. The Earl of Lanark will now be Duke of Hamilton in Scotland: may a better fate await him!

The once gay Earl of Holland has been 'converted' some days ago, as it were for the nonce,—poor Earl! With regard to my Lord Capel again, who followed last in order, he behaved, says Bulstrode, 'much after the manner of a stout Roman. He had no Minister with him, nor showed any sense of death approaching; but carried himself all the time he was upon the scaffold with that boldness and resolution as was to be admired. He wore a sad-coloured suit, his hat cocked-up, and his cloak thrown under one arm; he looked towards the people at his first coming up, and put off his hat in manner of a salute; he had a little discourse with some gentlemen, and passed up and down in a careless posture.'[1] Thus died Lord Capel, the first who complained of Grievances: in seven-years time there are such changes for a man; and the first acts of his Drama little know what the last will be!—

This new High Court of Justice is one of some Seven or

* Harris, p. 506; one of the seventeen.

[1] Whitlocke, p. 380 (the *first* of the *two* pages 380 which there are).

Eight that sat in those years, and were greatly complained of by Constitutional persons. Nobody ever said that they decided contrary to evidence; but they were not the regular Judges. They took the Parliament's law as good, without consulting Fleta and Bracton about it. They consisted of learned Sergeants and other weighty persons nominated by the Parliament, usually in good numbers, for the occasion.

Some weeks hence, drunken Poyer of Pembroke and the confused Welsh Colonels are tried by Court Martial; Poyer, Powel, Laughern are found to merit death. Death however shall be executed only upon one of them; let the other two be pardoned: let them draw lots which two. 'In two of the lots was written, *Life given by God*; the third lot was a blank. The Prisoners were not willing to draw their own destiny; but a child drew the lots, and gave them: and the lot fell to Colonel Poyer to die.'[1] He was shot in Covent Garden; died like a soldier, poor confused Welshman; and so ended.

And with these executions, the chief Delinquents are now got punished. The Parliament lays up its axe again; willing to pardon the smaller multitude, if they will keep quiet henceforth.

LETTER XCI

FOR MY WORTHY FRIEND DR. LOVE, MASTER OF BENET COLLEGE, "CAMBRIDGE": THESE

"London," 14th March 1648.

Sir,—I understand one Mrs. Nutting is a suitor unto you, on the right of her Son, about the renewing of a Lease which holds of your College. The old interest I have had makes me presume upon your favour. I desire nothing but what is just; leaving that to your judgment; and beyond which I neither now nor at any time shall move. If I do, denial shall be most welcome and accepted by, Sir, your affectionate servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

[1] Whitlocke, 21st April 1649.

* Lansdown MSS. 1236, fol. 83.

This is not the Christopher Love who preached at Uxbridge during the Treaty there in 1644; who is now a minister in London, and may again come before us; this is a Cambridge 'Dr. Love,' of whom I know nothing. Oliver, as we may gather, had befriended him in the old Cambridge days; nothing hard had befallen him during the reform of that University in 1644. Probably in Baker's Manuscripts it might be ascertained in what year he graduated, where he was born, where buried; but nothing substantial is ever likely to be known of him,—or is indeed necessary to be known. 'Mrs. Nutting' and he were evidently children of Adam, breathing the vital air along with Oliver Cromwell; and Oliver, on occasion, endeavoured to promote justice and kindness between them; and they remain two 'shadows of small Names.'[1]

Yesterday, Tuesday 13th March, there was question in the Council of State about 'modelling of the forces that are to go to Ireland'; and a suggestion was made, by Fairfax probably, who had the modelling to do, that they would model much better if they knew first under what Commander they were to go.[2] It is thought Lieutenant-General Cromwell will be the man.

On which same evening, furthermore, one discerns in a faint but an authentic manner, certain dim gentlemen of the highest authority, young Sir Harry Vane to appearance one of them, repairing to the lodging of one Mr. Milton, 'a small house in Holborn which opens backwards into Lincoln's Inn Fields'; to put an official question to him there! Not a doubt of it they saw Mr. John this evening. In the official Book this yet stands legible:

'*Die Martis*, 13° *Martii* 1648.' 'That it is referred to the same Committee,' Whitlocke, Vane, Lord Lisle, Earl of Denbigh, Harry Marten, Mr. Lisle, 'or any two of them, to

[1] Cooper's *Annals*, iii. 491; Masters's *History of Corpus-Christi College* (Cambridge, 1753), pp. 143-54.—Mrs. Nutting, it appears, succeeded (Cambridge MS. *penes me*).

[2] *Order-Book of the Council of State* (in the State-Paper Office), i. 86.

speak with Mr. Milton, to know, Whether he will be employed as Secretary for the Foreign Languages? and to report to the Council.'[1] I have authority to say, that Mr. Milton, thus unexpectedly applied to, consents; is formally appointed on Thursday next; makes his proof-shot, 'to the Senate of Hamburgh,'[2] about a week hence;—and gives, and continues to give, great satisfaction to that Council, to me, and to the whole Nation now, and to all Nations! Such romance lies in the State-Paper Office.

Here, however, is another Letter on the Hursley Business, of the same date as Letter XCI.; which must also be read. I do not expect many readers to take the trouble of representing before their minds the clear condition of 'Mr. Ludlow's lease,' of 'the 250*l.*,' 'the 150*l.*' etc., in this abstruse affair: but such as please to do so, will find it all very straight at last. We observe, Mr. Mayor has a decided preference for 'my ould land'; land that I inherited, or bought by common contract, instead of getting it from Parliament for Public Services! In fact, Mr. Mayor seems somewhat of a sharp man: but neither has he a dull man to deal with,—though a much *bigger* one.

LETTER XCII

"FOR MY WORTHY FRIEND RICHARD MAYOR, ESQUIRE, AT HURSLEY: THESE"

"London," 14th March 1648.

Sir,—I received your Paper by the hands of Mr. Stapylton. I desire your leave to return my dissatisfaction therewith. I shall not need to premise how much I have desired (I hope upon the best grounds) to match with you. The same desire still

[1] *Order-Book of the Council of State* (in State-Paper Office), i. 86; Todd's *Life of Milton* (London, 1826), pp. 96, 108-123.

[2] *Senatus Populusque Anglicanus Amplissimo Civitatis Hamburgensis Senatui, Salutem.* (In Milton's *Literæ Senatus Anglicani*, this *first* Letter to the Hamburgers is not given.)

continues in me, if Providence see it fit. But I may not be so much wanting to myself nor family as not to have some equality of consideration towards it.[1]

I have two young Daughters to bestow, if God give them life and opportunity. According to your Offer, I have nothing for them; nothing at all in hand. If my Son die, what consideration is there to me? And yet a jointure parted with "on my side." If she die, there is "on your side" little "money parted with"; "even" if you have an heir male, "there is" but 3,000*l.*, *"and" without time ascertained.*[2]

As for these things "indeed," I doubt not but, by one interview between you and myself, they might be accommodated to mutual satisfaction; and in relation to these, I think we should hardly part, or have many words, so much do I desire a closure with you. But to deal freely with you: the settling of the Manor of Hursley, as you propose it, sticks so much with me, that either I understand you not, or else it much fails my expectation. As you offer it, there is 400*l.* per annum *charged upon it. For the* 150*l. to your Lady, for her life, as a jointure, I stick not at that: but the* 250*l.* per annum *until Mr. Ludlow's Lease expires, the tenor whereof I know not, and so much of the* 250*l.* per annum *as exceeds that Lease in annual value for some time also after the expiration of the said Lease,*[3] *—give such a maim to the Manor of Hursley as indeed renders the rest of the Manor very inconsiderable.*

Sir, if I concur to deny myself in point of present moneys, as also in the other things mentioned, as aforesaid, I may and do expect the Manor of Hursley to be settled without any charge upon it, after your decease, saving your Lady's jointure of

[1] 'it' is not the family, but the match.

[2] See Letter LVI. vol. i. p. 306.

[3] 'Ludlow's Lease,' etc. is not very plain. The 'tenor of Ludlow's Lease' is still less known to us than it was to the Lieutenant-General! Thus much is clear: 250+150=400 pounds are to be paid off Hursley Manor by Richard and his Wife, which gives a sad 'maim' to it. When Ludlow's Lease falls in, there will be some increment of benefit to the Manor; but we are to derive no advantage from that, we are still to pay the surplus 'for some time after.'

150*l.* per annum,—*which if you should think fit to increase, I should not stand upon it. Your own Estate is best known to you: but surely your personal Estate, being free for you to dispose, will, with some small matter of addition, beget a nearness of equality,—if I hear well from others. And if the difference were not very considerable, I should not insist upon it.*

What you demand of me is very high in all points. I am willing to settle as you desire in everything; saving for maintenance 400*l.* per annum, 300*l.* per annum.[1] *I would have somewhat free, to be thanked by them for. The* 300*l.* per annum *of my old land*[2] *for a jointure, after my Wife's decease, I shall settle; and in the mean time "a like sum" out of other lands at your election: and truly, Sir, if that be not good, neither will any lands, I doubt. I do not much distrust, your principles in other things have acted*[3] *you towards confidence. You demand in case my Son have none issue male but only daughters, then the "Cromwell" Lands in Hantshire, Monmouth- and Gloucestershire to descend to these daughters, or else* 3,000*l. apiece. The first would be most unequal; the latter "also" is too high. They will be well provided for by being inheritrixes of their Mother; and I am willing "that"* 2,000*l. apiece be charged upon those lands "for them."*

Sir, I cannot but with very many thanks acknowledge your good opinion of me and of my Son; as also your great civilities towards him; and your Daughter's good respects,—whose goodness, though known to me only at a distance and by the report of others, I much value. And indeed that causeth me so cheerfully to deny myself as I do in the point of moneys, and so willingly to comply in other things. But if I should not insist as above, I should in a greater measure than were meet

[1] Means, in its desperate haste: 'except that instead of 400*l.* per annum for maintenance, we must say 300*l.*'

[2] Better than Parliament-land, thinks Mayor! Oliver too prefers it for his Wife; but thinks all land will have a chance to go, if that go.

[3] actuated or impelled.

deny both my own reason and the advice of my friends; which I may not do. Indeed, Sir, I have not closed with a far greater Offer of estate; but chose rather to fix here: I hope I have not been wanting to Providence in this.

I have made myself plain to you. Desiring you will make my Son the messenger of your pleasure and resolution herein as speedily as with conveniency you may, I take leave, and rest, your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

*I desire my service may be presented to your Lady and Daughters.**

On the morrow, which is Thursday the 15th, day also of John Milton's nomination to be Secretary, Lieutenant-General Cromwell was nominated Commander for Ireland; satisfactory appointments both.

LETTER XCIII

THE Lieutenant-General is in hot haste today; sends a brief Letter 'by your Kinsman,' consenting to almost everything.—Mayor, as we saw before, decidedly prefers 'my ould land' to uncertain Parliamentary land. Oliver (see last Letter) offered to settle the 300*l.* of jointure upon his old land, after his Wife's decease; he now agrees that half of it, 150*l.*, shall be settled directly out of the old land, and the other half out of what Parliamentary land Mayor may like best.—The Letter breathes haste in every line; but hits, with a firm knock, in Cromwell's way, the essential nails on their head, as it hurries on.

'Your Kinsman,' who carries this Letter, turns out by and by to be a Mr Barton; a man somewhat particular in his ways of viewing matters; unknown otherwise to all men. The Lieutenant-General getting his Irish Appointment con-

* Harris, p. 507; Dunch's Pusey seventeen.

firmed in Parliament, and the conditions of it settled,[1] is naturally very busy.

FOR MY WORTHY FRIEND RICHARD MAYOR, ESQUIRE, AT HURSLEY: THESE

"London," 25th March 1649.

Sir,—You will pardon the brevity of these lines; the haste I am in, by reason of business, occasions it. To testify the earnest desire I have to see a happy period to this Treaty between us, I give you to understand,

That I agree to 150*l.* per annum *out of the* 300*l.* per annum *of my* old *land for your Daughter's jointure, and the other* 150*l. where you please.* "*Also*" 400*l. for present maintenance where you shall choose; either in Hantshire, Gloucester- or Monmouthshire. Those lands* "*to be*" *settled upon my Son and his* heirs male *by your Daughter; and in case of* daughters, *only* 2,000*l. a-piece to be charged upon those lands.*

"*On the other hand,*" 400*l.* per annum *free,*[2] *to raise portions for my two daughters. I expect the Manor of Hursley to be settled upon your Daughter and her heirs, the heirs of her body. Your Lady a jointure of* 150*l.* per annum *out of it. For compensation to your younger Daughter, I agree to leave it in your power, after your decease, to charge it with as much as will buy-in the Lease of the Farm at Allington*[3] *by a just computation. I expect, so long as they* "*the young couple*" *live with you, their diet, as you expressed; or in case of voluntary parting* "*from you,*" 150*l.* per annum. "*You are to give*" 3,000*l. in case you have a Son;*[4] *to be paid in*

[1] *Cromwelliana*, p. 54; *Commons Journals*, etc.

[2] Means, 'shall be settled on Richard and his Wife, that I may be left free.'

[3] 'Ludlow's Lease,' I fancy. Anne Mayor, 'your younger Daughter,' married Dunch of Pusey; John Dunch, to whom we owe these seventeen Letters. See also Letter 27th August 1657.

[4] Grandson, *i.e.*: in the next sentence 'die' means more properly *live*.

two years next following. In case your Daughter die without issue,—1,000*l. within six months "of the marriage."*

Sir, if this satisfy, I desire a speedy resolution. I should the rather desire so because of what your Kinsman can satisfy you in. The Lord bless you and your Family, to whom I desire my affections and service may be presented. I rest, your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[*]

Your Kinsman can in part satisfy you what a multiplicity of business we are in: modelling the Army for Ireland;—which indeed is a most delicate dangerous operation, full of difficulties perhaps but partly known to your Kinsman!

For, in these days, John Lilburn is again growing very noisy; bringing out Pamphlets, *England's New Chains Discovered*, in several Parts. As likewise *The Hunting of the Foxes from Triploe Heath to Whitehall by Five Small Beagles*,[1]—the tracking out of Oliver Cromwell and his Grandees, onward from their rendezvous at Royston or Triploe, all the way to their present lodgment in Whitehall and the seat of authority. 'Five small Beagles,' Five vociferous petitionary Troopers, of the Levelling species, who for their high carriage and mutinous ways have been set to 'ride the wooden horse' lately. Do military men of these times understand the wooden horse? He is a mere triangular ridge or roof of wood, set on four sticks, with absurd head and tail superadded; and you ride him bare-backed, in face of the world, frequently with muskets tied to your feet,—in a very uneasy manner! To Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn and these small Beagles it is manifest we are getting into *New Chains*, not a jot better than the old; and certainly *Foxes* ought to be hunted and tracked. Three of the Beagles, the best-nosed and loudest-toned, by names Richard Overton, William Walwyn, Thomas Prince,—these, with Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn, huntsman of the pack, are shortly after this lodged

[*] Harris, p. 508; one of the seventeen.

[1] Given in *Somers Tracts*, vi. 44-60.

in the Tower;[1] 'committed to the Lieutenant,' to be in mild but safe keeping with that officer. There is, in fact, a very dangerous leaven in the Army, and in the Levelling Public at present, which thinks with itself: God's enemies having been fought down, chief Delinquents all punished, and the Godly Party made triumphant, why does not some Millennium arrive?

LETTER XCIV

'COMPENSATION,' here touched upon, is the 'compensation to your younger Daughter' mentioned in last Letter; burden settled on Hursley Manor, 'after your decease,' 'to buy-in the Lease of Allington Farm.' Mayor wants it another way; which 'seems truly inconvenient,' and in brief cannot be.

FOR MY WORTHY FRIEND RICHARD MAYOR, ESQUIRE, AT HURSLEY: THESE

"London," 30th March 1649.

Sir,—I received yours of the 28th instant. I desire the matter of compensation may be as in my last to you. You propose another way; which seems to me truly inconvenient.

I have agreed to all other things, as you take me, and that rightly, repeating particulars in your Paper. The Lord dispose this great Business (great between you and me) for good.

You mention to send by the Post on Tuesday.[2] *I shall speed things here as I may. I am designed for Ireland, which will be speedy. I should be very glad to see things settled before I go, if the Lord will. My service to all your Family. I rest, Sir, your affectionate servant,*

*"OLIVER CROMWELL."**

[1] 27th March, 11th April 1649 (*Commons Journals*, in diebus).

[2] The 30th of March is Friday; Tuesday is the 3d of April.

* Harris, p. 508.

LETTER XCV

WHO the Lawyer, or what the 'arrest' of him is, which occasions new expense of time, I do not know. On the whole, one begins to wish Richard well wedded; but the settlements do still a little stick, and we must have patience.

FOR MY WORTHY FRIEND RICHARD MAYOR, ESQUIRE, AT HURSLEY: THESE

"London," 6th April 1649.

Sir,—I received your Papers enclosed in your Letter; although I know not how to make so good use of them as otherwise might have been, to have saved expense of time, if the arrest of your Lawyer had not fallen out at this time.

I conceive a draught, to your satisfaction, by your own Lawyer, would have saved much time; which to me is precious. I hope you will send some "one" up, perfectly instructed. I shall endeavour to speed what is to be done on my part; not knowing how soon I may be sent down towards my charge for Ireland. And I hope to perform punctually with you.

Sir, my Son had a great desire to come down and wait upon your Daughter. I perceive he minds that more than to attend to business here.[1] *I should be glad to see him settled, and all things finished before I go. I trust not to be wanting therein. The Lord direct all our hearts into His good pleasure. I rest, Sir, your affectionate servant,*

OLIVER CROMWELL.

*My service to your Lady and Family.**

There is much to be settled before I can 'be sent down to my charge for Ireland.' The money is not yet got;—and the Army has ingredients difficult to model. Next week, a Parliamentary Committee, one of whom is the Lieutenant-

[1] The dog!

* Harris, p. 509.

General, and another is Sir Harry Vane, have to go to the City, and try if they will lend us 120,000*l.* for this business. Much speaking in the Guildhall there, in part by Cromwell.[1] The City will lend; and now, if the Army were once modelled, and ready to march——?—

LETTER XCVI

HERE, at any rate, is the end of the Marriage-treaty,—not even Mr. Barton, with his peculiar ways of viewing matters, shall now delay it long.

FOR MY WORTHY FRIEND RICHARD MAYOR, ESQUIRE: THESE

"London," 15th April 1649.

Sir,—Your Kinsman Mr. Barton and myself, repairing to our Counsel, for the perfecting of this Business so much concerning us, did, upon Saturday this 15th of April, draw our Counsel to a meeting: where, upon consideration had of my Letter to yourself expressing my consent to particulars, which "Letter" Mr. Barton brought to your Counsel Mr. Hales of Lincoln's Inn;[2]*—upon the reading that which expresseth the way of your settling Hursley, your Kinsman expressed a sense of yours contrary to the Paper in my hand, as also to that under your hand of the 28th of March, which was the same as mine as to that particular.*

In[3] *that which I myself am to do, I know nothing of doubt, but do agree it all to your Kinsman's satisfaction. Nor is there much material difference "between us," save in this,—wherein both my Paper sent by you to your Counsel, and yours of the 28th, do in all literal and all equitable construction*

[1] 12th April 1649, Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 55).

[2] 'Hales' is the future Judge Hale.

[3] A mere *comma* here, instead of new paragraph; greatly obscuring the sense: —'as to that particular, and I know nothing of doubt in that which I am to doe, but doe agree itt all,' etc.

agree, viz.: To settle an Estate in fee-simple upon your Daughter, after your decease; which Mr. Barton affirms not *to be your meaning,—although he has not (as to me) formerly made this any objection; nor can the words bear it; nor have I anything more considerable in lieu of what I part with than this. And I have appealed to yours or any Counsel in England, whether it be not just and equal that I insist thereupon.*

And this misunderstanding,—if it be yours, as it is your Kinsman's,—put a stop to the Business; so that our Counsel could not proceed, until your pleasure herein were known. Wherefore it was thought fit to desire Mr. Barton to have recourse to you to know your mind; he alleging he had no authority to understand that expression so, but the contrary; —which was thought not a little strange, even by your own Counsel.

I confess I did apprehend we should be incident to mistakes, treating at such a distance;—although I may take the boldness to say, there is nothing expected from me but I agree to it to your Kinsman's sense to a tittle.

Sir, I desired to know what commission your Kinsman had to help this doubt by an expedient;—who denied to have any; but did think it were better for you to part with some money, and keep the power in your own hand as to the land, to dispose thereof as you should see cause. Whereupon an overture was made, and himself and your Counsel desired to draw it up; the effect whereof this enclosed Paper contains. And although I should not like change of agreements, yet to show how much I desire the perfecting of this Business, if you like thereof (though this be far the worse bargain), I shall submit thereunto; your Counsel thinking that things may be settled this way with more clearness and less intricacy. There is mention made of 900*l.* per annum *to be reserved: but it comes to but about* 800*l.; my lands in Glamorganshire being but little above* 400*l.* per annum; *and the "other"* 400*l.* per annum *out of my Manor in Gloucester- and Monmouthshire. I wish a clear understanding may be between us; truly I would not willingly mistake. De-*

siring to wait upon Providence in this Business, I rest, Sir, your affectionate friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I desire my service may be presented to your Lady and Daughters.[*]

This is the last of the Marriage-treaty. Mr. Barton, whom 'no Counsel in England' could back, was of course disowned in his over-zeal; the match was concluded; solemnised 1st May 1649.[1]

Richard died 12th July 1712, at Cheshunt, age 86;[2] his Wife died 5th January 1675-6, at Hursley, and is buried there,—where, even after Richard's Deposition, and while he travelled on the Continent, she had continued to reside. In pulling down the old Hursley House, above a century since, when the Estate had passed into other hands, there was found in some crevice of the old walls a rusty lump of metal, evidently an antiquity; which was carried to the new Proprietor at Winchester; who sold it as 'a Roman weight,' for what it would bring. When scoured, it turned out,—or is said by vague Noble, quoting vague 'Vertue,' 'Hughes's Letters,' and '*Ant. Soc.*' (Antiquarian Society), to have turned out,—to be the Great Seal of the Commonwealth.[3] If the Antiquaries still have it, let them be chary of it.

THE LEVELLERS

WHILE Miss Dorothy Mayor is choosing her wedding-dresses, and Richard Cromwell is looking forward to a life of Arcadian felicity now near at hand, there has turned up for Richard's Father and other parties interested, on the public

[*] Harris, p. 509. [1] Noble, i. 188. [2] *Ibid.* i. 176, 188.
[3] *Ibid.* i. 195. Bewildered Biography of the Mayors, 'Majors or Maijors,' *ibid.* ii. 436-40.

side of things, a matter of very different complexion, requiring to be instantly dealt with in the interim. The matter of the class called Levellers; concerning which we must now say a few words.

In 1647, as we saw, there were Army Adjutators; and among some of them wild notions afloat, as to the swift attainability of Perfect Freedom civil and religious, and a practical Millennium on this Earth; notions which required, in the Rendezvous at Corkbush-field, 'Rendezvous of Ware' as they oftenest call it, to be very resolutely trodden out. Eleven chief mutineers were ordered from the ranks in that Rendezvous; were condemned by swift Court-Martial to die; and Trooper Arnald, one of them, was accordingly shot there and then; which extinguished the mutiny for that time. War since, and Justice on Delinquents, England made a Free Commonwealth, and suchlike, have kept the Army busy: but a deep republican leaven, working all along among these men, breaks now again into very formidable development. As the following brief glimpses and excerpts may satisfy an attentive reader who will spread them out, to the due expansion, in his mind. Take first this glimpse into the civil province; and discern, with amazement, a whole submarine world of Calvinistic Sansculottism, Five-point Charter and the Rights of Man, threatening to emerge almost two centuries before its time!

'The Council of State,' says Whitlocke,[1] just while Mr. Barton is boggling about the Hursley Marriage-settlements, 'has intelligence of certain *Levellers* appearing at St. Margaret's Hill, near Cobham in Surrey, and at St. George's Hill,' in the same quarter: 'that they were digging the ground, and sowing it with roots and beans. One Everard, once of the Army, who terms himself a Prophet, is the chief of them': one Winstanley is another chief. 'They were Thirty men, and said that they should be shortly Four-thousand. They invited all to come in and help them; and promised them meat, drink, and clothes. They threaten to pull down park

[1] 17th April 1649, p. 384.

pales, and to lay all open; and threaten the neighbours that they will shortly make them all come up to the hills and work.' These infatuated persons, beginning a new era in this headlong manner on the chalk hills of Surrey, are laid hold of by certain Justices, 'by the country people,' and also by 'two troops of horse'; and complain loudly of such treatment; appealing to all men whether it be fair.[1] This is the account they give of themselves when brought before the General some days afterwards:

'*April 20th*, 1649. Everard and Winstanley, the chief of those that digged at St. George's Hill in Surrey, came to the General and made a large declaration, to justify their proceedings. Everard said, He was of the race of the Jews,' as most men, called Saxon and other, properly are; 'That all the Liberties of the People were lost by the coming in of William the Conqueror; and that, ever since, the People of God had lived under tyranny and oppression worse than that of our Forefathers under the Egyptians. But now the time of deliverance was at hand; and God would bring His People out of this slavery, and restore them to their freedom in enjoying the fruits and benefits of the Earth. And that there had lately appeared to him, Everard, a vision; which bade him, Arise and dig and plough the Earth, and receive the fruits thereof. That their intent is to restore the Creation to its former condition. That as God had promised to make the barren land fruitful, so now what they did, was to restore the ancient Community of enjoying the Fruits of the Earth, and to distribute the benefit thereof to the poor and needy, and to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. That they intend not to meddle with any man's property, nor to break down any pales or enclosures,' in spite of reports to the contrary; 'but only to meddle with what is common and untilled, and to make it fruitful for the use of man. That

[1] King's Pamphlets, small 4to. no. 427, § 6 (Declaration of the bloody and unchristian Acting of William Star, etc. in opposition to those that dig upon George-Hill in Surrey); *ib.* no. 418, § 5, etc.

the time will suddenly be, when all men shall willingly come in and give up their lands and estates, and submit to this Community of Goods.'

These are the principles of Everard, Winstanley, and the poor Brotherhood, seemingly Saxon, but properly of the race of the Jews, who were found dibbling beans on St. George's Hill, under the clear April skies in 1649, and hastily bringing in a new era in that manner. 'And for all such as will come in and work with them, they shall have meat, drink, and clothes, which is all that is necessary to the life of man: and as for money, there is not any need of it; nor of clothes more than to cover nakedness.' For the rest, 'That they will not defend themselves by arms, but will submit unto authority, and wait till the promised opportunity be offered, which they conceive to be at hand. And that as their forefathers lived in tents, so it would be suitable to their condition now to live in the same.

'While they were before the General, they stood with their hats on; and being demanded the reason thereof, they said, Because he was but their fellow-creature. Being asked the meaning of that phrase, Give honour to whom honour is due, —they said, Your mouths shall be stopped that ask such a question.'[1]

Dull Bulstrode hath 'set down this the more largely because it was the beginning of the appearance' of an extensive levelling doctrine, much to be 'avoided' by judicious persons, seeing it is 'a weak persuasion.' The germ of Quakerism and much else is curiously visible here. But let us look now at the military phasis of the matter; where 'a weak persuasion' mounted on cavalry horses, with sabres and fire-arms in its hand, may become a very perilous one.

Friday 20th April 1649. The Lieutenant-General has consented to go to Ireland; the City also will lend money; and now this Friday the Council of the Army meets at Whitehall to decide what regiments shall go on that service.

[1] Whitlocke, p. 384.

'After a solemn seeking of God by prayer,' they agree that it shall be by lot: tickets are put into a hat, a child draws them: the regiments, fourteen of foot and fourteen of horse, are decided on in this manner. 'The officers on whom the lot fell, in all the twenty-eight regiments, expressed much cheerfulness at the decision.' The officers did:—but the common men are by no means all of that humour. The common men, blown upon by Lilburn and his five small Beagles, have notions about England's *new* Chains, about the Hunting of Foxes from Triploe Heath, and in fact ideas concerning the capability that lies in man and in a free Commonwealth, which are of the most alarming description.

Thursday 26th April. This night, at the Bull in Bishopsgate, there has an alarming mutiny broken out in a troop of Whalley's regiment there. Whalley's men are not allotted for Ireland: but they refuse to quit London, as they are ordered; they want this and that first. they seize their colours from the Cornet, who is lodged at the Bull there:—the General and the Lieutenant-General have to hasten thither; quell them, pack them forth on their march; seizing fifteen of them first, to be tried by Court-Martial. Tried by instant Court-Martial, five of them are found guilty, doomed to die, but pardoned; and one of them, Trooper Lockyer, is doomed and not pardoned. Trooper Lockyer is shot, in Paul's Churchyard, on the morrow. A very brave young man, they say; though but three-and-twenty, 'he has served seven years in these Wars,' ever since the Wars began. 'Religious' too, 'of excellent parts and much beloved';—but with hot notions as to human Freedom, and the rate at which the millenniums are attainable, poor Lockyer! He falls shot in Paul's Churchyard on Friday, amid the tears of men and women. Paul's Cathedral, we remark, is now a Horse-guard; horses stamp in the Canons' stalls there: and Paul's Cross itself, as smacking of Popery where in fact Alablaster once preached flat Popery, is swept altogether away, and its leaden roof melted into bullets, or mixed with tin for culinary pewter. Lockyer's

corpse is watched and wept over, not without prayer, in the eastern regions of the City, till a new week come; and on Monday, this is what we see advancing westward by way of funeral to him.

'About one hundred went before the Corpse, five or six in a file; the Corpse was then brought, with six trumpets sounding a soldier's knell; then the Trooper's Horse came, clothed all over in mourning, and led by a footman. The Corpse was adorned with bundles of Rosemary, one half stained in blood; and the Sword of the deceased along with them. Some thousands followed in rank and file: all had seagreen-and-black Ribbon tied on their hats and to their breasts: and the women brought up the rear. At the new Churchyard in Westminster, some thousands more of the better sort met them, who thought not fit to march through the City. Many looked upon this funeral as an affront to the Parliament and Army; others called these people 'Levellers'; but they took no notice of any one's sayings.'[1]

That was the end of Trooper Lockyer: six trumpets wailing stern music through London streets; Rosemaries and Sword half-dipt in blood; funeral of many thousands in seagreen Ribbons and black:—testimony of a weak persuasion now looking somewhat perilous. Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn and his five small Beagles, now in a kind of loose arrest under the Lieutenant of the Tower, make haste to profit by the general emotion; publish on the 1st of May[2] *their* 'Agreement of the People,'—their Bentham-Sieyes Constitution; Annual very exquisite Parliament, and other Lilburn apparatus; whereby the Perfection of Human Nature will with a maximum of rapidity be secured, and a millennium straightway arrive, sings the Lilburn Oracle.

May 9th. Richard Cromwell is safe wedded; Richard's Father is reviewing troops in Hyde Park, 'seagreen colours in some of their hats.' The Lieutenant-General speaks earnestly to them. Has not the Parliament been diligent, doing its best?

[1] Whitlocke, p. 385.

[2] Whitlocke's date, p. 385.

It has punished Delinquents; it has voted, in these very days, resolutions for dissolving itself and assembling future Parliaments.[1] It has protected trade; got a good Navy afloat. You soldiers, there is exact payment provided for you. Martial Law? Death, or other punishment, of Mutineers? Well! Whoever cannot stand Martial Law is not fit to be a soldier: *his* best plan will be to lay-down his arms; he shall have his ticket, and get his arrears as we others do,—we that still mean to fight against the enemies of England and this Cause.[2]—One trooper showed signs of insolence; the Lieutenant-General suppressed him by rigour and by clemency; the seagreen ribbons were torn from such hats as had them. The humour of the men is not the most perfect. This Review was on Wednesday: Lilburn and his five small Beagles are, on Saturday, committed close Prisoners to the Tower, each rigorously to a cell of his own.

It is high time. For now the flame has caught the ranks of the Army itself, in Oxfordshire, in Gloucestershire, at Salisbury where head-quarters are; and rapidly there is, on all hands, a dangerous conflagration blazing out. In Oxfordshire, one Captain Thompson, not known to us before, has burst from his quarters at Banbury, with a party of Two-hundred, in these same days; has sent forth his *England's Standard Advanced*;[3] insisting passionately on the *New Chains* we are fettered with; indignantly demanding swift perfection of Human Freedom, justice on the murderers of Lockyer and Arnald;—threatening that if a hair of Lilburn and the five small Beagles be hurt, he will avenge it 'seventy-and-seven fold.' This Thompson's Party, swiftly attacked by his Colonel, is broken within the week; he himself escapes with a few, and still roves up and down. To join whom, or to communicate with Gloucestershire where help lies, there has, in the interim, open mutiny, 'above a Thousand strong,' with subalterns, with

[1] 15th April 1649, *Commons Journals*.
[2] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 56).
[3] Given in Walker's *History of Independency*, part ii. 168; dated 6th May.

a Cornet Thompson brother of the Captain, but without any leader of mark, broken out at Salisbury: the General and Lieutenant-General, with what force can be raised, are hastening thitherward in all speed. Now were the time for Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn; now or never might noisy John do some considerable injury to the Cause he has at heart: but he sits, in these critical hours, fast within stone walls!

Monday 14th May. All Sunday the General and Lieutenant-General marched in full speed, by Alton, by Andover, towards Salisbury; the mutineers, hearing of them, start northward for Buckinghamshire, then for Berkshire; the General and Lieutenant-General turning also northward after them in hot chase. The mutineers arrive at Wantage; make for Oxfordshire by Newbridge; find the Bridge already seized; cross higher up by swimming; get to Burford, very weary, and 'turn out their horses to grass';—Fairfax and Cromwell still following in hot speed, 'a march of near fifty miles' that Monday. What boots it? there is no leader, noisy John is sitting fast within stone walls! The mutineers lie asleep in Burford, their horses out at grass; the Lieutenant-General, having rested at a safe distance since dark, bursts into Burford as the clocks are striking midnight. He has beset some hundreds of the mutineers, 'who could only fire some shots out of windows';—has dissipated the mutiny, trodden down the Levelling Principle out of English affairs once more. Here is the last scene of the business; the rigorous Court-Martial having now sat; the decimated doomed Mutineers being placed on the leads of the Church to see:

Thursday 17th May. 'This day in Burford Churchyard, Cornet Thompson, brother to Thompson the chief leader, was brought to the place of execution; and expressed himself to this purpose: That it was just what did befall him; that God did not own the ways he went; that he had offended the General: he desired the prayers of the people; and told the soldiers who were appointed to shoot him, that when he held out his hands, they should do their duty. And accord-

ingly he was immediately, after the sign given, shot to death. Next after him was a Corporal, brought to the same place of execution; where, looking upon his fellow-mutineers, he set his back against the wall; and bade them who were appointed to shoot, "Shoot!" and died desperately. The third, being also a Corporal, was brought to the same place; and without the least acknowledgment of error, or show of fear, he pulled off his doublet, standing a pretty distance from the wall; and bade the soldiers do their duty; looking them in the face till they gave fire, not showing the least kind of terror or fearfulness of spirit.'—So die the Leveller Corporals; strong they, after their sort, for the Liberties of England; resolute to the very death. Misguided Corporals! But History, which has wept for a misguided Charles Stuart, and blubbered, in the most copious helpless manner, near two centuries now, whole floods of brine, enough to salt the Herring-fishery,—will not refuse these poor Corporals also her tributary sigh. With Arnald of the Rendezvous at Ware, with Lockyer of the Bull in Bishopsgate, and other misguided martyrs to the Liberties of England then and since, may they sleep well!

Cornet Dean, who now came forward as the next to be shot, 'expressed penitence'; got pardon from the General: and there was no more shooting. Lieutenant-General Cromwell went into the Church, called down the Decimated of the Mutineers; rebuked, admonished; said, The General in his mercy had forgiven them. Misguided men, would you ruin this Cause, which marvellous Providences have so confirmed to us to be the Cause of God? Go, repent; and rebel no more, lest a worse thing befall you! 'They wept,' says the old Newspaper; they retired to the Devizes for a time; were then restored to their regiments, and marched cheerfully for Ireland. —Captain Thompson, the Cornet's brother, the first of all the Mutineers, he too, a few days afterwards, was fallen-in with in Northamptonshire, still mutinous: his men took quarter; he himself 'fled to a wood'; fired and fenced there, and again desperately fired, declaring he would never yield alive;—where-

upon 'a Corporal with seven bullets in his carbine' ended Captain Thompson too; and this formidable conflagration, to the last glimmer of it, was extinct.

Sansculottism, as we said above, has to lie submerged for almost two centuries yet. Levelling, in the practical civil or military provinces of English things, is forbidden to be. In the spiritual provinces it cannot be forbidden; for there it everywhere already is. It ceases dibbling beans on St. George's Hill near Cobham; ceases galloping in mutiny across the Isis to Burford;—takes into Quakerisms, and kingdoms which are not of this world. My poor friend Dryasdust lamentably tears his hair over the 'intolerance' of that old Time to Quakerism and suchlike. If Dryasdust had seen the dibbling on St. George's Hill, the threatened fall of 'park pales,' and the gallop to Burford, he would reflect that Conviction in an earnest age means, not lengthy Spouting in Exeter-Hall, but rapid silent Practice on the face of the Earth; and would perhaps leave his poor hair alone.

On Thursday night, 17th of the month, the General, Lieutenant-General, and chief Officers arrive at Oxford; lodge in All-Souls College; head-quarters are to be there for some days. Solemnly welcomed by the reformed University; bedinnered, bespeeched; made Doctors, Masters, Bachelors, or what was suitable to their ranks, and to the faculties of this reformed University. Of which high doings, degrees and convocation-dinners, and eloquence by Proctor Zanchy, we say nothing,—being in haste for Ireland. This small benefit we have from the business: Anthony Wood, in his crabbed but authentic way, has given us biographical sketches of all these Graduates; biographies very lean, very perverse, but better than are commonly going then, and in the fatal scarcity not quite without value.[1]

[1] Wood's *Athenæ*, iv. (*Fasti*, ii. 127-155): the Graduates of Saturday 19th May 1649, are, *Fairfax*, p. 148; *Cromwell*, p. 152; Colonels *Scrope*, Grosvenor, *Sir Hardress Waller*, *Ingoldsby*, *Harrison*, *Goff*, *Okey*; Adjutant-General Sedascue, Scoutmaster Rowe: and of Monday 21st, Lieutenant-Colonel *Cobbet*, p. 140; John Rushworth, Coronet *Joyce*, p. 138:—of whom those marked here in Italics have biographies worth looking at for an instant.

Neither do we speak of the thanking in the House of Commons; or of the general Day of Thanksgiving for London, which is Thursday the 7th June (the day for England at large being Thursday 21st),[1]—and of the illustrious Dinner which the City gave the Parliament and Officers, and all the Dignitaries of England, when Sermon was done. It was at Grocers' Hall, this City dinner; really illustrious. Dull Bulstrode, Keeper, or one of the Keepers, of the Commonwealth Great Seal, was there,—Keeper of that lump of dignified metal, found since all rusty in the wall at Hursley: and my Lord of Pembroke, an Earl and Member of the Council of State, 'speaking very loud,' as his manner was, insisted that illustrious Bulstrode should take place above him. I have given place to Bishop Williams when he was Keeper; and the Commonwealth Great Seal is as good as any King's ever was;—illustrious Bulstrode, take place above me: so![2] 'On almost every dish was enamelled a bandrol with the word *Welcome*. No music but that of drum and trumpet'; no balderdash, or almost none, of speech without meaning; 'no drinking of healths or other incivility';—drinking of healths; a kind of invocation or prayer, addressed surely not to God, in that humour; probably therefore to the Devil, or to the Heathen gods; which is offensive to the well-constituted mind. Four-hundred pounds were given to the Poor of London, that they also might dine.[3]—

And now for Bristol and the Campaign in Ireland.

LETTERS XCVII—CII

Tuesday 10th July 1649. 'This evening, about five of the clock, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland began his journey; by the way of Windsor, and so to Bristol. He went forth in that state and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen; himself in a coach with six gallant Flanders mares, whitish

[1] *Commons Journals*, 26th May 1649.
[2] Whitlocke, p. 391.
[3] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 59, 60).

gray; divers coaches accompanying him; and very many great Officers of the Army; his Lifeguard consisting of eighty gallant men, the meanest whereof a Commander or Esquire, in stately habit;—with trumpets sounding, almost to the shaking of Charing Cross, had it been now standing. Of his Lifeguard many are Colonels; and, believe me, it 's such a guard as is hardly to be paralleled in the world. And now have at you, my Lord of Ormond! You will have men of gallantry to encounter; whom to overcome will be honour sufficient, and to be beaten by them will be no great blemish to your reputation. If you say, Cæsar or Nothing: they say, A Republic or Nothing. The Lord Lieutenant's colours are white.'[1]

Thus has Lord-Lieutenant Cromwell gone to the Wars in Ireland. But before going, and while just on the eve of going, he has had the following, among a multiplicity of other businesses, to attend to.

LETTER XCVII

BARNABAS O'BRYEN, Sixth Earl of Thomond, Twentieth-and-odd *King* of Thomond, a very ancient Irish dignitary of the Limerick regions, whom it was still worth while to conciliate, has fallen into 'straits,' distresses; applies to the Lord Lieutenant to help him a little. The Lord Lieutenant thinks his case good; forwards it with recommendation to Harrington, of the Council of State, the proper official person in such matters. Note, this is by no means Harrington of the *Oceana*, this 'Sir James'; this is Member ('recruiter') for Rutlandshire, and only a distant cousin of the Oceana's.

What the Earl of Thomond's case was, as we have not seen the 'enclosed' statement of it, shall remain somewhat vague to us. Thomond had not joined the Irish Massacre in 1641: but neither would he join against it; he apologised to the King's Lieutenant on that occasion, said he had no money, no force; retired with many apologetic bows into England to the King himself; leaving his unmoneyed Castle of Bunratty to

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 62).

the King's Lieutenant,—who straightway found some 2,000*l.* of good money lying hidden in it, and cheerfully appropriated the same. I incline to think, it may be for this Two-Thousand-and-odd pounds, to have it acknowledged as a debt and allowed on the Earl of Peterborough's estate, that the poor Earl, 'in the modesty of his desires,' is now pleading. For he has been in active Royalist services since that passive one; in Ormond Wars, cessations, sequestrations, is a much-mulcted, impoverished man. And as for the Earl of Peterborough his son-in-law, he was one of poor Earl Holland's people in that fatal futile rising of St. Neot's, last year; and is now wandering in foreign parts, in a totally ruined condition. Readers who are curious may follow the indications in the note.[1] Earl Thomond's modest desire was allowed. Bunratty Castle, where that 2,000*l.* was found 'buried in the walls,' is now quite deserted by the Thomonds; is now 'the largest Police-Barrack' in those Limerick regions.

"FOR THE HONOURABLE SIR JAMES HARRINGTON, KNIGHT, OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE: THESE"

"London," 9th July 1649.

Sir,—You see by this Enclosed, how great damage the Earl of Thomond hath sustained by these Troubles, and what straits he and his family are reduced unto by reason thereof. You see the modesty of his desires to be such as may well merit consideration. I am confident, that which he seeks is not so much for advantage of himself, as out of a desire to preserve his son-in-law the Earl of Peterborough's fortune and family from ruin.

If the result of the favour of the House fall upon him, although but in this way, it's very probable it will oblige his Lordship to endeavour the peace and quiet of this Commonwealth. Which will be no disservice to the State;—perhaps of more

[1] Ludlow, i. 21; Whitlocke (2d edit.), p. 420, see also p. 201; *Commons Journals*, vi. 279, 445 (15th August 1649 and 23d July 1650); Collins's *Peerage*, ii. 216; etc. etc.

advantage than the extremity of his Fine. Besides, you showing your readiness to do a good office herein will very much oblige, Sir, your affectionate servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

LETTER XCVIII

HERE likewise is a Letter which the Lord Lieutenant, in still greater haste, now in the very act of departing, has had to write,—on behalf of his 'Partner' or fellow Member for Cambridge; which likewise the reader is to glance at, before going:

FOR THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM LENTHALL, ESQUIRE

"London," 10th July 1649.

Sir,—I beseech you, upon that score of favour, if I be not too bold to call it friendship, which I have ever had from you, let me desire you to promote my Partner's humble suit to the House; and obtain, as far as possibly you may, some just satisfaction for him. I know his sufferings for the Public have been great, besides the loss of his calling by his attendance here. His affections have been true and constant; and, I believe, his decay great in his Estate. It will be justice and charity to him; and I shall acknowledge it as a favour to, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

John Lowry, Esquire, is Oliver's fellow Member for Cambridge. What Lowry's 'losses,' 'estate,' 'calling,' or history in general were, remains undiscoverable. One might guess that he had been perhaps a lawyer, some call him a 'chandler' or trader,[1] of Puritan principles, and fortune already easy. He did not sit in the short Parliament of 1640, as Oliver had

* Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 150).

† Harris, p. 516½; Harleian MSS. no. 6988—collated, and *exact.*

[1] Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge.*

done; Oliver's former 'Partner,' one Meautys as we mentioned already, gave place to Lowry when the new Election happened.

Lowry in 1645 was Mayor of Cambridge. Some controversy as to the Privileges of the University there, which was now reformed according to the Puritan scheme, had arisen with the Town of Cambridge: a deputation of Cambridge University men, with 'Mr. Vines' at their head, comes up with a Petition to the House of Commons, on the 4th of August 1645; reporting that they are like to be aggrieved, that the 'new Mayor of Cambridge will not take the customary oaths,' in respect to certain privileges of the University; and praying the House, in a bland and flattering way, to protect them. The House answers: 'Yours is the University which is under the protection of this House'; Oxford, still in the King's hands, being in a very unreformed state: 'this House can see no learning now in the Kingdom but by your eyes'; —certainly you shall be protected!—Counter-Petitions come from Lowry and the Corporation: but we doubt not the University was protected in this controversy, and Gown made good against Town.[1] What the controversy specially was, or what became of it, let no living man inquire. Lowry here vanishes into thick night again, nowhere reappears till in this Letter of Cromwell's.

Letter written, as its date bears, on the very date when he set out towards Bristol, to take the command in Ireland, '10th July 1649, about five in the afternoon.' In some Committee-room, or other such locality, in the thick press of business, Lowry had contrived to make his way to the Lord Lieutenant, and to get this Letter out of him. Which indeed proved very helpful. For on that day week, the 17th of July 1649, we find as follows: 'The humble Petition of John Lowry, Esquire, was this day read. *Ordered*, That the sum of Three-hundred pounds be allowed unto the said Mr. John Lowry, for his losses in the said Petition mentioned; and that the same be charged upon the revenue: and the Committee of Revenue

[1] See *Commons Journals*, vi. 229, 241.

are authorised and appointed to pay the same: and the same is especially recommended to Sir Henry Vane, Senior, to take care the same be paid accordingly,'[1]—which we can only hope it was, to the solace of poor Mr. Lowry, and the ending of these discussions.

Ten years later, in Protector Richard's time, on Friday 22d July 1659, a John Lowry, Esquire, now quite removed from Cambridge, turns up again; claiming to be continued 'Cheque in Ward in the Port of London,'—which dignity is accordingly assured him till 'the first day of October next.'[2] But whether this is our old friend the Mayor of Cambridge, and what kind of provision for his old age this same Chequeship in Ward might be, is unknown to the present Editor. Not the faintest echo or vestige henceforth of a John Lowry either real or even possible. The rest—gloomy Night compresses it, and we have no more to say.

LETTER XCIX

MAYOR of Hursley, with whom are the young Couple, is connected now with an important man; he has written in behalf of 'Major Long'; for promotion as is likely. The important man does not promote on the score of connexion; and mildly signifies so much.

FOR MY VERY LOVING BROTHER RICHARD MAYOR, ESQUIRE, AT HURSLEY: THESE

Bristol, 19th July 1649.

Loving Brother,—I received your Letter by Major Long; and do in answer thereunto according to my best understanding, with a due consideration to those gentlemen who have abid the brunt of the service.

I am very glad to hear of your welfare, and that our children have so good leisure to make a journey to eat cherries: —it's very excusable in my Daughter; I hope she may have a

[1] See *Commons Journals*, vi. 263. [2] *Ibid.* vii. 727.

very good pretence for it! I assure you, Sir, I wish her very well; and I believe she knows it. I pray you tell her from me, I expect she writes often to me; by which I shall understand how all your Family doth, and she will be kept in some exercise. I have delivered my Son up to you; and I hope you will counsel him: he will need it; and indeed I believe he likes well what you say, and will be advised by you. I wish he may be serious; the times require it.

I hope my Sister[1] *is in health; to whom I desire my very hearty affections and service may be presented; as also to my Cousin Ann,*[2] *to whom I wish a good husband. I desire my affections may be presented to all your Family, to which I wish a blessing from the Lord. I hope I shall have your prayers in the Business to which I am called. My Wife, I trust, will be with you before it be long, in her way towards Bristol.—Sir, discompose not your thoughts or Estate for what you are to pay me. Let me know wherein I may comply with your occasions and mind, and be confident you will find me to you as your own heart.*

Wishing your prosperity and contentment very sincerely, with the remembrance of my love, I rest, your affectionate brother and servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

Mayor has endorsed this Letter: 'Received 27th July 1649, per Messenger express from Newbury.' He has likewise, says Harris, jotted on it 'some shorthand,' and 'an account of his cattle and sheep.'—Who the 'Major Long' was, we know not: Cromwell undertakes to 'do' for him what may be right and reasonable, and nothing more.

Cromwell, leaving London as we saw on Tuesday evening July 10th, had arrived at Bristol on Saturday evening, which was the 14th. He had to continue here, making his preparations, gathering his forces, for several weeks. Mrs. Cromwell means seemingly to pass a little more time with him before he

[1] Mrs. Mayor. [2] Miss Mayor, afterwards Mrs. Dunch of Pusey.

* Harris, p. 510: no. 8 of the Pusey seventeen.

go. In the end of July, he quits Bristol; moving westward by Tenby[1] and Pembroke, where certain forces were to be taken up,—towards Milford Haven; where he dates his next Letters, just in the act of sailing.

LETTER C

THE new Lord Lieutenant had at first designed for Munster, where it seemed his best chance lay. Already he has sent some regiments over, to reinforce our old acquaintance Colonel, now Lieutenant-General Michael Jones, at present besieged in Dublin, and enable him to resist the Ormond Army there. But on the 2d of August an important Victory has turned up for Jones: surprisal, and striking into panic and total rout, of the said Ormond Army;[2] which fortunate event, warmly recognised in the following Letter, clears Dublin of siege, and opens new outlooks for the Lord Lieutenant there. He sails thitherward; from Milford Haven, Monday August 13th. Ireton, who is Major-General, or third in command, Jones being second, follows with another division of the force, on Wednesday. Hugh Peters also went; and 'Mr. Owen' also, for another chaplain.

The good ship John is still lying in Milford waters, we suppose, waiting for a wind, for a turn of the tide. 'My Son' Richard Cromwell, and perhaps Richard's Mother, we may dimly surmise, had attended the Lord Lieutenant thus far, to wish him speed on his perilous enterprise?

"FOR MY LOVING BROTHER RICHARD MAYOR, ESQUIRE, AT HURSLEY: THESE"

"Milford Haven," From Aboard the John,
13th August 1649.

Loving Brother,—I could not satisfy myself to omit this

[1] At Tenby 2d August, *Commons Journals*, vi. 277.

[2] Rout at Rathmines or Bagatrath: Ormond's own Account of it, in Carte's *Ormond Papers*, ii. 403, 407-11: Jones's Account, in Cary's *Memorials*, ii. 159-162. *Commons Journals*, vi. 278 (14th August 1649).

opportunity by my Son of writing to you; especially there being so late and great an occasion of acquainting you with the happy news I received from Lieutenant-General Jones yesterday.

The Marquis of Ormond besieged Dublin with Nineteen-thousand men or thereabouts; Seven-thousand Scots and Three-thousand more were coming to "join him in" that work. Jones issued out of Dublin with Four-thousand foot and Twelve-hundred horse; hath routed this whole Army; killed about Four-thousand upon the place; taken 2,517 prisoners, above Three-hundred "of them" officers, some of great quality.[1]

This is an astonishing mercy; so great and seasonable that indeed we are like them that dreamed. What can we say! The Lord fill our souls with thankfulness, that our mouths may be full of His praise,—and our lives too; and grant we may never forget His goodness to us. These things seem to strengthen our faith and love, against more difficult times. Sir, pray for me, That I may walk worthy of the Lord in all that He hath called me unto!—

I have committed my Son to you; pray give him advice. I envy him not his contents; but I fear he should be swallowed up in them. I would have him mind and understand Business, read a little History, study the Mathematics and Cosmography: —these are good, with subordination to the things of God. Better than Idleness, or mere outward worldly contents. These fit for Public services,[2] *for which a man is born.*

Pardon this trouble. I am thus bold because I know you love me; as indeed I do you, and yours. My love to my dear Sister, and my Cousin Ann your Daughter, and all Friends. I rest, Sir, your loving brother, OLIVER CROMWELL.

"P.S." Sir, I desire you not to discommodate yourself because of the money due to me. Your welfare is as mine: and therefore let me know, from time to time, what will con-

[1] The round numbers of this account have, as is usual, come over greatly exaggerated (Carte, ubi supra).

[2] Services useful to all men.

*venience you in any forbearance; I shall answer you in it, and be ready to accommodate you. And therefore do your other business; let not this hinder.**

Of Jones and his Victory, and services in Ireland, there was on the morrow much congratulating in Parliament: revival of an old Vote, which had rather fallen asleep, For settling Lands of a Thousand Pounds a-year on him; and straightway, more special speedy Vote of 'Lands to the value of Five-hundred Pounds a-year for this last service';—which latter Vote, we hope, will not fall asleep as the former had done.[1]

LETTER CI

Same date, same conveyance

TO MY BELOVED DAUGHTER DOROTHY CROMWELL, AT HURSLEY: THESE

From Aboard the John, 13th Aug. 1649.

My dear Daughter,—Your Letter was very welcome to me. I like to see anything from your hand; because indeed I stick not to say I do entirely love you. And therefore I hope a word of advice will not be unwelcome nor unacceptable to thee.

I desire you both to make it above all things your business to seek the Lord: to be frequently calling upon Him, that He would manifest Himself to you in His Son; and be listening what returns He makes to you,—for He will be speaking in your ear and in your heart, if you attend thereunto. I desire you to provoke your Husband likewise thereunto. As for the pleasures of this Life, and outward Business, let that be upon the bye. Be above all these things, by Faith in Christ; and then you shall have the true use and comfort of them,—and not otherwise.[2] *I have much satisfaction in hope your spirit is this*

* Forster's *Statesmen of the Commonwealth*, iv. 267: From certain MSS. of Lord Nugent's.

[1] *Commons Journals*, vi. 278, 281 (14th, 18th August 1649).

[2] How true is this; equal, in its obsolete dialect, to the highest that man has yet attained to, in any dialect old or new!

way set; and I desire you may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and that I may hear thereof. The Lord is very near: which we see by His wonderful works: and therefore He looks that we of this generation draw near to Him. This late great Mercy of Ireland is a great manifestation thereof. Your Husband will acquaint you with it. We should be much stirred up in our spirits to thankfulness. We much need the spirit of Christ, to enable us to praise God for so admirable a mercy.

The Lord bless thee, my dear Daughter. I rest, thy loving Father,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

"*P.S.*" *I hear thou didst lately miscarry. Prithee take heed of a coach by all means; borrow thy Father's nag when thou intendest to go abroad.**

Is the last phrase ironical; or had the 'coach,' in those ancient roads, overset, and produced the disaster? Perhaps 'thy Father's nag' is really safer? Oliver is not given to irony; nor in a tone for it at this moment. These gentle domesticities and pieties are strangely contrasted with the fiery savagery and iron grimness, stern as Doom, which meets us in the next set of Letters we have from him!

On the second day following, on the 15th of August,[1] Cromwell with a prosperous wind arrived in Dublin; 'where,' say the old Newspapers,[2] 'he was received with all possible demonstrations of joy; the great guns echoing forth their welcome, and the acclamations of the people resounding in every street. The Lord Lieutenant being come into the City, —where the concourse of the people was very great, they all flocking to see him of whom before they had heard so much, —at a convenient place he made a stand,' rising in his carriage we suppose, 'and with his hat in his hand made a

* Forster, iv. 268: From certain MSS. of Lord Nugent's.

[1] Carte, ii. 83. [2] In Kimber, *Life of Cromwell* (London, 1724), p. 126.

speech to them.' Speech unfortunately lost: it is to this effect; 'That as God had brought him thither in safety, so he doubted not but by Divine Providence to restore them all to their just liberties and properties,' much trodden down by those unblessed Papist-Royalist combinations, and the injuries of war: 'and that all persons whose hearts' affections were real for the carrying on of this great work against the barbarous and bloodthirsty Irish and their confederates and adherents, and for propagating of Christ's Gospel and establishing of Truth and Peace, and restoring of this bleeding Nation of Ireland to its former happiness and tranquillity,—should find favour and protection from the Parliament of England and him, and withal receive such rewards and gratuities as might be answerable to their merits.' 'This Speech,' say the old Newspapers, 'was entertained with great applause by the people; 'who all cried out, "We will live and die with you!"'

LETTER CII

Sir George Ayscough, now vigilantly cruising on those coasts, 'Vice-Admiral of the Irish Seas,' who has done good service more than once,—he ought not to suffer in his private economics by absence on the Public Service.

"FOR THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM LENTHALL, ESQUIRE, SPEAKER OF THE PARLIAMENT: THESE"

Dublin, 22d August 1649.

Sir,—Before my coming for Ireland, I was bold to move the House on behalf of Sir George Ayscough; who then I thought had merited the favour of the Parliament, but since, much more, by his very faithful and industrious carriage in this place.

It seems, whilst he is attending your service, a Lease he holds of the Deanery of Windsor had like to be purchased over his head, he not coming to buy it himself by the time limited. He holds a very considerable part of his estate in Church-leases;

one or more being in Impropriate Tithes, which he and his ancestors have held for a good time: all which is like to determine, and go from him and his, by your Orders.

I found the Parliament well to resent the motion I made on his behalf at that time. I desire you please to revive the business; and to obtain the House's favour for him, which they intended and expressed. He will, I presume, herewith send his humble desires; for which I beg your furtherance; and rest, Sir, your most humble servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

Ayscough is a Lincolnshire man. Last year, in the time of the Revolted Ships, he stood true to the Parliament; and brought his own ship off to them, in spite of perils. Serves now under Blake; is fast rising as a Sea-officer. The Lord Lieutenant's request in behalf of him has already been complied with.[1]

A DECLARATION BY THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND

MICHAEL JONES's Dublin Army, like all Armies hitherto in Ireland, is of a quite unsatisfactory structure, of habits and practices quite unsatisfactory. The Lord Lieutenant is busy modelling it; rearranging it under new and more capable Officers; above all, clearing it of bad men: an Irish friend informs us, 'There hath been an huge purge of the Army which we found here: it was an Army made up of dissolute and debauched men.'[2] 'The Officers reduced are not a little discontented,' writes another friend: but the public service so requires it. Officers and men, and all Ireland, are to know

* Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 163).

[1] *Commons Journals*, 8th August 1649 (vi. 276);—see *ib.* 9th July 1649 (on which day most probably, the day of Thomond's Letter too, Cromwell had been 'moving the House' for him). Whitlocke (2d edition), p. 317.

[2] Newspaper Letter, in King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 439, § 7: another, *ib.* § 22.

that henceforth it is on a new footing we proceed. Here is a Declaration, legible on such market-crosses, church-doors and the like, as we have access to; well worth attending to in a distracted seat of war.

'THIS DECLARATION IS APPOINTED TO BE PRINTED, AND PUBLISHED 'THROUGHOUT ALL IRELAND: BY SPECIAL DIRECTION FROM— 'OLIVER CROMWELL.

'WHEREAS I am informed that, upon the marching out 'of the Armies heretofore, or of parties from Garrisons, a 'liberty hath been taken by the Soldiery to abuse, rob and 'pillage, and too often to execute cruelties upon the Country 'People: Being resolved, by the grace of God, diligently and 'strictly to restrain such wickedness for the future,

'I do hereby warn and require all Officers, Soldiers, and 'others under my command, henceforth To forbear all such 'evil practices as aforesaid; and Not to do any wrong or 'violence toward Country People, or persons whatsoever, un- 'less they be actually in arms or office with the Enemy; and 'Not to meddle with the goods of such, without special order.

'And I farther declare, That it shall be free and lawful 'to and for all manner of persons dwelling in the country, 'as well gentlemen and soldiers, as farmers and other people '(such as are in arms or office with or for the Enemy only 'excepted), to make their repair, and bring any provisions 'unto the Army, while in march or camp, or unto any Gar- 'rison under my command: Hereby assuring all such, That 'they shall not be molested or troubled in their persons or 'goods; but shall have the benefit of a free market, and 'receive ready money for goods or commodities they shall so 'bring and sell: And that they, behaving themselves peace- 'ably and quietly; and paying such Contributions propor- 'tionately with their neighbours, as have been, are, or shall 'be duly and orderly imposed upon them, for maintenance 'of the Parliament's forces and other public uses,—shall have

'free leave and liberty to live at home with their families and 'goods; and shall be protected in their persons and estates 'by virtue Hereof, until the 1st of January next: By or 'before which time, "1st of January next," all such of them as 'are minded to reside, and plough and sow, in the "Army's" 'quarters, are to make their addresses, for now and farther 'protections, to the Attorney-General, residing at Dublin, 'and to such other persons as shall be authorised for that 'purpose.

'And hereof I require all Soldiers, and others under my 'command, diligently to take notice and observe the same: 'as they shall answer to the contrary at their utmost perils. 'Strictly charging and commanding all Officers and others, 'in their several places, carefully to see to it That no wrong 'or violence be done to any such person as aforesaid, contrary 'to the effect of the premises. Being resolved, through 'the grace of God, to punish all that shall offend contrary 'hereunto, very severely, according to Law or Articles of 'War; to displace, and otherwise punish, all such Officers as 'shall be found negligent in their places, and not to see to 'the due observance hereof, or not to punish the offenders 'under their respective commands.

'Given at Dublin, the 24th of August 1649.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

IRISH WAR

THE history of the Irish War is, and for the present must continue, very dark and indecipherable to us. Ireland, ever since the Irish Rebellion broke out and changed itself into an Irish Massacre, in the end of 1641, has been a scene of distracted controversies, plunderings, excommunications, treacheries, conflagrations, of universal misery and blood and

* King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 439, § 25.

bluster, such as the world before or since has never seen. The History of it does not form itself into a picture; but remains only as a huge blot, an indiscriminate blackness; which the human memory cannot willingly charge itself with! There are Parties on the back of Parties; at war with the world and with each other. There are Catholics of the Pale, demanding freedom of religion; and my Lord This and my Lord That. There are Old-Irish Catholics, under Pope's Nuncios, under Abbas O'Teague of the excommunications, and Owen Roe O'Neil;—demanding not religious freedom only, but what we now call 'Repeal of the Union'; and unable to agree with the Catholics of the English Pale. Then there are Ormond Royalists, of the Episcopalian and mixed creeds, strong for King without Covenant: Ulster and other Presbyterians, strong for King *and* Covenant: lastly, Michael Jones and the Commonwealth of England, who want neither King nor Covenant. All these, plunging and tumbling, in huge discord, for the last eight years, have made of Ireland and its affairs the black unutterable blot we speak of.

At the date of Oliver's arrival, all Irish Parties are united in a combination very unusual with them; very dangerous for the incipient Commonwealth. Ormond, who had returned thither with new Commission, in hopes to coöperate with Scotch Hamilton during the Second Civil War, arrived too late for that object; but has succeeded in rallying Ireland into one mass of declared opposition to the Powers that now rule. Catholics of the Pale, and Old-Irish Catholics of the Massacre, will at length act together: Protestant English Royalism, which has fled hither for shelter; nay, now at last Royalist Presbyterianism, and the very Scots in Ulster,—have all joined with Ormond against the Regicides.' They are eagerly inviting the young Charles Second to come thither, and be crowned and made victorious. He as yet hesitates between that and Scotland;—may probably give Scotland the preference. But in all Ireland, when Cromwell sets foot on it, there remain only two Towns, Dublin and Derry, that hold

for the Commonwealth; Dublin lately besieged, Derry still besieged. A very formidable combination. All Ireland kneaded together, by favourable accident and the incredible patience of Ormond, stands up in one great combination, resolute to resist the Commonwealth. Combination great in bulk; but made of iron and clay;—in meaning not so great. Oliver has taken survey and measure of it; Oliver descends on it like the hammer of Thor; smites it, as at one fell stroke, into dust and ruin, never to reunite against him more.

One could pity this poor Irish people; their case is pitiable enough! The claim they started with, in 1641, was for religious freedom. Their claim, we can now all see, was just: essentially just, though full of intricacy; difficult to render clear and concessible;—nay, at that date of the World's History, it was hardly recognisable to any Protestant man for just; and these frightful massacrings and sanguinary blusterings have rendered it, for the present, entirely unrecognisable. A just, though very intricate claim: but entered upon, and prosecuted, by such methods as were never yet available for asserting any claim in this world! Treachery and massacre: what could come of it? Eight years of cruel fighting, of desperate violence and misery, have left matters worse a thousandfold than they were at first. No want of daring, or of patriotism so-called; but a great want of other things! Numerous large masses of armed men have been on foot; full of fiery vehemence and audacity, but without worth as Armies: savage hordes rather; full of hatred and mutual hatred, of disobedience, falsity and noise. Undrilled, unpaid,—driving herds of plundered cattle before them for subsistence; rushing down from hillsides, from ambuscadoes, passes in the mountains; taking shelter always 'in bogs whither the cavalry cannot follow them.' Unveracious, violent, disobedient men. False in speech;—alas, false in thought, first of all; who have never let the Fact tell its own harsh story to them; who have said always to the harsh Fact, 'Thou art not that way, thou

art this way!' The Fact, of course, asserts that it *is* that way: the Irish Projects end in perpetual discomfiture; have to take shelter in bogs whither cavalry cannot follow! There has been no scene seen under the sun like Ireland for these eight years. Murder, pillage, conflagration, excommunication; wide-flowing blood, and bluster high as Heaven and St. Peter; —as if wolves or rabid dogs were in fight here; as if demons from the Pit had mounted up, to deface this fair green piece of God's Creation with *their* talkings and workings! It is, and shall remain, very dark to us. Conceive Ireland wasted, torn in pieces; black Controversy as of demons and rabid wolves rushing over the face of it so long; incurable, and very dim to us; till here at last, as in the torrent of Heaven's lightning descending liquid on it, we have clear and terrible view of its affairs for a time!—

Oliver's proceedings here have been the theme of much loud criticism and sibylline execration; into which it is not our plan to enter at present. We shall give these Irish Letters of his in their own natural figure, and without any commentary whatever. To those who think that a land overrun with Sanguinary Quacks can be healed by sprinkling it with rose-water, these Letters must be very horrible. Terrible Surgery this: but *is* it Surgery and Judgment, or atrocious Murder merely? That is a question which should be asked; and answered. Oliver Cromwell did believe in God's Judgments; and did not believe in the rose-water plan of Surgery; —which, in fact, is this Editor's case too! Every idle lie and piece of empty bluster this Editor hears, he too, like Oliver, has to shudder at it; has to think: 'Thou, idle bluster, not true, thou also art shutting men's minds against the God's Fact; thou wilt issue as a cleft crown to some poor man some day; thou also wilt have to take shelter in bogs whither cavalry cannnot follow!'—But in Oliver's time, as I say, there was still belief in the Judgments of God; in Oliver's time, there was yet no distracted jargon of 'abolishing Capital Punishments,' of Jean-Jacques Philanthropy, and universal rose-

water in this world still so full of sin. Men's notion was, not for abolishing punishments, but for making laws just: God the Maker's Laws, they considered, had not yet got the Punishment abolished from them! Men had a notion, that the difference between Good and Evil was still considerable; —equal to the difference between Heaven and Hell. It was a true notion. Which all men yet saw, and felt in all fibres of their existence, to be true. Only in late decadent generations, fast hastening towards radical change or final perdition, can such indiscriminate mashing-up of Good and Evil into one universal patent-treacle, and most unmedical electuary, of Rousseau Sentimentalism, universal Pardon and Benevolence, with dinner and drink and one cheer more, take effect in our earth. Electuary very poisonous, as sweet as it is, and very nauseous; of which Oliver, happier than we, had not yet heard the slightest intimation even in dreams.

The reader of these Letters, who has swept all that very ominous twaddle out of his head and heart, and still looks with a recognising eye on the ways of the Supreme Powers with this world, will find here, in the rude practical state, a Phenomenon which he will account noteworthy. An armed Soldier, solemnly conscious to himself that he is a Soldier of God the Just,—a consciousness which it well beseems all soldiers and all men to have always;—armed Soldier, terrible as Death, relentless as Doom; doing God's Judgments on the Enemies of God! It is a Phenomenon not of joyful nature; no, but of awful, to be looked at with pious terror and awe. Not a Phenomenon which you are called to recognise with bright smiles, and fall in love with at sight:—thou, art thou worthy to love such a thing; worthy to do other than hate it, and shriek over it? Darest thou wed the Heaven's lightning, then; and say to it, Godlike One? Is thy own life beautiful and terrible to thee; steeped in the eternal depths, in the eternal splendours? Thou also, art thou in thy sphere, the minister of God's Justice; feeling that thou art here to do it, and to see it done, at thy soul's peril? Thou wilt then judge

Oliver with increasing clearness; otherwise with increasing darkness misjudge him.

In fact, Oliver's dialect is rude and obsolete; the phrases of Oliver, to him solemn on the perilous battlefield as voices of God, have become to us most mournful when spouted as frothy cant from Exeter Hall. The reader has, all along, to make steady allowance for that. And on the whole, clear recognition will be difficult for him. To a poor slumberous Canting Age, mumbling to itself everywhere, Peace, Peace, where there is no peace,—such a Phenomenon as Oliver, in Ireland or elsewhere, is not the most recognisable in all its meanings. But it waits there for recognition; and can wait an Age or two. The Memory of Oliver Cromwell, as I count, has a good many centuries in it yet; and Ages of very varied complexion to apply to, before all end. My reader, in this passage and others, shall make of it what he can.

But certainly, at lowest, here is a set of Military Despatches of the most unexampled nature! Most rough, unkempt; shaggy as the Numidian lion. A style rugged as crags; coarse, drossy: yet with a meaning in it, an energy, a depth; pouring on like a fire-torrent; perennial *fire* of it visible athwart all drosses and defacements: not uninteresting to see! This man has come into distracted Ireland with a God's Truth in the heart of him, though an unexpected one; the first such man they have seen for a great while indeed. He carries Acts of Parliament, Laws of Earth and Heaven, in one hand; drawn sword in the other. He addresses the bewildered Irish populations, the black ravening coil of sanguinary blustering individuals at Tredah and elsewhere: 'Sanguinary blustering individuals, whose word is grown worthless as the barking of dogs; whose very thought is false, representing not fact, but the contrary of fact,—behold, I am come to speak and to do the truth among you. Here are Acts of Parliament, methods of regulation and veracity, emblems, the nearest we poor Puritans could make them, of God's Law-Book, to which it is and shall be our perpetual effort to make them correspond

nearer and nearer. Obey them, help us to perfect them, be peaceable and true under them, it shall be well with you. Refuse to obey them, I will not let you continue living! As articulate-speaking veracious orderly men, not as a blustering murderous kennel of dogs run rabid, shall you continue in this Earth. Choose!'—They chose to disbelieve him; could not understand that he, more than the others, meant any truth or justice to them. They rejected his summons and terms at Tredah: he stormed the place; and according to his promise, put every man of the Garrison to death. His own soldiers are forbidden to plunder, by paper Proclamation; and in ropes of authentic hemp they are hanged when they do it.[1] To Wexford Garrison the like terms as at Tredah; and, failing these, the like storm. Here is a man whose word represents a thing! Not bluster this, and false jargon scattering itself to the winds: what this man speaks out of him comes to pass as a fact; speech with this man is accurately prophetic of deed. This is the first King's face poor Ireland ever saw; the first Friend's face, little as it recognises him,—poor Ireland!

But let us take the Letters themselves; and read them with various emotions, in which wonder will not fail. What a rage, wide-sweeping, inexorable as Death, dwells in that heart;—close neighbour to pity, to trembling affection, and soft tears! Some readers know that softness *without* rigour, rigour as of adamant to rest upon, is but sloth and cowardly baseness; that without justice first, real pity is not possible, and only false pity and maudlin weakness is possible. Others, again, are not aware of that fact.—To our Irish friends we ought to say likewise that this Garrison of Tredah consisted, in good part, of Englishmen.[2] Perfectly certain this:—and therefore let 'the bloody hoof of the Saxon,' etc. forbear to continue itself on that matter. At its peril! Idle blustering, and untruth of every kind lead to the like terrible results in these days as they did in those.

[1] Two instances: King's Pamphlets, large 4to, no. 42, § 19, 6th-15th Sept. 1649.
[2] Ludlow, i. 301.

LETTERS CIII—CVI

STORM OF TREDAH

THE first of this set, a Summons to Dundalk, will be fully understood so soon as the Two following it are read. The Two following it, on Tredah, or Drogheda as we now name it, contain in themselves, especially the Second and more deliberate of the two contains, materials for a pretty complete account of the Transaction there. It requires only to be added, what Cromwell himself has forborne to do, that on the repulse of the first attack, it was he, in person, who, 'witnessing it from the batteries,' hastened forward and led on the new attack: My pretty men, we must positively not be repulsed; we must enter here, we cannot do at all without entering!—The rest of these Irish Letters may, I hope, tell their own tale.

LETTER CIII

FOR THE CHIEF OFFICER COMMANDING IN DUNDALK: THESE

"Tredah," 12th September 1649.

Sir,—I offered mercy to the Garrison of Tredah,[1] *in sending the Governor a Summons before I attempted the taking of it. Which being refused brought their evil upon them.*

If you, being warned thereby, shall surrender your Garrison to the use of the Parliament of England, which by this I summon you to do, you may thereby prevent effusion of blood. If, upon refusing this Offer, that which you like not befalls you, you will know whom to blame. I rest, your servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

The Chief Officer commanding in Dundalk never received this Letter, I believe! What, in the interim, had become of Dundalk and its Chief and other Officers, will shortly appear.

[1] Treedagh' he writes.

* Autograph, in the possession of the Earl of Shannon, at Castle-Martyr, in the County of Cork.

LETTER CIV

"TO THE HONOURABLE JOHN BRADSHAW, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE: THESE"

"Dublin," 16th September 1649.

Sir,—It hath pleased God to bless our endeavours at Tredah. After battery, we stormed it. The Enemy were about 3,000 *strong in the Town. They made a stout resistance; and near* 1,000 *of our men being entered, the Enemy forced them out again. But God giving a new courage to our men, they attempted again, and entered; beating the Enemy from their defences.*

The Enemy had made three retrenchments, both to the right and left "of" where we entered; all which they were forced to quit. Being thus entered, we refused them quarter; having, the day before, summoned the Town. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think Thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives. Those that did, are in safe custody for the Barbadoes. Since that time, the Enemy quitted to us Trim and Dundalk. In Trim they were in such haste that they left their guns behind them.

This hath been a marvellous great mercy. The Enemy, being not willing to put an issue upon a field-battle, had put into this Garrison almost all their prime soldiers, being about 3,000 *horse and foot, under the command of their best officers; Sir Arthur Ashton being made Governor. There were some seven or eight regiments, Ormond's being one, under the command of Sir Edmund Varney. I do not believe, neither do I hear, that any officer escaped with his life, save only one Lieutenant, who, I hear, going to the Enemy said, That he was the only man that escaped of all the Garrison. The Enemy upon this were filled with much terror. And truly I believe this bitterness will save much effusion of blood, through the goodness of God.*

I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom indeed the praise of this mercy belongs. "As" for instruments, they were very inconsiderable the work throughout. * * * * *

Captain Brandly did with forty or fifty of his men very gallantly storm the Tenalia; for which he deserves the thanks of the State. "I rest, your most humble servant,"

OLIVER CROMWELL.[*]

'*Tenalia*,' I believe, is now called *Tenaille* by engineers; a kind of advanced defensive-work, which takes its name from resemblance, real or imaginary, to the lip of a pair of *pincers*.

The 'Sir Edmund Varney' who perished here was the son of the Standard-bearer at Edgehill. For Sir Arthur Ashton see Clarendon. Poor Sir Arthur had a wooden leg which the soldiers were very eager for, understanding it to be full of gold coin; but it proved to be mere timber: all his gold, 200 broad pieces, was sewed into his belt, and scrambled for when that came to light.[1] There is in Wood's Life[2] an old-soldier's account of the Storm of Tredah, sufficiently emphatic, by Tom Wood, Anthony's brother, who had been there.

LETTER CV

"FOR THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM LENTHALL, ESQUIRE, SPEAKER OF THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND: THESE"

Dublin, 17th September 1649.

Sir,—Your Army being safely arrived at Dublin; and the Enemy endeavouring to draw all his forces together about Trim and Tecroghan, as my intelligence gave me,—from whence endeavours were made by the Marquis of Ormond to draw Owen Roe O'Neil with his forces to his assistance, but with what success I cannot yet learn,—I resolved, after some refreshment taken for our weather-beaten men and horses, and accommo-

[*] Whitlocke, p. 412.

[1] *Ibid.*

[2] Prefixed to the *Athenæ Oxonienses*.

dations for a march, to take the field. And accordingly, upon Friday the 30th of August[1] *last, rendezvoused with eight regiments of foot, six of horse and some troops of dragoons, three miles on the north side of Dublin. The design was, To endeavour the regaining of Tredah; or tempting the Enemy, upon his hazard of the loss of that place, to fight.*

Your Army came before the Town upon Monday following.[2] *Where having pitched, as speedy course was taken as could be to frame our batteries; which took up the more time because divers of the battering guns were on shipboard. Upon Monday the 9th*[3] *of this instant, the batteries began to play. Whereupon I sent Sir Arthur Ashton, the then Governor, a summons, To deliver the Town to the use of the Parliament of England. To the which receiving no satisfactory answer, I proceeded that day to beat-down the Steeple of the Church on the south side of the Town, and to beat-down a Tower not far from the same place, which you will discern by the Chart enclosed.*

Our guns not being able to do much that day, it was resolved to endeavour to do our utmost the next day to make breaches assaultable, and by the help of God to storm them. The place pitched upon was that part of the Town-wall next a Church called St. Mary's; which was the rather chosen because we did hope that if we did enter and possess that Church, we should be the better able to keep it against their horse and foot until we could make way for the entrance of our horse; and we did not conceive that any part of the Town would afford the like advantage for that purpose with this. The batteries planted were two. one was for that part of the Wall against the east end of the said Church; the other against the Wall on the south side. Being somewhat long in battering, the Enemy made six retrenchments: three of them from the said Church to Duleek Gate; and three of them from the east end of the Church to the Town-wall and so backward. The guns, after some two

[1] Friday is 31st; this error as to the day of the month continues through the Letter.

[2] 3d September.

[3] 10th.

or three hundred shot, beat down the corner Tower, and opened two reasonable good breaches in the east and south Wall.

Upon Tuesday the 10*th of this instant, about five o'clock in the evening, we began the Storm: and after some hot dispute we entered, about seven or eight hundred men; the Enemy disputing it very stiffly with us. And indeed, through the advantages of the place, and the courage God was pleased to give the defenders, our men were forced to retreat quite out of the breach, not without some considerable loss; Colonel Castle being there shot in the head, whereof he presently died: and divers officers and soldiers doing their duty killed and wounded. There was a Tenalia to flanker the south Wall of the Town, between Duleek Gate and the corner Tower before mentioned; —which our men entered, wherein they found some forty or fifty of the Enemy, which they put to the sword. And this "Tenalia" they held: but it being without the Wall, and the sally-port through the Wall into that Tenalia being choked up with some of the Enemy which were killed in it, it proved of no use for an entrance into the Town that way.*

Although our men that stormed the breaches were forced to recoil, as is before expressed; yet, being encouraged to recover their loss, they made a second attempt: wherein God was pleased so to animate them that they got ground of the Enemy, and by the goodness of God, forced him to quit his entrenchments. And after a very hot dispute, the Enemy having both horse and foot, and we only foot, within the Wall,—they gave ground, and our men became masters both of their retrenchments and "of" the Church; which indeed, although they made our entrance the more difficult, yet they proved of excellent use to us; so that the Enemy could not "now" annoy us with their horse, but thereby we had advantage to make good the ground, that so we might let-in our own horse; which accordingly was done, though with much difficulty.

Divers of the Enemy retreated into the Mill-Mount: a place very strong and of difficult access; being exceedingly high, having a good graft, and strongly palisadoed. The Governor,

Sir Arthur Ashton, and divers considerable Officers being there, our men getting up to them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the Town: and, I think, that night they put to the sword about 2,000 *men;—divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the Bridge into the other part of the Town, where about* 100 *of them possessed St. Peter's Church-steeple, some the west Gate, and others a strong Round Tower next the Gate called St. Sunday's. These being summoned to yield to mercy, refused. Whereupon I ordered the steeple of St. Peter's Church to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames: 'God damn me, God confound me; I burn, I burn.'*

The next day, the other two Towers were summoned; in one of which was about six or seven score; but they refused to yield themselves: and we knowing that hunger must compel them, set only good guards to secure them from running away until their stomachs were come down. From one of the said Towers, notwithstanding their condition, they killed and wounded some of our men. When they submitted, their officers were knocked on the head; and every tenth man of the soldiers killed; and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes. The soldiers in the other Tower were all spared, as to their lives only; and shipped likewise for the Barbadoes.

I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood; and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future. Which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret. The officers and soldiers of this Garrison were the flower of their Army. And their great expectation was, that our attempting this place would put fair to ruin us; they being confident of the resolution of their men, and the advantage of the place. If we had divided our force into two quarters to have besieged the North Town and the South Town, we could not have had such a correspondency between

the two parts of our Army, but that they might have chosen to have brought their Army, and have fought with which part "of ours" they pleased,—and at the same time have made a sally with 2,000 *men upon us, and have left their walls manned; they having in the Town the number hereafter specified, but some say near* 4,000.

Since this great mercy vouchsafed to us, I sent a party of horse and dragoons to Dundalk;[1] *which the Enemy quitted, and we are possessed of,—as also "of" another Castle they deserted, between Trim and Tredah, upon the Boyne. I sent a party of horse and dragoons to a House within five miles of Trim, there being then in Trim some Scots Companies, which the Lord of Ardes brought to assist the Lord of Ormond. But upon the news of Tredah, they ran away; leaving their great guns behind them, which also we have possessed.*

And now give me leave to say how it comes to pass that this work is wrought. It was set upon some of our hearts, That a great thing should be done, not by power or might, but by the Spirit of God. And is it not so, clearly? That which caused your men to storm so courageously, it was the Spirit of God, who gave your men courage, and took it away again; and gave the Enemy courage, and took it away again; and gave your men courage again, and therewith this happy success. And therefore it is good that God alone have all the glory.

It is remarkable that these people, at the first, set up the Mass in some places of the Town that had been monasteries; but afterwards grew so insolent that, the last Lord's-day before the storm, the Protestants were thrust out of the great Church called St. Peter's, and they had public Mass there: and in this very place near 1,000 *of them were put to the sword, fleeing thither for safety. I believe all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two; the one of which was Father Peter Taaff, brother to the Lord Taaff, whom the soldiers took, the next day, and made an end of. The other was taken in the Round Tower, under the repute of a Lieutenant, and when*

[1] Antea, Letter CIII.

he understood that the officers in that Tower had no quarter, he confessed he was a Friar; but that did not save him.

A great deal of loss in this business fell upon Colonel Hewson's, Colonel Castle's, and Colonel Ewer's regiments. Colonel Ewer having two Field-Officers in his regiment shot; Colonel Castle and a Captain of his regiment slain; Colonel Hewson's Captain-Lieutenant slain. I do not think we lost 100 *men upon the place, though many be wounded.*

I most humbly pray the Parliament may be pleased "that" this Army may be maintained; and that a consideration may be had of them, and of the carrying-on affairs here, "such" as may give a speedy issue to this work. To which there seems to be a marvellous fair opportunity offered by God. And although it may seem very chargeable to the State of England to maintain so great a force; yet surely to stretch a little for the present, in following God's providence, in hope the charge will not be long—I trust it will not be thought by any (that have not irreconcilable or malicious principles) unfit for me to move, For a constant supply; which, in human probability as to outward things, is most likely to hasten and perfect this work. And indeed if God please to finish it here as He hath done in England, the War is like to pay itself.

We keep the field much; our tents sheltering us from the wet and cold. But yet the Country-sickness overtakes many: and therefore we desire recruits, and some fresh regiments of foot, may be sent us. For it's easily conceived by what the Garrisons already drink up, what our Field-Army will come to, if God shall give more Garrisons into our hands. Craving pardon for this great trouble, I rest, your most obedient servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. Since writing of my Letter, a Major who brought off forty-three horse from the Enemy told me that it's reported in their camp that Owen Roe and they are agreed.

The defendants in Tredah consisted of: The Lord of

Ormond's regiment (Sir Edmund Varney Lieutenant-Colonel), of 400; *Colonel Byrn's, Colonel Warren's, and Colonel Wall's, of* 2,000; *the Lord of Westmeath's, of* 200; *Sir James Dillon's, of* 200; *and* 200 *horse.*[*]

The report as to Owen Roe O'Neil is correct. Monk, who had lately in Ulster entered upon some negotiation with O'Neil and his Old-Irish Party, who, as often happened, were in quarrel with the others, found himself deserted by his very soldiers, and obliged to go to England; where this policy of his, very useful as Monk had thought, is indignantly disavowed by the Authorities, who will not hear of such a connexion.[1] Owen Roe O'Neil appears to have been a man of real ability: surely no able man, or son of Order, ever sank in a more dismal welter of confusions unconquerable by him! He did no more service or disservice henceforth; he died in some two months, of a disease in the foot,—poisoned, say some, by the gift of a 'pair of russet-leather boots' which some traitor had bestowed on him.[2]

Such was the Storm of Tredah. A thing which, if one *wanted* good assurance as to the essential meaning of it, might well 'work remorse and regret' for indisputably the outer body of it is emphatic enough! Cromwell, not in a light or loose manner, but in a very solemn and deep one, takes charge for himself, at his own peril, That it *is* a judgment of God: and that it did 'save much effusion of blood,' we and all spectators can very readily testify. 'The execrable policy of that Regicide,' says Jacobite Carte on the occasion, 'had the effect he proposed. It spread abroad the terror of his name; it cut'—In fact, it cut through the heart of the Irish War. Wexford Storm followed (not by forethought, it would seem, but by chance of war) in the same stern fashion; and

[*] Newspapers; in *Parliamentary History* (London, 1763), xix. 201.

[1] 10th August 1649 (*Commons Journals*, vi. 277).

[2] Carte, ii. 83.

there was no other storm or slaughter needed in that Country. Rose-water Surgeons might have tried it otherwise; but that was not Oliver's execrable policy, not the Rose-water one. And so we leave it, standing on such basis as it has.

Ormond had sent orders to 'burn' Dundalk and Trim before quitting them; but the Garrisons, looking at Tredah, were in too much haste to apply the coal. They marched away at double-quick time; the Lord Lieutenant got possession of both Towns unburnt. He has put Garrisons there, we see, which 'drink up' some of his forces. He has also despatched Colonel Venables, of whom we shall hear again, with a regiment or two, to reduce Carlingford, Newry,—to raise what Siege there may be at Derry, and assist in settling distracted Ulster: of whose progress here are news.

LETTER CVI

FOR THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM LENTHALL, ESQUIRE, SPEAKER OF THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND: THESE

Dublin, 27th September 1649.

Mr. Speaker,—I had not received any account from Colonel Venables,—whom I sent from Tredah to endeavour the reducing of Carlingford, and so to march Northward towards a conjunction with Sir Charles Coote,—until the last night.

After he came to Carlingford, having summoned the place, both the three Castles and the Fort commanding the Harbour were rendered to him. Wherein were about Forty Barrels of Powder, Seven Pieces of Cannon; about a Thousand Muskets, and Five-hundred Pikes wanting twenty. In the entrance into the Harbour, Captain Fern, aboard your man-of-war, had some danger; being much shot at from the Sea Fort, a bullet shooting through his main-mast. The Captain's entrance into that Harbour was a considerable adventure, and a good service;—as also was that of Captain Brandly,[1] *who, with Forty seamen,*

[1] Antea, p. 57.

stormed a very strong Tenalia at Treda, and helped to take it; for which he deserves an owning by you.

Venables marched from Carlingford, with a party of Horse and Dragoons, to the Newry; leaving the Foot to come up after him. He summoned the place, and it was yielded before his Foot came up to him. Some other informations I have received from him, which promise well towards your Northern Interest; which, if well prosecuted, will, I trust God, render you a good account of those parts.

I have sent those things to be presented to the Council of State for their consideration. I pray God, as these mercies flow in upon you, He will give you an heart to improve them to His glory alone; because He alone is the author of them, and of all the goodness, patience and long-suffering extending towards you.

Your Army has marched; and, I believe, this night lieth at Arklow, in the County of Wicklow, by the Sea-side, between thirty and forty miles from this place. I am this day, by God's blessing, going towards it.

I crave your pardon for this trouble; and rest, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. I desire the Supplies moved for may be hastened. I am verily persuaded, though the burden be great, yet it is for your service. If the Garrisons we take swallow-up your men, how shall we be able to keep the field? Who knows but the Lord may pity England's sufferings, and make a short work of this? It is in His hand to do it, and therein only your servants rejoice. I humbly present the condition of Captain George Jenkins's Widow. He died presently after Tredah Storm. His Widow is in great want.

The following Officers and Soldiers were slain at the storming of Tredah: Sir Arthur Ashton, Governor; Sir Edmund Varney, Lieutenant-Colonel to Ormond's Regiment; Colonel Fleming, Lieutenant-Colonel Finglass, Major Fitzgerald, with eight Captains, eight Lieutenants, and eight Cornets, all of

*Horse; Colonels Warren, Wall, and Byrn, of Foot, with their Lieutenants, Majors, etc.; the Lord Taaff's Brother, an Augustine Friar; forty-four Captains, and all their Lieutenants, Ensigns, etc.; 220 Reformadoes and Troopers; 2,500 Foot-soldiers, besides Staff-Officers, Surgeons, etc.**

Venables went on, rapidly accomplishing his service in the North; without much hurt; though not without imminent peril once,—by a camisado, or surprisal in the night-time, which is afterwards alluded to in these Letters. The Lord Lieutenant, we observe, still dates from Dublin, but it is to quit it 'this day'; his 'Army has already marched': Southward now, on a new series of operations.

LETTER CVII

STORM OF WEXFORD

FOR THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM LENTHALL, ESQUIRE, SPEAKER OF THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND: THESE

Wexford, 14th October 1649.

Sir,—The Army marched from Dublin, about the 23d of September, into the County of Wicklow, where the Enemy had a Garrison about fourteen miles from Dublin, called Killincarrick; which they quitting, a Company of the Army was put therein. From thence the Army marched through almost a desolated country, until it came to a passage over the River Doro,[1] *about a mile above the Castle of Arklow, which was the first seat and honour of the Marquis of Ormond's family.*

* King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 441, art. 7, 'Letters from Ireland, printed by Authority' (p. 13). *Parliamentary History* (xix. 207-9) has copied this Letter from the old Pamphlet (as usual, giving no reference); and after the concluding 'Surgeons, etc.' has taken the liberty of adding these words, '*and many inhabitants*,' of which there is no whisper in the old Pamphlets;—a very considerable liberty indeed!

[1] River Darragh;—a branch of what is now called the Avoca; well known to musical persons.

Which he had strongly fortified; but it was, upon the approach of the Army, quitted; wherein we left another Company of Foot.

From thence the Army marched towards Wexford; where in the way was a strong and large Castle, at a town called Limbrick, the ancient seat of the Esmonds; where the Enemy had a strong Garrison; which they burnt and quitted, the day before our coming thither. From thence we marched towards Ferns, an episcopal seat, where was a Castle; to which I sent Colonel Reynolds with a party to summon it. Which accordingly he did, and it was surrendered to him; where we having put a company,—advanced the Army to a passage over the River Slaney, which runs down to Wexford; and that night we marched into the fields of a Village called Enniscorthy, belonging to Mr. Robert Wallop;[1] *where was a strong Castle very well manned and provided for by the Enemy; and, close under it, a very fair House belonging to the same worthy person,—a Monastery of Franciscan Friars, the considerablest in all Ireland: they ran away the night before we came. We summoned the Castle; and they refused to yield at the first; but upon better consideration, they were willing to deliver the place to us: which accordingly they did; leaving their great guns, arms, ammunition and provisions behind them.*

Upon Monday the First of October we came before Wexford. Into which the Enemy had put a Garrison, consisting of "part of" their Army; this Town having, until then, been so confident of their own strength as that they would not, at any time, suffer a Garrison to be imposed upon them. The Commander that brought in those forces was Colonel David Sinnott; who took upon him the command of the place. To whom I sent a Summons, a Copy whereof is this enclosed; between whom and

[1] Wallop is Member ('recruiter') for Andover; a King's-Judge; Member of the Council of State; now and afterwards a conspicuous rigorous republican man. He has advanced money, long since, we suppose, for the Public Service in Ireland; and obtained in payment this 'Fair House,' and Superiority of Enniscorthy: properties the value or no-value of which will much depend on the Lord Lieutenant's success at present.—Wallop's representative, a Peer of the Realm, is still owner here, as it has proved.

me there passed Answers and Replies, Copies whereof these also are:

1. 'TO THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE TOWN OF WEXFORD

'Before Wexford, 3d October 1649.

'*Sir,—Having brought the Army belonging to the Parliament of England before this place, to reduce it to its due obedience: to the end effusion of blood may be prevented, and the Town and Country about it preserved from ruin, I thought fit to summon you to deliver the same to me, to the use of the State of England.*

'*By this offer, I hope it will clearly appear where the guilt will lie, if innocent persons should come to suffer with the nocent. I expect your speedy answer; and rest, Sir, your servant,*

'*OLIVER CROMWELL.*'

'FOR THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

'Wexford, 3d October 1649.

'SIR,—I received your Letter of Summons for the delivery of this Town into your hands. Which standeth not with my honour to do of myself; neither will I take it upon me, without the advice of the rest of the Officers and Mayor of this Corporation; this Town being of so great consequence to all Ireland. Whom I will call together, and confer with; and return my resolution to you, tomorrow by twelve of the clock.

In the mean time, if you be so pleased, I am content to forbear all acts of hostility, so you permit no approach to be made. Expecting your answer in that particular, I remain,—my Lord,—your Lordship's servant,

'D. SINNOTT.'

2. 'TO THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE TOWN OF WEXFORD

'Before Wexford, 3d October 1649.

'*Sir,—I am contented to expect your resolution by twelve of the clock tomorrow morning. Because our tents are not so*

good a covering as your houses, and for other reasons, I cannot agree to a cessation. I rest,—your servant,

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'

'FOR THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

'Wexford, 4th October 1649.

'SIR,—I have advised with the Mayor and Officers, as I promised, and thereupon am content that Four, whom I shall employ, may have a Conference and Treaty with Four of yours, to see if any agreement and understanding may be begot between us. To this purpose I desire you to send mine a Safe-conduct, as I do hereby promise to send unto yours when you send me their names. And I pray that the meeting may be had tomorrow at eight of the clock in the forenoon, that they may have sufficient time to confer and debate together, and determine the matter; and that the meeting and place may be agreed upon, and the Safe-conduct mutually sent for the said meeting this afternoon. Expecting your answer hereto, I rest,—my Lord,—your servant,

'D. SINNOTT.

'Send me the names of your Agents, their qualities and degrees. Those I fix upon are: Major James Byrne, Major Theobald Dillon, Alderman Nicholas Chevers, Mr. William Stafford.'

3. 'TO THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE TOWN OF WEXFORD

'Before Wexford, 4th October 1649.

'*Sir,—Having summoned you to deliver the Town of Wexford into my hands, I might well expect the delivery thereof, and not a formal Treaty; which is seldom granted but where the things stand upon a more equal foot.*

'*If therefore yourself or the Town have any desires to offer, upon which you will surrender the place to me, I shall be able to judge of the reasonableness of them when they are made*

known to me. To which end, if you shall think fit to send the Persons named in your last, intrusted by yourself and the Town, by whom I may understand your desires, I shall give you a speedy and fitting Answer. And I do hereby engage myself, that they shall return in safety to you.

'I expect your answer hereunto within an hour; and rest, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.'

'FOR THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

'Wexford, 4th October 1649.

'SIR,—I have returned you a civil Answer, to the best of my judgment; and thereby, I find, you undervalue me and this place so much, that you think to have it surrendered without Capitulation or honourable Terms,—as appears by the hour's limitation in your last.

'Sir, had I never a man in this Town but the Townsmen, and Artillery here planted, I should conceive myself in a very befitting condition to make honourable conditions. And having a considerable party, "along" with them, in the place, I am resolved to die honourably, or make such conditions as may secure my honour and life in the eyes of my own Party.

'To which reasonable terms if you hearken not,—or give me "not" time to send my Agents till eight of the clock in the forenoon tomorrow, with my Propositions, with a farther Safe-conduct,—I leave you to your better judgment, and myself to the assistance of the Almighty; and so conclude. —Your servant,

D. SINNOTT.'

'FOR THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

'Wexford, 5th October 1649.

'SIR,—My Propositions being now prepared, I am ready to send my Agents with them unto you. And for their safe return, I pray you to send a Safe-conduct by the Bearer unto

me,—in hope an honourable agreement may thereupon arise between your Lordship and,—my Lord,—your Lordship's servant, D. SINNOTT.'

Whilst these papers were passing between us, I sent the Lieutenant-General[1] *with a party of dragoons, horse and foot, to endeavour to reduce their Fort, which lay at the mouth of their harbour, about ten miles distant from us. To which he sent a troop of dragoons; but the Enemy quitted their Fort, leaving behind them about seven great guns; betook themselves, by the help of their boats, to a Frigate of twelve guns lying in the harbour, within cannon-shot of the Fort. The dragoons possessed the Fort: and some seamen belonging to your Fleet coming happily in at the same time, they bent their guns at the Frigate, and she immediately yielded to mercy,—both herself, the soldiers that had been in the Fort, and the seamen that manned her. And whilst our men were in her, the Town, not knowing what had happened, sent another small vessel to her; which our men also took.*

The Governor of the Town having obtained from me a Safe-conduct for the four persons mentioned in one of the papers, to come and treat with me about the surrender of the Town, I expected they should have done so. But instead thereof, the Earl of Castlehaven brought to their relief, on the north side of the river,[2] *about five-hundred foot. Which occasioned their refusal to send out any to treat; and caused me to revoke my Safe-conduct, not thinking it fit to leave it for them to make use of it when they pleased:*

'FOR THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

'Wexford, 5th October 1649.

'MY Lord,—Even as I was ready to send out my Agents unto you, the Lord General of the horse came hither with a relief. Unto whom I communicated the proceedings between

[1] Michael Jones. [2] Carte, ii. 92.

your Lordship and me, and delivered him the Propositions I intended to despatch unto your Lordship;—who hath desired a small time to consider of them, and to speed them unto me. Which, my Lord, I could not deny, he having a commanding power over me.

'Pray, my Lord, believe that I do not do this to trifle out time; but for his present consent;—and if I find any long delay in his Lordship's returning them back unto me, I will proceed of myself, according to my first intention. To which I beseech your Lordship give credit; at the request,—my Lord,—of your Lordship's ready servant, D. SINNOTT.'

4. 'TO THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE TOWN OF WEXFORD

'Wexford, 6th October 1649.

'*Sir,—You might have spared your trouble in the account you give me of your transaction with the Lord General of your horse, and of your resolution in case he answer not your expectation in point of time. These are your own concernments, and it behoves you to improve the relief you mention to your best advantage.*

'*All that I have to say is, To desire you to take notice, that I do hereby revoke my Safe-conduct from the persons mentioned therein. When you shall see cause to treat, you may send for another.—I rest, Sir, your servant,*

'*OLIVER CROMWELL.*'

Our cannon being landed,[1] *and we having removed all our quarters to the south-east end of the Town, next the Castle, "which stands without the Walls,"—it was generally agreed that we should bend the whole strength of our artillery upon the Castle; being persuaded that if we got the Castle, the Town would easily follow.*

Upon Thursday the 11*th instant (our batteries being finished the night before), we began to play betimes in the morning;*

[1] 6th October (*ib.*).

and having spent near a hundred shot, the Governor's stomach came down; and he sent to me to give leave for four persons, intrusted by him, to come unto me, and offer terms of surrender:

'FOR THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

'Wexford, 11th October 1649.

'SIR,—In performance of my last, I desire your Lordship to send me a Safe-conduct for Major Theobald Dillon, Major James Byrne, Alderman Nicholas Chevers, and Captain James Stafford, whom I will send to your Lordship instructed with my desires. And so I rest,—my Lord,—your servant,

'D. SINNOTT.'

Which I condescending to, two Field-Officers with an Alderman of the Town, and the Captain of the Castle, brought out the Propositions enclosed,—which for their abominableness, manifesting also the impudency of the men, I thought fit to present to your view;—together with my Answer:

'THE PROPOSITIONS OF COLONEL DAVID SINNOTT, GOVERNOR OF THE TOWN AND CASTLE OF WEXFORD, FOR AND ON THE BEHALF OF THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS AND INHABITANTS IN THE SAID TOWN AND CASTLE, UNTO GENERAL CROMWELL.

'1. *In primis*, That all and every the Inhabitants of the said Town, from time to time and at all times hereafter, shall have free and uninterrupted liberty publicly to use, exercise and profess the Roman Catholic Religion, without restriction, mulct or penalty, any law or statute to the contrary notwithstanding.

'2. That the Regular and Secular Roman Catholic Clergy now possessed of the Churches, Church-livings, Monasteries, Religious-houses and Chapels in the said Town, and in the suburbs and franchises thereof, and their successors, shall have, hold and enjoy, to them and their successors forever, the said churches, church-livings, monasteries, religious-houses and

chapels, and shall teach and preach in them publicly, without any molestation, any law or statute to the contrary notwithstanding.

'3. That Nicholas, now Lord Bishop of Ferns, and his successors, shall use and exercise such jurisdiction over the Catholics of his Diocese as since his consecration hitherto he used.

'4. That all the Officers and Soldiers, of what quality or degree soever, in the said Town and Castle, and such of the Inhabitants as are so pleased, shall march with flying colours, and be conveyed safe, with their lives, artillery, ordnance, ammunition, arms, goods of all sorts, horses, moneys and what else belongs to them, to the Town of Ross, and there to be left safe with their own party; allowing each musketeer, towards their march, a pound of powder, four yards of match, and twelve brace of bullets; and a strong Convoy to be sent with the said soldiers, within four-and-twenty hours after the yielding-up of the said Town.

'5. That such of the Inhabitants of the said Town as will desire to leave the same at any time hereafter, shall have free liberty to carry away out of the said Town all their frigates, artillery, arms, powder, bullets, match, corn, malt, and other provision which they have for their defence and sustenance, and all their goods and chattels, of what quality or condition soever, without any manner of disturbance whatsoever, and have passes and safe-conducts and convoys for their lives and said goods to Ross, or where else they shall think fit.

'6. That the Mayor, Bailiffs, Free Burgesses and Commons of the said Town may have, hold and enjoy the said Town and Suburbs, their commons, their franchises, their liberties and immunities, which hitherto they enjoyed; and that the Mayor, Bailiffs and Free Burgesses may have the government of the said Town, as hitherto they enjoyed the same from the Realm of England, and that they may have no other government, they adhering to the State of England, and observing their orders, and the orders of their Governors in this Realm for the time being.

'7. That all and every the Burgesses and Inhabitants, either native or strangers, of the said Town, who shall continue their abode therein, or come to live there within three months, and their heirs, shall have, hold and enjoy all and singular their several castles, messuages, houses, lands, tenements and hereditaments within the land of Ireland, and all their goods and chattels, of what nature, quality or condition soever, to them and their heirs, to their own several uses forever, without molestation.

'8. That such Burgess or Burgesses, or other Inhabitant of the said Town, as shall at any time hereafter be desirous to leave the said Town, shall have free leave to dispose of their real and personal estates respectively to their best advantage; and farther have full liberty and a safe-conduct respectively to go into England or elsewhere, according to their several pleasures who shall desire to depart the same.

'9. That all and singular the Inhabitants of the said Town, either native or strangers, from time to time and at all times hereafter, shall have, reap and enjoy the full liberty of free-born English subjects, without the least incapacity or restriction therein; and that all the Freemen of the said Town, from time to time, shall be as free in all the seaports, cities and towns in England, as the Freemen of all and every the said cities and towns; and all and every the Freemen of the said cities and towns to be as free in the said Town of Wexford as the Freemen thereof, for their greater encouragement to trade and commerce together on all hands.

'10. That no memory remain of any hostility or distance which was hitherto between the said Town and Castle on the one part, and the Parliament or State of England on the other part; but that all act and acts, transgressions, offences, depredations and other crimes, of what nature or quality soever, be they ever so transcendent, attempted or done, or supposed to be attempted or done, by the Inhabitants of the said Town or any other, heretofore or at present adhering to the said Town, either native or stranger, and every of them,

—shall pass in oblivion; without chastisement, challenge, recompense, demand or questioning for them, or any of them, now or at any time hereafter. D. SINNOTT.'

'FOR THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN THE TOWN OF WEXFORD

'"Before Wexford," 11th October 1649.

'*Sir,—I have had the patience to peruse your Propositions; to which I might have returned an Answer with some disdain. But, to be short,—*

'*I shall give the Soldiers and Noncommissioned Officers quarter for life, and leave to go to their several habitations, with their wearing-clothes;—they engaging themselves to live quietly there, and to take-up arms no more against the Parliament of England. And the Commissioned Officers quarter for their lives, but to render themselves Prisoners. And as for the Inhabitants, I shall engage myself That no violence shall be offered to their goods, and that I shall protect the Town from plunder.*

'*I expect your positive Answer instantly; and if you will upon these terms surrender and quit, "and" shall, in one hour, send forth to me Four Officers of the quality of Field-Officers, and Two Aldermen, for the performance thereof, I shall thereupon forbear all acts of hostility. Your servant,*

'*OLIVER CROMWELL.*'*

Which "Answer" indeed had no effect. For whilst I was preparing of it; studying to preserve the Town from plunder, that it might be of the more use to you and your Army,—the Captain, who was one of the Commissioners, being fairly treated, yielded up the Castle to us. Upon the top of which our men no sooner appeared, but the Enemy quitted the Walls

* The rest of the Wexford Correspondence is in *Tanner* and elsewhere; this, which completes it, being considered hopelessly lost, must be taken as a very interesting little Document, now that it has turned up. Autograph (or Facsimile Copy? much interlined and very hastily written), now (March 1846) in the possession of Edward Crawford, Esq., Solicitor, Wellington Quay, Dublin.

of the Town; which our men perceiving, ran violently upon the Town with their ladders, and stormed it. And when they were come into the market-place, the Enemy making a stiff resistance, our forces brake them; and then put all to the sword that came in their way. Two boatfuls of the Enemy attempting to escape, being overprest with numbers, sank; whereby were drowned near three-hundred of them. I believe, in all, there was lost of the Enemy not many less than Two-thousand; and I believe not Twenty of yours from first to last of the Siege. And indeed it hath, not without cause, been deeply set upon our hearts, That, we intending better to this place than so great a ruin, hoping the Town might be of more use to you and your Army, yet God would not have it so; but by an unexpected providence, in His righteous justice, brought a just judgment upon them; causing them *to become a prey to the soldier who in their piracies had made preys of so many families, and now with their bloods to answer the cruelties which they had exercised upon the lives of divers poor Protestants! Two "instances" of which I have been lately acquainted with. About seven or eight score poor Protestants were by them put into an old vessel; which being, as some say, bulged by them, the vessel sank, and they were all presently drowned in the Harbour. The other "instance" was thus: They put divers poor Protestants into a Chapel (which, since, they have used for a Mass-house, and in which one or more of their priests were now killed), where they were famished to death.*

The soldiers got a very good booty in this place; and had not they[1] *had opportunity to carry their goods over the River, whilst we besieged it, it would have been much more:—I could have wished for their own good, and the good of the Garrison, they had been more moderate.*[2] *Some things which were not easily portable, we hope we shall make use of to your behoof. There are great quantities of iron, hides, tallow, salt, pipe- and barrel-staves; which are under commissioners' hands, to be*

[1] The Townsfolk.

[2] Not forced us to storm them.

secured. We believe there are near a hundred cannon in the Fort, and elsewhere in and about the Town. Here is likewise some very good shipping: here are three vessels, one of them of thirty-four guns, which a week's time would fit to sea; there is another of about twenty guns, very near ready likewise. And one other Frigate of twenty guns, upon the stocks; made for sailing; which is built up to the uppermost deck: for her handsomeness' sake, I have appointed the workmen to finish her, here being materials to do it, if you or the Council of State shall approve thereof. The Frigate, also, taken beside the Fort, is a most excellent vessel for sailing. Besides divers other ships and vessels in the Harbour.

This Town is now so in your power, that of the former inhabitants, I believe scarce one in twenty can challenge any property in their houses. Most of them are run away, and many of them killed in this service. And it were to be wished, that an honest people would come and plant here;—where are very good houses, and other accommodations fitted to their hands, which may by your favour be made of encouragement to them. As also a seat of good trade, both inward and outward;—and of marvellous great advantage in the point of the herring and other fishing. The Town is pleasantly seated and strong, having a rampart of earth within the wall near fifteen feet thick.

Thus it hath pleased God to give into your hands this other mercy. For which, as for all, we pray God may have all the glory. Indeed your instruments are poor and weak, and can do nothing but through believing,—and that is the gift of God also.

I humbly take leave, and rest, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

"*P.S.*" *A day or two before our Battery was planted, Ormond, the Earl of Castlehaven, the Lord of Ardes and Clanneboyes were on the other side of the Water, with about* 1,800 *horse* "*and*" 1,500 *foot; and offered to put in four or five hundred foot more into the Town; which the Town refusing,*

he marched away in all haste. I sent the Lieutenant-General after him, with about 1,400 *horse; but the Enemy made haste for him.**

Young Charles II., who has got to the Isle of Jersey, decidedly inclining towards Ireland as yet, will probably be staggered by these occurrences, when the news of them reaches him. Not good quarters Ireland at present! The Scots have proclaimed him King; but clogged it with such conditions about the Covenant, about Malignants, and what not, as nothing but the throat of an ostrich could swallow. The poor young King is much at a loss;[1]—must go somewhither, and if possible take some Mrs. Barlow with him! Laird Winram, Senator, of the College of Justice, is off to deal with him;[2] to see if he cannot help him down with the Covenant: the Laird's best ally, I think, will be Oliver in Ireland. At Edinburgh these are the news from that quarter:

'In October and November this year there ran and were spread frequent rumours that Lieutenant-General Oliver Cromwell was routed in Ireland, yea killed; and again that he bore all down before him like ane impetuous torrent: how that he had taken Tradaffe and Washeford,' Tredah and Wexford; 'and there, neither sparing sex nor age, had exercised all the cruelties of a merciless inhuman and bloody butcher, even brutishly against Nature. On these rumours Will Douglas,' no great shakes at metre, 'did write these lines:

> "Cromwell is dead, and risen; and dead again,
> And risen the third time after he was slain:
> No wonder! For he's messenger of Hell:—
> And now he buffets us, now posts to tell
> What's past; and for more game new counsel takes
> Of his good friend the Devil, who keeps the stakes."'[3]

---

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp, 65-7); completed by Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 168-185), and the Dublin Autograph given above at p. 76.

[1] Carte's *Ormond Papers*, i. 316, etc.

[2] 11th October 1649, Balfour's *Historical Works* (Edinb. 1825), iii. 432.

[3] Balfour's *Historical Works*, iii. 433.

LETTERS CVIII—CXII

ROSS

UNDER date 5th November 1649, we read in the old Newspapers: 'Our affairs here have made this progress: Wexford being settled under the command of Colonel Cooke, our Army stayed not long there; but hasted farther unto Ross. Which is a walled Town, situated upon the river Barrow, a very pleasant and commodious river, bearing vessels of a very considerable burden. Upon Wednesday the 17th of this instant October, we sat down before Ross; and my Lord Lieutenant, the same day, sent-in this following Summons:'

LETTER CVIII

FOR THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN ROSS: THESE

"Before Ross," 17th October 1649.

Sir,—Since my coming into Ireland, I have this witness for myself, That I have endeavoured to avoid effusion of blood; having been before no place, to which such terms have not been first sent as might have turned to the good and preservation of those to whom they were offered; this being my principle, that the people and places where I come may not suffer, except through their own wilfulness.

To the end I may observe the like course with this place and people therein, I do hereby summon you to deliver the Town of Ross into my hands, to the use of the Parliament of England. Expecting your speedy answer, I rest, your servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

'The trumpeter that carried this summons was denied entrance into the Town. They received his paper at the

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 67).

gates; and told him that an answer should be returned thereunto by a drummer of their own. Hereupon we prepared our batteries, and made ready for a storm. Ormond himself, Ardes, and Castlehaven were on the other side of the River; and sent in supplies of 1,500 foot, the day before it was surrendered to us; 1,000 foot being in it before we came unto it. Castlehaven was in it that morning they delivered it, and Inchiquin too had been there not above two or three days before our advance thither. They boated over their men into the Town in our sight; and yet that did not discourage us in making ready all provisions fitting for a storm. On Friday the 19th of this instant, our great pieces began to play, and early in the morning the Governor sent out his Answer to my Lord Lieutenant's Summons:'

'FOR GENERAL CROMWELL, OR, IN HIS ABSENCE, FOR THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY NOW ENCAMPED BEFORE ROSS.

'Ross, 19th October 1649

'Sir,—I received a Summons from you, the first day you appeared before this place; which should have been answered ere now, had not other occasions interrupted me. And although I am now in far better condition to defend this place than I was at that time, yet am I, upon the considerations offered in your Summons, content to entertain a Treaty; and to receive from you those conditions that may be safe and honourable for me to accept of. Which if you listen to, I desire that pledges on both sides may be sent, for performance of such Articles as shall be agreed upon; and that all acts of hostility may cease on both sides, and each party keep within their distance. To this your immediate resolution is expected by,—Sir, your servant, LUCAS TAAFF.'

'Hereunto my Lord immediately returned this Answer,'—which counts here as our Hundred-and-ninth Letter:

LETTER CIX

FOR THE GOVERNOR OF ROSS : THESE

"Before Ross," 19th October 1649.

Sir,—If you like to march away with those under your command, with their arms, bag and baggage, and with drums and colours, and shall deliver up the Town to me,—I shall give caution to perform these conditions; expecting the like from you. As to the inhabitants, they shall be permitted to live peaceably, free from the injury and violence of the soldiers.

If you like hereof, you can tell how to let me know your mind, notwithstanding my refusal *of a cessation. By these you will see the reality of my intentions to save blood, and to preserve the place from ruin. I rest, your servant,*

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

'Our batteries still continued, and made a great breach in the Wall. Our men were drawn out in a readiness to storm, Lieutenant-Colonel Ingoldsby being by lot chosen to lead them; but the Governor being willing to embrace conditions, sent out this his Reply:'

'FOR GENERAL CROMWELL : THESE

'Ross, 19th October 1649.

'Sir,—There wants but little of what I would propose;—which is, That such Townsmen as have a desire to depart, may have liberty within a convenient time to carry away themselves and goods; and liberty of conscience to such as shall stay: and that I may carry away such artillery and ammunition as I have in my command. If you be inclined to this, I will send, upon your honour as a safe-conduct, an Officer to conclude with you. To which your immediate answer is expected by,—Sir, your servant, LUCAS TAAFF.'

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 68).

'Hereunto my Lord gave this return,'—our Hundred-and-tenth Letter:

LETTER CX

FOR THE GOVERNOR OF ROSS: THESE

"Before Ross," 19th October 1649.

Sir,—To what I formerly offered, I shall make good. As for your carrying away any artillery or ammunition, that you brought not with you, or "that" hath not come to you since you had the command of that place,—I must deny you that; expecting you to leave it as you found it.

"As" for that which you mention concerning liberty of conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience. But if by liberty of conscience, you mean a liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and to let you know, Where the Parliament of England have power, that *will not be allowed of. As for such of the Townsmen who desire to depart, and carry away themselves and goods (as you express), I engage myself they shall have three-months time so to do; and in the mean time shall be protected from violence in their persons and goods, as others under the obedience of the Parliament*

If you accept of this offer, I engage my honour for a punctual performance hereof. I rest, your servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

'The Governor returned this Answer:'

'FOR GENERAL CROMWELL: THESE

'19th October 1649.

'Sir,—I am content to yield up this place upon the terms offered in your last and first Letters. And if you please to send your safe-conduct to such as I shall appoint to perfect these conditions, I shall on receipt thereof send them to you. In the interval,—To cease all acts of hostility, and that all

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 68).

parties keep their own ground, until matters receive a full end. And so remains,—Sir, your servant,

'LUCAS TAAFF.'

'Hereunto my Lord replied thus:'

LETTER CXI

FOR THE GOVERNOR OF ROSS: THESE

19th October 1649.

Sir,—You have my hand and honour engaged to perform what I offered in my first and last Letters; which I shall inviolably observe. I expect you to send me immediately four persons of such quality as may be hostages for your performance; for whom you have this Safe-conduct enclosed, into which you may insert their names. Without which I shall not cease acts of hostility. If anything happen by your delay, to your prejudice, it will not be my fault. Those you send may see the conditions perfected. Whilst I forbear acts of hostility, I expect you forbear all actings within. I rest, your servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

'This,' says the old Newspaper, 'was the last message between them: the Governor sending out his four hostages to compose and perfect the Agreement, our batteries ceased; and our intentions to storm the Town were disappointed. Thus within three days we had possession of this place without the effusion of blood. A very considerable place, and a very good quarter for the refreshment of our soldiers. The Enemy marched over to the other side of the River, and did not come out of that side of the Town where we had encamped,'—which I think was a judicious movement of theirs. What English were in the Garrison, some Five or Six hundred here, do, as their common custom is, 'join us.' Munster Royalist Forces, poor Ormond men, they had rather live, than be slain in such a Cause as this has grown.

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 69).

LETTER CXII

Here is Cromwell's official account of the same business, in a Letter to Lenthall:

"FOR THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM LENTHALL, ESQUIRE, SPEAKER OF THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND: THESE"

Ross, 25th October 1649.

Sir,—Since my last from Wexford, we marched to Ross; a walled Town, situated upon the Barrow; a port-town, up to which a ship of seven or eight hundred tons may come.

We came before it upon Wednesday the 17th instant, with three pieces of cannon. That evening I sent a summons; Major-General Taaff, being Governor, refused to admit my Trumpet into the Town; but took the Summons in, returning me no answer. I did hear that near 1,000 foot had been put into this place some few days before my coming to it. The next day was spent in making preparations for our battery; and in our view there were boated over from the other side of the river, of English, Scots, and Irish, 1,500 more; Ormond, Castlehaven, and the Lord of Ardes, being on the other side of the water to cause it to be done.

That night we planted our battery; which began to play very early the next morning. The Governor immediately sent forth an Answer to my Summons; copies of all which I make bold herewith to trouble you "with";[1] *the rather because you may see how God pulls down proud stomachs. The Governor desired commissioners might treat, and that in the mean time there might be a ceasing of acts of hostility on both sides. Which I refused; sending in word, That if he would march away with arms, bag and baggage, and give me hostages for performance, he should. Indeed he might have done it without my leave, by the advantage of the River. He insisted upon*

[1] We have just read them.

having the cannon with him; which I would not yield unto, but required the leaving the artillery and ammunition; which he was content to do, and marched away, leaving the great artillery and the ammunition in the stores to me.—When they marched away, at least 500 *English, many of them of the Munster forces, came to us.*

Ormond is at Kilkenny, Inchiquin in Munster, Henry O'Neil, Owen Roe's son, is come up to Kilkenny, with near 2,000 *horse and foot, with whom and Ormond there is now a perfect conjunction. So that now, I trust, some angry friends will think it high time to take off their jealousy*[1] *from those to whom they ought to exercise more charity.*

The rendition of this Garrison was a seasonable mercy, as giving us an opportunity towards Munster; and is for the present a very good refreshment for our men. We are able to say nothing as to all this, but that the Lord is still pleased to own a company of poor worthless creatures; for which we desire His name to be magnified, and "that" the hearts of all concerned may be provoked to walk worthy of such continued favours. This is the earnest desire of your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

*P.S. Colonel Horton is lately dead of the Country-disease, leaving a Son behind him. He was a person of great integrity and courage. His former services, especially that of the last summer, I hope will be had in remembrance.**

Poor Horton; he beat the Welsh at St. Fagan's, and did good Service 'last summer'; and now he is dead of 'the Country-disease,'—a pestilence raging in the rear of Famine and the Spoil of War. Famine has long reigned. When the War ended, Ludlow tells us, it was found necessary to

[1] Jealousy of the Parliament's having countenanced Monk in his negotiations with Owen Roe and the Old-Irish of the Massacre.

* Newspapers (in *Parl. History*, xix. 224-6).

issue a Proclamation that 'no lambs or calves should be killed for one year,' the stock of cattle being exhausted. Such waste had there been, continues he, in burning the possessions of the English, many of the Natives themselves were driven to starvation; 'and I have been informed by persons deserving credit, that the same calamity fell upon them even in the first year of the Rebellion, through the depredations of the Irish; and that they roasted men, and ate them, to supply their necessities.'[1] Such a War is worth ending at some cost!—In the Lord Lieutenant's Army, we learn elsewhere, there was an abundant supply, the country crowding in as to a good market, where sure prices were given, and fair dealing enforced; all manner of depredators being, according to the paper Proclamation, hanged in very authentic hemp. 'Much better supplied than any of the Irish Armies had ever been.'[2]

LETTERS CXIII—CXVIII

THE stroke that fell on Tredah, repeated at Wexford, at Ross not needing to be repeated, has, as we say, broken the brain of the Irish War; the body of which, over Ireland generally, here over the South-west more especially, everywhere staggers falling, or already lies fallen, writhing in paralytic convulsions, making haste to die. Of its final spasms, wide-spread confused death-agonies, and general swift death, over this Munster region, through the winter months, and of the Lord Lieutenant's demeanour therein, these Six Letters give us indication such as may suffice.

LETTER CXIII

HERE is a small glimpse of domesticity again, due to the Pusey Seventeen; very welcome to us in these wild scenes.

[1] Ludlow, i. 338-9.

[2] Carte, ii. 90.

Mayor has endorsed it at Hursley, 'Received 12th December 1649.' 'Cousin Barton,' I suppose, is the Barton who boggled at some things in the Marriage-Contracts; a respectable man, though he has his crotchets now and then.

FOR MY BELOVED BROTHER RICHARD MAYOR, ESQUIRE, AT HURSLEY: THESE

Ross, 13th November 1649.

Dear Brother,—I am not often at leisure, nor now, to salute my friends; yet unwilling to lose this opportunity. I take it, only to let you know that you and your Family are often in my prayers. As for Dick, I do not much expect it from him, knowing his idleness; but I am angry with my Daughter as a promise-breaker. Pray tell her so;—but I hope she will redeem herself.

It has pleased the Lord to give us (since the taking of Wexford and Ross) a good interest in Munster, by the accession[1] *of Cork and Youghal, which are both submitted; their Commanders are now with me. Divers other lesser Garrisons are come in also. The Lord is wonderful in these things; it's His hand alone does them: oh that all the praise might be ascribed to Him!*

I have been crazy in my health; but the Lord is pleased to sustain me. I beg your prayers. I desire you to call upon my Son to mind the things of God more and more: alas, what profit is there in the things of this world!—except they be enjoyed in Christ, they are snares. I wish he may enjoy his Wife so, and she him; I wish I may enjoy them both so.

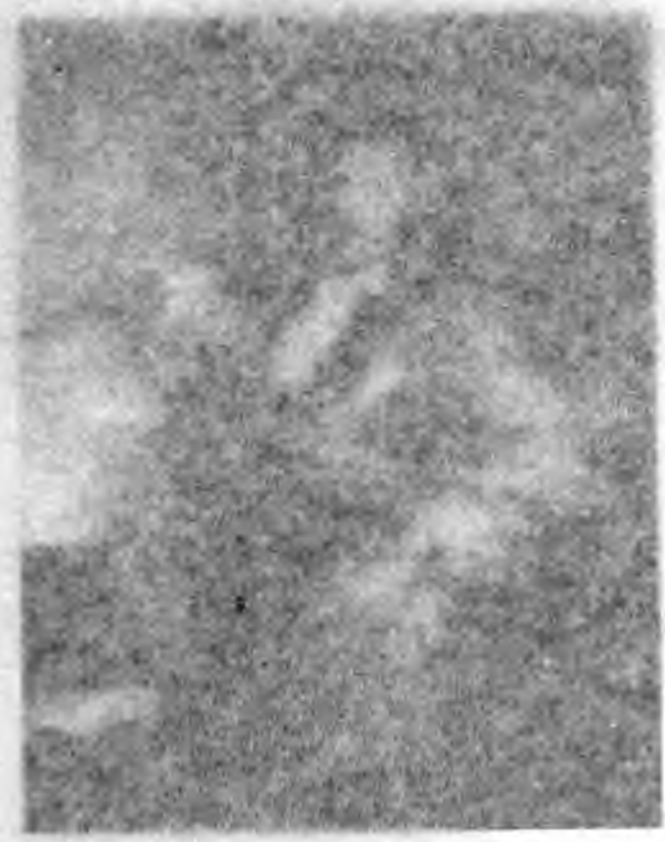
My service to my dear Sister "and" Cousin Ann; my blessing to my Children, and love to my Cousin Barton and the rest. Sir, I am, your affectionate brother and servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

[1] 'access' in orig.

* Harris, p. 511; one of the Pusey set, preserved by Dunch, as intimated above.

Admiral Blake.



LETTER CXIV

THE opportune Victory at Rathmines produced the revival of an old Vote, produced also a new special Vote, in favour of Lieutenant-General Jones;[1] which new Vote ought not to fall asleep again, as the old one had done. Thomas Scott, of the Council of State, whom we have already seen; 'peppery Thomas,' is not yet to vanish from this History. Of Broghil, 'Munster Business,' and the rest, there will be farther notice in next Letter, which is of the same date with this.

"FOR THE HON. THOMAS SCOTT, OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE: THESE"

Ross, 14th November 1649.

Sir,—I hope you will excuse this trouble. I understand the House did vote Lieutenant-General Jones Five-hundred pounds per annum *of lands of inheritance from Irish Lands, upon the news of the Defeat given to the Enemy before Dublin, immediately before my coming over. I think it will be a very acceptable work, and very well taken at your hands, to move the House for an immediate settlement thereof: it will be very convenient at this time.*

Another thing is this. The Lord Broghil is now in Munster; where he, I hope, will do very good offices: all his suit is for Two-hundred pounds to bring his Wife over: such a sum would not be cast away. He hath a great interest in the men that come from Inchiquin.[2] *I have made him and Sir William Fenton, Colonel Blake, and Colonel Deane,—who I believe, "at least" one of them, will be frequently in Cork Harbour; making that a victualling place for the Irish Fleet, instead of Milford Haven,—"I have made them" and Colonel Phayr, Commissioners for a temporary management of affairs there.*

This Business of Munster will empty your Treasury: there-

[1] Antea, p. 43.

[2] That desert to us from Lord Inchiquin, the Ormond Chief in Munster.

fore you have need to hasten our money allotted us; lest you put us to stand with our fingers in our mouths!—I rest, Sir, your servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

LETTER CXV

THE 'General Blake' of this Letter, 'Colonel Blake' of the last, is Admiral Blake; he, with Ayscough, Deane and vigilant Sea-officers, coöperating with Oliver on land, now dominates these waters. Prince Rupert, with the residue of the Revolted Ships, is lying close, for shelter from him, under the guns of Kinsale;—verging, poor Prince, to a fugitive roaming sea-life, very like Piracy in some of its features. He abandoned it as desperate, before long. Poor Prince Maurice, sea-roving in like fashion, went to the bottom; sank, in the West Indies, mouse and man; and ended, none knows exactly where, when, or how. Rupert invented, or helped to invent, 'pinchbeck' in subsequent years, and did no other service to the public that I know of.

The defection of Cork and Youghal, full of English influences and complex distractions, followed naturally on Cromwell's successes. In *Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs* is a vivid account of the universal hurlyburly that took place at Cork, on the verge of this occurrence there: tremulous instant decision what you will do, which side you will join; swift packing in the dead of night; swift riding off, in any carriage, cart or ass-cart you can bargain with for love or money! Poor Lady Fanshawe got to Galway, there to try it yet a little longer.

FOR THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM LENTHALL, ESQUIRE, SPEAKER OF THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND: THESE

Ross, 14th November 1649.

Sir,—About a fortnight since, I had some good assurance that Cork was returned to its obedience; and had refused

* Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 188).

Inchiquin, who did strongly endeavour to redintegrate himself there, but without success.[1] *I did hear also that Colonel Townsend was coming to me with their submission and desires, but was interrupted by a Fort at the mouth of Cork Harbour. But having sufficient grounds upon the former information, and other confirmation out of the Enemy's camp that it was true, I desired General Blake, who was here with me, that he would repair thither in Captain Mildmay's Frigate, called the Nonsuch. Who, when they came thither, received such entertainment as these enclosed will let you see.*

In the mean time the Garland, one of your third-rate Ships, coming happily into Waterford Bay, I ordered her, and a great Prize lately taken in that Bay, to transport Colonel Phayr[2] *to Cork; whitherward he went, having along with him near Five-hundred foot, which I spared him out of this poor Army, and* 1,500*l. in money; giving him such instructions as were proper for the promoting of your interest there. As they went with an intention for Cork, it pleased God the wind coming cross, they were forced to ride off from Dungarvan. Where they met Captain Mildmay* returning *with the Nonsuch Frigate, with Colonel Townsend aboard, coming to me; who advertised them that Youghal had also declared for the Parliament of England. Whereupon they steered their course thither; and sent for Colonel Gifford, Colonel Warden, Major Purden (who with Colonel Townsend have been very active instruments for the return both of Cork and Youghal to their obedience, having some of them ventured their lives twice or thrice to effect it), and the Mayor of Youghal aboard them; who, accordingly, immediately came and made tender of some propositions to be offered to me. But my Lord Broghil being on board the Ship, assuring them it would be more for their honour and advantage to desire no conditions, they said they would submit. Whereupon my Lord Broghil, Sir William Fenton, and Colonel Phayr, went to the Town; and were received,—I shall give you my Lord Broghil's own words,—*'with all the real

[1] See Carte, ii. 91.

[2] He of the King's Death-Warrant.

demonstrations of gladness an overjoyed people were capable of.'

Not long after, Colonel Phayr landed his foot. And by the endeavours of the noble person[1] *afore mentioned, and the rest of the gentlemen, the Garrison is put in good order; and the Munster officers and soldiers in that Garrison in a way of settlement. Colonel Phayr intends, as I hear, to leave Two-hundred men there, and to march with the rest overland to Cork. I hear by Colonel Townsend, and the rest of the gentlemen that were employed to me, that Baltimore, Castlehaven, Cappoquin, and some other places of hard names, are come in,—I wish Foot come over seasonably to man them;—as also that there are hopes of other places.*

From Sir Charles Coote, Lord President of Connaught, I had a Letter, about three or four days since, That he is come over the Bann, and hath taken Coleraine by storm; and that he is in conjunction with Colonel Venables,—who, I hear, hath besieged Carrickfergus; which if through the mercy of God it be taken, I know nothing considerable in the North of Ireland, but Charlemont, that is not in your hands.

We lie with the Army at Ross; where we have been making a bridge over the Barrow, and "have" hardly yet accomplished "it" as we could wish. The Enemy lies upon the Nore, on the land between the Barrow and it; having gathered together all the force they can get. Owen Roe's men, as they report them, are Six-thousand foot, and about Four-thousand horse, beside their own Army "in this quarter"; and they give out they will have a day for it:—which we hope the Lord of His mercy will enable us to give them, in His own good time. In whom we desire our only trust and confidence may be.

Whilst we have lain here, we have not been without some sweet taste of the goodness of God. Your Ships have taken

[1] Lord Broghil. The somewhat romantic story of Cromwell's first visit to him, and chivalrous conquest of him, at his lodgings in London, 'in the dusk of the evening,' is in Collins's *Peerage* (London, 1741), iv. 253; and in many other Books;—copied from Morrice's *Life of Orrery*.

some good prizes. The last was thus: There came in a Dunkirk man-of-war with 32 guns; who brought-in a Turkish man-of-war whom she had taken, and another ship of ten guns laden with poor-john and oil. These two your ships took. But the man-of-war, whose prizes these two were, put herself under the Fort of Duncannon, so that your ships could not come near her. It pleased God we had two demi-cannon with the foot, on the shore; which being planted, raked her through, killing and wounding her men; so that after ten shot she weighed anchor, and ran into your Fleet, with a flag of submission, surrendering herself. She was well manned, the prisoners taken being Two-hundred-and-thirty. I doubt the taking prisoners of this sort will cause the wicked trade of Piracy to be endless. They were landed here before I was aware: and a hundred of them, as I hear, are gotten into Duncannon, and have taken up arms there; and I doubt the rest, that are gone to Waterford, will do us no good. The seamen, being so full of prizes and unprovided of victual, knew not how otherwise to dispose of them.

Another "mercy" was this. We, having left divers sick men, both horse and foot, at Dublin,—hearing many of them were recovered, sent them orders to march up to us; which accordingly they did. Coming to Arklow on Monday the first of this instant, being about 350 horse and about 800 foot,—the Enemy, hearing of them (through the great advantage they have in point of intelligence), drew together a body of horse and foot near 3,000, which Inchiquin commanded. There went also, with this party, Sir Thomas Armstrong, Colonel Trevor, and most of their great ranters.[1] *We sent fifteen or sixteen troops to their rescue, near eight hours too late. It*

[1] Braggarts, great guns. Trevor had given Venables, as above hinted, a dangerous camisado in the North lately; and was not far from ruining him, had the end corresponded with the beginning (see Carte, ii. 89). To which Cromwell alludes by and by, in this Letter. Lord Inchiquin, a man of Royalist-Presbyterian tendencies, has fought long, on various sides. The name Armstrong is not yet much of a 'ranter'; but a new Sir Thomas will become famous under Titus Oates. —Ludlow gives a curious account of this same running-fight on the sea-beach of Arklow (i. 309).

pleased God we sent them word by a nearer way, To march close, and be circumspect, and to make what haste they could to Wexford, by the sea-side. They had marched near eighteen miles, and were come within seven miles of Wexford (the foot being miserably wearied), when the Enemy gave the scouts of the rearguard an alarm. Whereupon they immediately drew-up in the best order they could upon the sands, the sea on the one hand, and the rocks on the other; where the Enemy made a very furious charge: "and" overbearing our horse with their numbers, which, as some of their prisoners confess, were Fifteen-hundred of their best horse, forced them in some disorder back to the foot. Our foot stood; forbearing their firing till the Enemy was come almost within pistol-shot, and then let fly very full in the faces of them: whereby some of them began to tumble; the rest running off in a very great disorder;—and "they" faced not about until they got above musket-shot off. Upon this our horse took encouragement; drawing-up again; bringing-up some foot to flank them. And a gentleman of ours, that had charged through before, being amongst them undiscerned, having put his signal into his hat as they did,—took his opportunity and came off; letting our men know, That the Enemy was in great confusion and disorder, and that if they could attempt another charge, he was confident good might be done on them. It pleased God to give our men courage: they advanced; and falling upon the Enemy, totally routed them; took two colours and divers prisoners, and killed divers upon the place and in the pursuit. I do not hear that we have two men killed; and but one mortally wounded, and not five that are taken prisoners.

The quick march of our party made Inchiquin that he could reach them with nothing but his horse, hoping to put them to a stand until his foot came up; which if he had done, there had probably been no saving of a man of this party. Without doubt Inchiquin, Trevor, and the rest of those people, who are very good at this work, had swallowed up this party! And indeed it was, in human probability, lost; but God, that defeated

Trevor in his attempt upon Venables (which Trevor, as I hear this night from the Enemy's camp, was shot through the belly in this service, and is carried to Kilkenny,—and Sir Thomas Armstrong is also wounded), hath disappointed them, and poured shame upon them in this defeat; giving us the lives of a company of our dear friends, which I hope will be improved to His glory and their Country's good.

Sir, having given you this account, I shall not trouble you much with particular desires. Those I shall humbly present to the Council of State. Only, in the general, give me leave humbly to offer what in my judgment I conceive to be for your service, with a full submission to you. We desire recruits may be speeded to us. It is not fit to tell you how your Garrisons will be unsupplied, and no Field marching Army considerable, if but three Garrisons more were in our hands.[1] *It is not well not to follow providences.*[2] *Your recruits, and the forces desired, will not raise your charge, if your assignments already for the forces here do come to our hands in time. I should not doubt "but," by the addition of assessments here, to have your charge in some reasonable measure borne; and the soldier upheld, without too much neglect or discouragement,—which sickness, in this country so ill agreeing with their bodies, puts upon them; and "which" this Winter's-action, I believe not heretofore known by English in this country, subjects them to. To the praise of God I speak it, I scarce know one Officer of forty amongst us that hath not been sick. And how many considerable ones we have lost, is no little thought of heart to us.*[3]

Wherefore I humbly beg, that the moneys desired may be seasonably sent over; and those other necessaries, clothes, shoes and stockings, formerly desired; that so poor creatures may be encouraged: and, through the same blessed Presence that has gone along with us, I hope, before it be long, to see Ireland no burden to England, but a profitable part of its Commonwealth.

[1] Sentence omitted in the Newspaper.

[2] Beckonings of Providence.

[3] Sentence omitted in the Newspaper.

And certainly the extending your help in this way, at this time, is the most profitable means speedily to effect it. And if I did not think it your best thrift, I would not trouble you at all with it.

I have sent Sir Arthur Loftus with these Letters. He hath gone along with us, testifying a great deal of love to your service. I know his sufferings are very great; for he hath lost near all: his Regiment was reduced to save your charge, not out of any exceptions to his person. I humbly therefore present him to your consideration.[1]

Craving pardon for this trouble, I rest, your most humble and faithful servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

LETTER CXVI

Commons Journals, 12° *Decembris* 1649: 'A Letter from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was this day read. *Ordered*, That the said Letter be forthwith printed and published';—Lord Mayor to be sure and send it to all the Ministers next Lord's-day, who are to be, as they best may, the voice of our devout thankfulness for 'these great mercies.' Here is the Letter still extant for posterity,—with or without the thankfulness.

We cannot give the exact day of date. The Letter exists, separate, or combined with other matter, in various old Pamphlets; but is nowhere dated; and in fact, as the Entry in the Commons Journals may indicate, was never dated either as to place or time. The place we learn by the context: the time was after Saturday November 24th,[2] and before December had yet begun;—probably enough, Sunday November 25th.

[1] Paragraph omitted.

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 69-71); Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 189-97).

[2] See postea, p. 99; and Whitlocke, 2d edition, p. 433.

FOR THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM LENTHALL, ESQUIRE, SPEAKER OF THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND: THESE

"Before Waterford, — Nov. 1649."

Mr. Speaker,—The Enemy being quartered between the two rivers of Nore and Barrow, and masters of all the passages thereupon; and giving out their resolutions to fight us, thereby, as we conceived, labouring to get reputation in the countries, and occasion more strength,—it was thought fit our Army should march towards them. Which accordingly, upon Thursday the 15th instant, was done. The Major-General and Lieutenant-General[1] *(leaving me very sick at Ross behind them), with two battering guns, advanced towards Inistioge; a little walled Town about five miles from Ross, upon the Nore, on the south side thereof, which was possessed by the Enemy. But a party of our men under the command of Colonel Abbot, the night before, approaching the gates, and attempting to fire the same, the Enemy ran away through the River, leaving good store of provisions behind them.*

Our Commanders hoped by gaining this Town to have gained a pass.[2] *But indeed there fell so much sudden wet as made the River unpassable by that time the Army was come up. Whereupon, hearing that the Enemy lay about two miles off upon the River, near Thomastown, a pretty large walled Town upon the Nore, on the north side thereof, having a bridge over the River,—our Army marched thither. But the Enemy had broken the bridge, and garrisoned the Town; and in the view of our Army marched away to Kilkenny,—seeming, though I believe they were double our number, to* decline *an engagement. Which they had the power to have necessitated us unto; but "which it" was noways in our power, if they would stand upon the advantage of the Passes, to engage them unto;—nor indeed*

[1] Ireton and Jones.

[2] A ford over the River.

"was it in our power" to continue out two days longer, having almost spent all the bread they[1] *carried with them.*

Whereupon, seeking God for direction, they resolved to send a good party of horse and dragoons under Colonel Reynolds, to Carrick; and to march the residue of the Army back towards Ross,—to gain more bread for the prosecution of that design, if, by the blessing of God, it should take. Colonel Reynolds, marching with twelve troops of horse, and three troops of dragoons, came betimes in the morning to Carrick. Where, dividing himself into two parties,—whilst they were amused with the one, he entered one of the Gates with the other. Which their soldiers perceiving, divers of them and their officers escaped over the River in boats: about an hundred officers and soldiers "were" taken prisoners, without the loss of one man on our part. In this place is a very good Castle, and one of the ancientest seats belonging to the Lord of Ormond, in Ireland: the same was rendered without any loss also, where were good store of provisions for the refreshing of our men.

The Colonel giving us speedy intelligence of God's mercy in this, we agreed to march, with all convenient speed, the residue of the Army up thither. Which accordingly was done upon Wednesday and Thursday the 21st and 22d of this instant; and, through God's mercy, I was enabled to bear them company. Being come hither, we did look at it as an especial good hand of Providence to give us this place; inasmuch as it gives us a passage over the River Suir to the City of Waterford, and indeed into Munster to our shipping and provisions, which before were beaten from us out of Waterford Bay by the Enemy's guns. It hath given us also opportunity to besiege or block-up Waterford; and we hope our gracious God will therein direct us also. It hath given us also the opportunity of our guns, ammunition, and victual; and indeed quarter for our horse, which could not have subsisted much longer: so sweet a mercy was the giving of this little place unto us.

[1] 'they' and 'them' mean *we* and *us*: the swift-rushing sentence here alters its personality from first person to third, and so goes on.

Having rested there a night, and by noon of the next day gotten our Army over the River;—leaving Colonel Reynolds with about One-hundred-and-fifty Foot, his own six troops of horse, and one troop of dragoons, with a very little ammunition according to the smallness of our marching store;—we marched away towards Waterford, upon Friday the 23d; and on Saturday about noon came before the City. The Enemy, being not a little troubled at this unsuspected business (which indeed was the mere guidance of God), marched down with great fury towards Carrick with their whole Army, resolving to swallow it up; and upon Saturday the 24th, assault the place round, thinking to take it by storm. But God had otherwise determined. For the troopers and the rest of the soldiers with stones[1] *did so pelt them, they "were forced to draw off; after" continuing near four hours under the walls; "after" having burnt the Gates, which our men barricaded up with stones; and likewise "having" digged under the walls, and sprung a small mine, which flew in their own faces. But they left about forty or fifty men dead under the Walls; and have drawn off, as some say, near four-hundred more, which they buried up and down the fields; besides what are wounded. And, as Inchiquin himself confessed in the hearing of some of their soldiers lately come to us, "this" hath lost him above a thousand men.—The Enemy was drawing off his dead a good part of the night. They were in such haste upon the assault, that they killed their own trumpeter as he was returning with an Answer to the Summons sent by them. Both in the taking and defending of this place Colonel Reynolds his carriage was such as deserves much honour.*[2]

Upon our coming before Waterford,[3] *I sent the Lieutenant-General with a regiment of horse, and three troops of dragoons,*

[1] Having only 'a very little ammunition' and small use of guns (see Whitlocke, p. 418; Ludlow, etc.).

[2] We shall hear of Reynolds again.

[3] Letters to and from the Mayor of Waterford on this occasion: Appendix, No. 15.

to endeavour the reducing of the Passage Fort: a very large Fort with a Castle in the midst of it, having five guns planted in it, and commanding the River better than Duncannon; it not being much above musket-shot over, where this Fort stands; and we can bring up hither ships of three-hundred tons, without any danger from Duncannon. Upon the attempt, though our materials were not very apt for the business, yet the Enemy called for quarter,—and had it, and we the place. We also possessed the guns which the Enemy had planted to beat our ships out of the Bay, two miles below. By the taking of this Fort we shall much straiten Duncannon from provisions by water, as we hope they are not in a condition to get much by land; besides the advantage it is to us to have provisions to come up the River.

It hath pleased the Lord, whilst these things have been thus transacting here, to add to your interest in Munster, Bandon Bridge; the Town, as we hear, upon the matter, thrusting out young Jephson,[1] *who was their Governor; or else he deserting it upon that jealousy. As also Kinsale, and the Fort there:—out of which Fort Four-hundred men marched upon articles, when it was surrendered. So that now, by the good hand of the Lord, your interest in Munster is near as good already as ever it was since this War began. I sent a party about two days ago to my Lord of Broghil; from whom I expect to have an account of all.*

Sir, what can be said in these things? Is it an arm of flesh that hath done these things? Is it the wisdom and counsel, or strength of men? It is the Lord only. God will curse that man and his house that dares to think otherwise! Sir, you see the work is done by a Divine leading. God gets into the hearts of men, and persuades them to come under you. I tell you, a considerable part of your Army is fitter for an hospital than the field: if the Enemy did not know it, I should

[1] 'Young Jephson,' I suppose, is the son of Jephson, Member for Stockbridge, Hants; one of those whom Pride purged away;—not without reason, as is here seen.

have held it impolitic to have writ this. They know it; yet they know not what to do.

I humbly beg leave to offer a word or two. I beg of those that are faithful, that they give glory to God. I wish it may have influence upon the hearts and spirits of all those that are now in place of Government, in the greatest trust,—that they may all in heart draw near to God; giving Him glory by holiness of life and conversation; "and" that these unspeakable mercies may teach dissenting brethren on all sides to agree, at least, in praising God. And if the Father of the family be so kind, why should there be such jarrings and heart-burnings amongst the children? And if it will not be received That these are the seals of God's approbation of your great Change of Government,—which indeed are no more yours than these victories and successes are ours,—yet let them with us say, even the most unsatisfied heart amongst them, That both are the righteous judgments and mighty works of God. That He hath pulled the mighty from his seat, and calls to an account "for" innocent blood. That He thus breaks the enemies of His Church in pieces. And let them not be sullen, but praise the Lord,—and think of us as they please; and we shall be satisfied, and pray for them, and wait upon our God. And we hope we shall seek the welfare and peace of our native Country: and the Lord give them hearts to do so too. Indeed, Sir, I was constrained in my bowels to write thus much. I ask your pardon; and rest, your most humble servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

An Able-Editor in the old Newspapers has been inexpressibly favoured with the sight of a Letter to 'an Honourable Member of the Council of State'; Letter dated 'Cork, 18th December 1649'; wherein this is what we still read: 'Yesterday my Lord Lieutenant came, from Youghal the head-quarter, unto Cork; my Lord Broghil, Sir William Fenton, and divers other Gentlemen and Commanders attend-

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 71-73).

ing his Excellency. Who hath received here very hearty and noble entertainment. Tomorrow the Major-General' Ireton 'is expected here:—both in good health, God be praised. This week, I believe, they will visit Kinsale, Bandon Bridge, and other places in this Province that have lately declared for us, and that expect a return of his affection and presence, which joys many. Some report here that the Enemy burns towns and provisions near our quarters: but the example may at length turn to their own greatest prejudice. Colonel Deane and Colonel Blake, our Sea-Generals, are both riding in Cork Harbour.'[1]

Dated on the morrow is this Letter:

LETTER CXVII

FOR THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM LENTHALL, ESQUIRE, SPEAKER OF THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND: THESE

Cork, 19th December 1649.

Mr. Speaker,—Not long after my last to you from before Waterford,—by reason of the tempestuousness of the weather, we thought fit, and it was agreed, To march away to Winter-quarters, to refresh our men until God shall please to give farther opportunity for action.

We marched off, the 2d of this instant; it being so terrible a day as ever I marched in all my life. Just as we marched off in the morning,—unexpected to us, the Enemy had brought an addition of near Two-thousand horse and foot to the increase of their Garrison: which we plainly saw at the other side of the water. We marched that night some ten or twelve miles through a craggy country, to Kilmac Thomas; a Castle some eight miles from Dungarvan. As we were marching off in the morning from thence, the Lord Broghil,—I having sent before to him to march up to me,—sent a party of horse, to let me know, He was, with about Twelve or Thirteen hundred of the

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 73).

Munster horse and foot, about ten miles off, near Dungarvan, which was newly rendered to him.

In the midst of these good successes, wherein the kindness and mercy of God hath appeared, the Lord, in wisdom, and for gracious ends best known to himself, hath interlaced some things which may give us cause of serious consideration what His mind therein may be. And we hope we wait upon Him, desiring to know, and to submit to His good pleasure. The noble Lieutenant-General,[1] *— whose finger, to our knowledge, never ached in all these expeditions,—fell sick; we doubt, upon a cold taken upon our late wet march and ill accommodation: and went to Dungarvan, where, struggling some four or five days with a fever, he died; having run his course with so much honour, courage and fidelity, as his actions better speak than my pen. What England lost hereby, is above me to speak. I am sure, I lost a noble friend, and companion in labours. You see how God mingles out the cup unto us. Indeed we are at this time a crazy company:—yet we live in His sight; and shall work the time that is appointed us, and shall rest after that in peace.*[2]

But yet there hath been some sweet at the bottom of the cup; —of which I shall now give you an account. Being informed that the Enemy intended to take-in the Fort of Passage, and that Lieutenant-General Ferral with his Ulsters[3] *was to march out of Waterford, with a considerable party of horse and foot, for that service,—I ordered Colonel Zanchy, who lay on the north side of the Blackwater, To march with his regiment of horse, and two pieces of two troops of dragoons to the relief of our friends. Which he accordingly did; his party consisting in all of about Three-hundred-and-twenty. When he came some few miles from the place, he took some of the Enemy's stragglers in the villages as he went; all which he put to the sword: seven troopers of his killed thirty of them in one house. When he came near the place, he found the Enemy had close begirt it, with about Five-hundred Ulster foot under Major*

[1] Michael Jones: Ludlow (i. 304) is a little misinformed.

[2] Yes, my brave one; even so!

[3] Ulster-men.

O'Neil; Colonel Wogan also, the Governor of Duncannon, with a party of his, with two great battering guns and a mortar-piece, and Captain Browne, the Governor of Ballihac, were there. Our men furiously charged them; and beat them from the place. The Enemy got into a place where they might draw up; and the Ulsters, who bragged much of their pikes, made indeed for the time a good resistance: but the horse, pressing sorely upon them, broke them; killed near an Hundred upon the place; took Three-hundred-and-fifty prisoners,—amongst whom, Major O'Neil, and the Officers of Five-hundred Ulster foot, all but those which were killed; the renegado Wogan, with twenty-four of Ormond's kurisees, and the Governor of Ballihac, etc. Concerning some of these, I hope I shall not trouble your justice.

This mercy was obtained without the loss of one on our part, only one shot in the shoulder. Lieutenant-General Ferral was come up very near, with a great party to their relief; but our handful of men marching toward him, he shamefully hasted away, and recovered Waterford. It is not unworthy taking notice, That having appointed a Day of public Thanksgiving throughout our territories in Ireland, as well as a week's warning would permit, for the recovery of Munster,—which proves a sweet refreshment to us, even prepared by God for us, after our weary and hard labour,—That that very day, and that very time, while men were praising God, was this deliverance wrought.

Though the present state of affairs bespeaks a continuance of charge, yet the same good hand of Providence, which hath blessed your affairs hitherto, is worthy to be followed to the uttermost. And who knows, or rather who hath not cause to hope, that He may, in His goodness, put a short period to your whole charge? Than which no worldly thing is more desired and endeavoured by your most humble servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 73, 74).

Ormond witnessed this defeat at Passage, from some steeple, or 'place of prospect' in Waterford; and found the 'Mayor,' whom he sent for, a most unreasonable man.[1]

'The renegado Wogan': Captain Wogan, once in the Parliament service, joined himself to Hamilton and the Scots in 1648; 'bringing a gallant troop along with him.' His maraudings, pickeerings, onslaughts, and daring chivalries became very celebrated after that. He was not slain or hanged here at Passage;[2] there remained for him yet, some four years hence, his grand feat which has rendered all the rest memorable: 'that of riding right through England, having rendezvoused at Barnet, with a Party of Two-hundred horse,' to join Middleton's new Scotch Insurrection in the Highland Hills; where he, soon after, died of consumption and some slight hurt.[3]—What 'kurisees' are, I do not know; may be *cuirassiers*, in popular locution: some nickname for Ormond's men,—whom few loved; whom the Mayor of Waterford, this very day, would not admit into his Town even for the saving of Passage Fort.[4] With certain of these '*your* justice' need not be troubled.

This Letter, with two others, one from Ireton and one from Broghil, all dated Cork, 19th December, were not received in the Commons House till Tuesday 8th January; such were then the delays of the winter post. On which same day it is resolved, That the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland be desired to come over, and give his attendance here in Parliament.[5] Speaker is ordered to write him a Letter to that effect.

'The ground of this resolution,' says Whitlocke, 'was That the news of the King's coming to Scotland became more probable than formerly.' Laird Winram's dealings with him,

[1] Carte, ii. 103; whose account is otherwise very deficient.
[2] Appendix, No. 16.
[3] Clarendon, iii. 679: Whitlocke, Heath's *Chronicle*, etc.
[4] Carte, ii. 103.
[5] *Commons Journals*, vi. 343-4.

and Cromwell's successes, and the call of Necessity, are proving effectual! 'And,' continues Whitlocke, 'the proceedings of the Scots in raising of new forces gave an alarm to the Parliament: and some of their Members who had discoursed with the Lord General Fairfax upon those matters, and argued how necessary it would be to send an Army into Scotland to divert the war from England,—had found the General wholly averse to any such thing; and, by means of his Lady, who was a strict Presbyterian, to be more a friend to the Scots than they,' those Members, 'wished. Therefore they thought this a fit time to send for the Lieutenant of Ireland, the rather as his Army was now drawn into winter-quarters.'[1]

The Lord Lieutenant thought, or was supposed to think, of complying straightway, as the old Newspapers instruct us; but on better counsel, the Scotch peril not being very imminent as yet, decided 'to settle Ireland in a safe posture' first. Indeed, the Letter itself is long in reaching him; and the rumour of it, which arrives much sooner, has already set the Enemy on false schemes, whereof advantage might be taken.[2]

Meanwhile, in Munster, in Ireland generally, there is much to be done, on the great scale and on the small. Some days before the last Letter gets into the Speaker's hands, here is another, a private one, travelling towards Philip Lord Wharton, whom we transiently saluted last year at Knaresborough.[3]

LETTER CXVIII

LORD WHARTON, when we last saw him, was of the Derby-House Committee, a busy man and manager; but he is not now of the Council of State; having withdrawn from all management, into a painful inquiring condition. One of our zealous Puritans and Patriots, but much troubled with cautious dubitations; involved in 'reasonings,' in painful

[1] Whitlocke, p. 422. [2] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 77).

[3] Appendix, No. 17: Letter, of 31st December, recommending a Chief-Justice for Munster.

labyrinths of constitutional and other logic, for the present. Of which sort there are now many. Who indignantly drew the sword, and long zealously fought and smote with it, nothing doubting; and are now somewhat astonished at the issue that has come of it! Somewhat uncertain whether these late high actings, executing judgment on your King, abolition of your House of Lords, and so forth, are owned by the Eternal Powers or not owned. Of Temporal Powers there is clearly none that will own them; and unless the other do —? The Lord Lieutenant intimates, in his friendliest way, that surely it is indispensable to have 'satisfaction' on that score; also that it is perilous not to get it; and furthermore that labyrinths of constitutional and other logic are by no means the course towards that.

FOR THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD WHARTON: THESE

Cork, 1st Jan. 1649.

My dear Friend, my Lord,—If I know my heart, I love you in truth: and therefore if, from the jealousy of unfeigned love, I play the fool a little, and say a word or two at guess, I know you will pardon it.

It were a vain thing, by Letter, to dispute-over your doubts, or undertake to answer your objections. I have heard them all; and I *have rest from the trouble of them, and "of" what has risen in my own heart; for which I desire to be humbly thankful. I do not condemn your reasonings; I doubt them. It's easy to object to the glorious Actings of God, if we look too much upon Instruments! I have heard computations made of the Members in Parliament. 'The good kept out, the worst left in,'*[1] *etc .—it has been so these nine years: yet what hath God wrought! the greatest works* last; *and still is at work! Therefore take heed of this scandal.*

Be not offended at the manner "of God's working"; perhaps

[1] Original has 'most bad remaining': 'these nine years' means, ever since the Parliament first met.

no other way was left. What if God accepted their *zeal, "even" as He did that of Phinehas,*[1] *whom* reason *might have called before a jury! What if the Lord have witnessed His approbation and acceptance to this "zeal" also,—not only by signal outward acts, but to the heart "of good men" too? What if I fear, my Friend should withdraw his shoulder from the Lord's work,—Oh, it's grievous to do so!—through scandals, through false mistaken reasonings —?*

'There's difficulty, there's trouble; here, in the other way, there's safety, ease, wisdom: in the one no clearness,'—this is an objection indeed,—'in the other satisfaction.'— —'Satisfaction': it's well if we thought of that first, and "as" severed from the other considerations,[2] *which do often bias, if not bribe the mind. Whereby mists are often raised in the way we should walk in, and we call it darkness or 'dissatisfaction': Oh, our deceitful hearts! Oh, this flattering world! How great is it to be the Lord's servant in any drudgery*[3]*— —(I thought not to have written near "so far as" the other side: love will not let me alone; I have been often provoked "to it by you")— —in all hazards His worst is far above the world's best! He makes us able, in truth, to say so; we cannot of ourselves. How hard a thing is it to* reason *ourselves up to the Lord's service, though it be so honourable; how easy to put ourselves out there, where the flesh has so many advantages!—*

You were desired to go along with us: I wish it still.[4] *Yet*

[1] 'And behold, one of the Children of Israel came, and brought unto his brethren a Midianitish woman; in the sight of Moses, and in the sight of all the Congregation of the Children of Israel, who were weeping before the door of the Tabernacle of the Congregation,'—by reason of those very sins. 'And when Phinehas the son of Eleazar, the son of Aaron the Priest, saw it, he rose up from among the Congregation, and took a javelin in his hand; and he went after the man of Israel into the tent, and thrust both of them through, the man of Israel and the woman, through the belly. So the plague was stayed from the Children of Israel.' (*Numbers*, xxv. 6-8.)

[2] of 'safety,' profit, etc.

[3] Turns the leaf, we perceive.

[4] Shadow of condescension, implied in this, strikes his Excellency: which he hastens to retract.

we are not triumphing;—we may, for aught flesh knoweth, suffer *after all this: the Lord prepare us for His good pleasure! You were with us in the Power of things: why not in the Form? I am persuaded your heart hankers after the hearts of your poor Friends; and will, until you can find others to close with: which I trust, though we in ourselves be contemptible, God will not let you do!*

My service to the dear little Lady: I wish you make her not a greater temptation "to you, in this matter," than she is! Take heed of all relations. Mercies should not be temptations: yet we too oft make them so. The Lord direct your thoughts into the obedience of His will, and give you rest and peace in the Truth. Pray for your most true and affectionate servant in the Lord,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

*"P.S." I received a Letter from Robert Hammond, whom truly I love in the Lord with most entire affection: it much grieved me, not because I judged, but feared the whole spirit of it was from temptation;—indeed, I thought I perceived a proceeding in that; which the Lord will, I trust, cause him to unlearn. I would fain have written to him, but am straitened in time. Would he would be with us a little! Perhaps it would be no hurt to him.**

Of Wharton and his dubitations, which many share in, we shall again hear. Of Wharton, young Colonel Hammond, young Colonel Montague, Tom Westrow, Henry Lawrence,

* *Gentleman's Magazine* (London, 1814), lxxxiv. p. 418. Given there without editing; no notice whence: clearly genuine.— — *Note to Third Edition.* Original, in autograph, endorsed by Wharton, 'rec: 30th January 1649, from my Lord Leefetennant of Ireland, from Ireland,' is now (1848) in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge; *Postscript* here is added from the Original. This Letter, and two others to be given by and by (CXLVI. and CLXXXI.), came to the Fitzwilliam Museum, some thirty years ago; discovered 'among the Court-rolls of the Manor of Wymondham Cromwell, Norfolk.'

idle Dick, men known to us, and men unknown;—of them and their abstruse 'reasonings,' and communings with the Lord Lieutenant in St. James's Park, we shall have a hint by and by. Some of whom received full 'satisfaction,' and others never could.

Here is a kind of Epistle General, in a quite other tone, intended to give 'satisfaction' to a quite other class, if they are capable of it.

DECLARATION OF THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND

FOR THE UNDECEIVING OF DELUDED PEOPLE

THE 'Supreme Council of Kilkenny,' still more the Occult 'Irish Hierarchy' which was a main element thereof, remains, and is like to remain, a very dark entity in History; little other, after all one's reading, than a featureless gaunt shadow; extinct, and the emblem to us of huge noises that are also extinct. History can know that it *had* features once:—of fierce dark-visaged Irish Noblemen and Gentlemen; dark-visaged Abbases O'Teague, and an Occult Papist Hierarchy; earnestly planning, perorating, excommunicating, in a high Irish tone of voice; alas, with general result which Nature found *untrue*. Let there be noble pity for them in the hearts of the noble. Alas, there was withal some glow of real Irish Patriotism, some light of real human valour, in those old hearts: but it had parted company with Fact; came forth enveloped in such huge embodiment of headlong ferocity, of violence, hatred, noise, and general unveracity and incoherency, as—as brought a Cromwell upon it at last! These reflections might lead us far.—

What we have to say here is, that in the present expiring condition of the Irish Rebellion, nearly trodden to destruction now, it has been judged very fitting, That there be an end of

excommunication for the present, and a real attempt at union instead. For which object there has, with much industry, been brought-about a 'Conventicle,' or general Meeting of the Occult Hierarchy, at a place called Clonmacnoise, in the month of December last. Clonmacnoise, 'Seven Churches of Clonmacnoise'; some kind of Abbey then; now a melancholy tract of ruins, 'on some bare gravelly hills,' among the dreary swamps of the Shannon; nothing there but wrecks and death, —for the bones of the Irish Kings lie there, and burial there was considered to have unspeakable advantages once:—a Ruin now, and dreary Golgotha among the bogs of the Shannon; but an Abbey then, and fit for a Conventicle of the Occult Hierarchy, 'which met on the 4th of December 1649,' for the purpose above-said. There, of a certainty, in the cold days of December 1649, did the Occult Hierarchy meet,—warmed, we hope, by good log-fires and abundant turf,—and 'for somewhat less than three weeks' hold consultation. The real issue of which has now, after Two-hundred years, come to be very different from the then apparent one!

The then apparent issue was a 'Union'; worthless 'superficial Union,' as Carte[1] calls it; skin-deep which was broken again within the month, and is of no interest to us here. But it chanced also that, to usher-in this worthless 'Union,' the Occult Hierarchy published in print a Manifesto, or general Injunction and Proclamation to the Irish People; which Manifesto coming under the eye of the Lord Lieutenant, provoked an Answer from him. And this Answer, now resuscitated, and still fit to be read by certain earnest men, Irish and other: this we may define as the real issue for us, such as it is. One of the remarkablest State-Papers ever issued by any Lord Lieutenant; which, if we could all completely *read* it, as an earnest Editor has had to try if he could do, till it became completely luminous again, and glowed with its old veracity and sacred zeal and fire again, might do us all some good perhaps!—

[1] *Life of Ormond*, ii. 105-110.

The Clonmacnoise Manifesto exists also, as a small brown Pamphlet of six leaves, 'printed at Kilkenny and reprinted at London in January 1649'; [1] but is by no means worth inserting here. It is written in a very smooth, indeed vague and faint style, the deeply discrepant humours at Clonmacnoise not admitting of any other for their 'superficial Union'; and remains, in the perusal, mostly insignificant, and as if obliterated into dim-gray,—till once, in the Lord Lieutenant's fiery illumination, some traits of it do come forth again. Here is our short abstract of it, more than sufficient for present purposes.

'The Kilkenny Pamphlet starts by a preamble, in the form of Public Declaration; setting forth with some brevity, That whereas various differences had existed in the Catholic Party, said differences do now and shall, blessed be Heaven, all reconcile themselves into a real "Union"; real Union now, by these presents, established, decreed, and bound to exist and continue:—signed duly by all the Occult Hierarchy, twenty Bishops more or less, *Antonius Clonmacnosensis* among the rest. This is the *first* part of the Clonmacnoise Manifesto: this is to be read in every Church for certain Sundays; and do what good it can.—Follows *next*, similarly signed, a short set of "Acts," special Orders to Priests and People at large, as to what they are to do by way of furthering said Union, and bringing good success to the Cause. Among which Orders we recognise one for masses, universal prayers (not wholly by machinery, we hope); and, with still more satisfaction, another for decisively putting down, or at least in every way discountenancing, those bands called "Idle-Boys" (ancestors of Captain Rock, one perceives), who much infest the country at present.

'Our Manifesto then, *thirdly*, winds-up with an earnest admonition, or Exhortation General, to the People of Ireland high and low, Not to be deceived with any show of clemency,

[1] King's Pamphlets, large 4to, no. 43, § 5; the London Reprint, or the day of purchasing it by the old Collector, is dated with the pen '31st January' 1649-50.

or 'moderate usage,' exercised upon them hitherto; inasmuch as it is the known intention of the English Parliament to exterminate the whole of them; partly by slaughter, partly by banishment 'to the Tobacco Islands' and hot West-India localities, whither many have already been sent. Known intention; as can be deduced by the discerning mind from clear symptoms, chiefly from these two: *First*, that they, the English Parliament, have passed an 'Act of Subscription,' *already* disposing of Irishmen's estates to English Money-lenders: and then *second*, That they have decided to extirpate the Catholic Religion,—which latter fact, not to speak of their old Scotch Covenant and the rest, may be seen with eyes, even from this Lord Lieutenant's own expressions in his Letter to the Governor of Ross;[1] which are quoted. To extirpate the Catholic Religion: how can they effect this but by extirpating the professors thereof? Let all Irishmen high and low, therefore, beware; and stand upon their guard, and adhere to the superficial Union; slaughter, or else banishment to the Tobacco Islands, being what they have to expect.'— — It is by this *third* or concluding portion of the Clonmacnoise Manifesto that the Lord Lieutenant's wrath has been chiefly kindled: but indeed he blazes athwart the whole Document, athwart it and along it, as we shall see, like a destroying sword, and slashes in pieces it and its inferences, and noxious delusions and deludings, in a very characteristic style.

What perhaps will most strike the careless modern reader in the Clonmacnoise Manifesto, with its 'inferences' of general extermination, is that 'show of moderate usage at present'; and the total absence of those 'many Inhabitants' butchered at Drogheda lately: total absence of those: and also of the 'Two-hundred Women in the Marketplace of Wexford,' who in modern times have even grown 'Two-hundred beautiful Women' (all young, and in their Sunday clothes for the occasion), and figure still, in the Irish Imagination, in a very horrid manner. They are known to Abbé Macgeohegan, these

[1] Antea, p. 83.

interesting Martyrs, more or less; to Philopater Irenæus, to my Lord Clarendon, Jacobite Carte, and other parties divided by wide spaces and long centuries from them; but not to this Occult Hierarchy sitting deliberative close at hand, and doing their best in the massacre way, who are rather concerned to guard us against shows of clemency exercised hitherto! This circumstance, and still more what Cromwell himself says on the subject of 'massacring,' will strike the modern reader; and the 'Two-hundred Women,' and some other things, I persuade myself, will profitably vanish from the Marketplace henceforth!

So soon as convenient, that wretched chimera will do well to vanish;—and also, I think, a certain terrible fact, which the Irish Imagination pretends to treat sometimes as a chimera, might profitably return, and reassert itself there. The Massacre of 1641 was not, we will believe, premeditated by the Leaders of the Rebellion; but it is an awful truth, written in sun-clear evidence, that it did happen;—and the noble-minded among the men of Ireland are called to admit it, and to mourn for it, and to learn from it! To the ear of History those 'ghosts' still shriek from the Bridge of Portnadown,[1] if not now for just vengeance on their murderers, yet for pity on them, for horror at them: and no just man, whatever his new feelings may be, but will share more or less the Lord Lieutenant Cromwell's old feelings on that matter. It must not be denied, it requires to be admitted! As an act of blind hysterical fury, very blind and very weak and mad, and at once quite miserable and quite detestable, it remains on the face of Irish History; and will have to remain till Ireland cease, much more generally than it has yet done, to mistake loud bluster for inspired wisdom, and spasmodic frenzy for strength;—till, let us say, Ireland *do an equal act* of magnanimous forbearance, of valour in the silent kind! Of which also we have by no means lost hope. No:—and if among the true hearts of Ireland there chanced to be

[1] Affidavits, taken in 1641-44: in Sir John Temple's *History of the Irish Massacre and Rebellion* (Maseres's edition, London, 1812), pp. 85-123: May's *History of the Long Parliament*; and the contemporary Books *passim*.

found one who, across the opaque angry whirlwind in which all Cromwell matters are enveloped for him, could recognise, in this thunderclad figure of a Lord Lieutenant now about to speak to him, the veritable Heaven's Messenger clad in thunder; and accept the stern true message *he* brings—!—Who knows? That too, we believe, is coming; and with it many hopeful things. But to our Declaration, however that may be.

'A DECLARATION OF THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, FOR 'THE UNDECEIVING OF DELUDED AND SEDUCED PEOPLE: 'WHICH MAY BE SATISFACTORY TO ALL THAT DO NOT WILFULLY SHUT THEIR EYES AGAINST THE LIGHT. IN ANSWER 'TO CERTAIN LATE DECLARATIONS AND ACTS, FRAMED BY 'THE IRISH POPISH PRELATES AND CLERGY, IN A CONVENTICLE AT CLONMACNOISE.

'HAVING lately perused a Book printed at Kilkenny in 'the year 1649, containing divers Declarations and Acts of 'the Popish Prelates and Clergy, framed in a late Conventicle 'at Clonmacnoise, the 4th day of December in the year afore-'said,—I thought fit to give a brief Answer unto the same.

'And first to the first;—which is a Declaration, wherein '(having premised the reconciliation of some differences among 'themselves, "and the hearty 'Union' they have now attained 'to") they come to state "the reasons of" their War, "ground-'ing it" upon 'the interest of their Church, of his Majesty 'and the Nation,' and their resolution to prosecute the same 'with unity. All which will deserve a particular survey.

'The Meeting of the Archbishops, Bishops and other Pre-'lates at Clonmacnoise is by them said to be *proprio motu*. 'By which term they would have the world believe that the 'Secular Power hath nothing to do to appoint, or super-'intend, their Spiritual Conventions, as they call them;— 'although in the said meetings they take upon them to inter-'meddle in all Secular Affairs; as by the sequel appears.—

'But first for their 'Union' they so much boast of. If any 'wise man shall seriously consider what they pretend the 'grounds of their 'differences' to have been, and the way 'and course they have taken to reconcile the same; and their 'expressions thereabout, and the ends for which, and their 'resolutions how to carry on their great Design declared for; 'he must needs think slightly of their said 'union.'[1] And 'also for this, That they resolve all other men's consent "and 'reconciliation" into their own; without consulting *them* at 'all.

'The subject of this reconciliation was, as they say, 'the 'Clergy and Laity.' The discontent and division itself was 'grounded on the late difference of opinion happening amongst 'the 'Prelates and Laity.'—I wonder not at differences in 'opinion, at discontents and divisions, where so Antichristian 'and dividing a term as 'Clergy and Laity' is given and 'received. A term unknown to any save the Antichristian 'Church, and such as derive themselves from her: *ab initio* '*non fuit sic.* The most pure and primitive Times, as they 'best knew what true *union* was, so in all addresses to the 'several Churches they wrote unto, not one word of this. 'The members of the Churches are styled 'Brethren, and 'Saints of the same household of Faith'; "and" although 'they had orders and distinctions amongst them for administra-'tion of ordinances,—of a far different use and character from 'yours,—yet it nowhere occasioned them to say, *contemptim*, 'and by way of lessening in contradistinguishing, 'Laity and 'Clergy.' It was your pride that begat this expression. And 'it is for filthy lucre's sake that you keep it up: that by 'making the People believe that they are not so holy as your-'selves, they might for their penny purchase some sanctity 'from you; and that you might bridle, saddle and ride them 'at your pleasure; and do (as is most true of you) as the 'Scribes and Pharisees of old did by their 'Laity,'—keep 'the knowledge of the Law from them, and then be able in

[1] 'it' in orig.

'their pride to say, 'This people, that know not the Law, 'are cursed.'

'And no wonder,—to speak more nearly to your 'differ-'ences' and 'union,'—if it lie in the Prelates' power to 'make the Clergy and the Laity go together by the ears when 'they please, but that they may as easily make a simple and 'senseless reconciliation! Which will last until the next 'Nuncio comes from Rome with supermandatory advices; and 'then this Gordian knot must be cut, and the poor 'Laity' 'forced to dance to a new tune.

'I say not this as being troubled at your 'union.' By 'the grace of God, we fear not, we care not for it. Your 'Covenant, "if you understood it," is with Death and Hell! 'Your union is like that of Simeon and Levi: 'Associate 'yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces; take counsel 'together, and it shall come to naught!'—For though it 'becomes us to be humble in respect of ourselves, yet we can 'say to you: God is not with you. You say, Your union 'is 'against a common enemy': and to this, if you will be 'talking of 'union,' I will give you some wormwood to bite 'on; by which it will appear God is not with you.

'Who is it that created this 'common enemy' (I suppose 'you mean Englishmen)? The English? Remember, ye 'hypocrites, Ireland was once united to England. "That 'was the original 'union.'" Englishmen had good inherit-'ances which many of them purchased with their money; 'they and their ancestors, from you and your ancestors. They 'had good Leases from Irishmen, for long times to come; 'great stocks thereupon; houses and plantations erected at 'their own cost and charge. They lived peaceably and 'honestly amongst you. You had generally equal benefit of 'the protection of England with them; and equal justice 'from the Laws,—saving what was necessary for the State, 'out of reasons of State, to put upon some few people, apt to 'rebel upon the instigation of such as you. You broke *this* ''union'! You, unprovoked, put the English to the most

'unheard-of and most barbarous Massacre (without respect of 'sex or age) that ever the Sun beheld. And at a time when 'Ireland was in perfect Peace. And when, through the 'example of English Industry, through commerce and traffic, 'that which was in the Natives' hands was better to them 'than if all Ireland had been in their possession, and not an 'Englishman in it. And yet then, I say, was this unheard-of 'villany perpetrated,—by your instigation, who boast of ''peace-making' and 'union against this common enemy.' 'What think you: by this time, is not my assertion true? 'Is God, will God be, with you?

'I am confident He will not! And though you would 'comprehend Old English, New English, Scotch, or whom 'else you will, in the bosom of your catholic charity, yet shall 'not this save you from breaking. I tell you and them, You 'will fare the *worse* for their sakes. Because I cannot but 'believe some of them go against, some stifle, their consciences. 'And it is not the fig-leaf of pretence 'that they fight for 'their King,' will serve their turn; when really they fight in 'protection of men of so much prodigious "guiltiness of" 'blood; and with men who have declared the ground of their ''union' and fighting, as you have stated it in this your 'Declaration, to be *Bellum Prælaticum et Religiosum*, in the 'first and primary intention of it. Especially when they shall 'consider your principles: "and" that except what fear makes 'you comply with,—viz. that alone without their concurrence 'you are not able to carry on your work of War,—you are ready, 'whenever you shall get the power into your hands, to kick them 'off too, as some late experiences have sufficiently manifested! '—And thus we come to the Design, you being thus whole-'somely 'united,' which is intended to be prosecuted by you.

'Your words are these: 'That all and every of us the 'above Archbishops, Bishops and Prelates, are now, by the 'blessing of God, as one body united. And that we will, 'as becometh charity and our pastoral charge, stand all of

'us as one entire body, for the interests and immunities of 'the Church, and of every the Bishops and Prelates thereof; 'and for the honour, dignity, estate, right and possessions 'of all and every of the said Archbishops, Bishops and other 'Prelates. And we will, as one entire and united body, 'forward by our counsels, actions and devices, the advance-'ment of his Majesty's Rights, and the good of this Nation, 'in general and in particular occasions, to our power. And 'that none of us, in any occasion whatsoever concerning the 'Catholic religion, or the good of this Kingdom of Ireland, 'will in any respect single himself; or be or seem opposite to 'the rest of us; but will hold firm and entire in one sense, as 'aforesaid, etc.'

'And now, if there were no other quarrel against you but 'this, which you make to be the principal and first ground 'of your Quarrel:—to wit, As so standing for the rights of 'your 'Church' falsely so called, and for the rights of your '' Archbishops, Bishops and Prelates,' as to engage People 'and Nations into blood therefor:—this alone would be your 'confusion. I ask you, Is it for the 'Lay-fee' as you call 'it, or for the Revenue belonging to your Church, that you 'will after this manner contend? Or is it your Jurisdiction, 'or the exercise of your Ecclesiastical Authority? Or is it 'for the Faith of your Church? Let me tell you, Not for all 'or any of these is it lawful for the Ministers of Christ, as 'you would be thought to be, thus to contend. And there-'fore we will consider them apart.

'For the first, if it were 'St. Peter's Patrimony,' as you 'term it,—that would be somewhat that you lawfully came 'by! But I must tell you, Your predecessors cheated poor 'seduced men in their weakness on their deathbeds; or other-'wise *un*lawfully came by most of this you pretend to. "Not 'St. Peter's Patrimony, therefore, whosesoever it may be!" 'And Peter, though he was somewhat too forward to draw 'the sword in a better cause,—yet if that weapon, not being 'proper to the business in hand, was to be put up in *that* case,

'he must not, nor would he, have drawn it in *this*. And 'that blessed Apostle Paul, who said, 'the labourer was 'worthy of his hire,' chose rather to make tents than be 'burdensome to the Churches. I would you had either of 'those Good Men's spirits; on condition your Revenues were 'doubled to what the best times ever made them to your 'predecessors!—The same answer may be given to that of 'your 'Power and Jurisdiction'; and to that preëminence of 'Prelacy you so dearly love. Only consider what the Master 'of these same Apostles said to them: 'So it shall not be 'amongst *you*. Whoever will be chief shall be servant of all!' 'For He himself came not to be ministered unto, but to 'minister. And by this he that runs may read of what tribe 'you are.

'And "now" surely if these, that are outward things, may 'not thus be contended for; how much less may the Doctrines 'of Faith, which are the works of Grace and the Spirit, be 'endeavoured by so unsuitable means! He that bids us '' contend for the Faith once delivered to the Saints,' tells 'us that we should do it by 'avoiding the spirit of Cain, 'Corah, and Balaam'; and by 'building up *ourselves* in the 'most holy Faith,' not pinning it upon other men's sleeves. 'Praying 'in the Holy Ghost'; not mumbling over Matins. 'Keeping 'ourselves in the love of God'; not destroying men 'because they will not be of our Faith. 'Waiting for the 'mercy of Jesus Christ'; not cruel, but merciful!—But, alas, 'why is this said? Why are these pearls cast before you? 'You are resolved not to be charmed from 'using the instru-'ment of a foolish shepherd'! You are a part of Antichrist, 'whose Kingdom the Scripture so expressly speaks should be '' laid in blood'; yea 'in the blood of the Saints.' You have 'shed great store of that already:—and ere it be long, you 'must all of you have 'blood to drink'; 'even the dregs of 'the cup of the fury and the wrath of God, which will be 'poured out unto you!'— [1]

[1] Read in your Bibles, and consider that!

'In the next place, you state the 'interest of his Majesty,' 'as you say, "for a ground of this war." And this you hope 'will draw some English and Scotch to your party. But what ''Majesty' is it you mean? Is it France, or Spain, or Scot-'land? Speak plainly! You have, some of you lately, been 'harping,—or else we are misinformed,—upon his Majesty 'of *Spain* to be your Protector. Was it because his Majesty 'of Scotland was too little a Majesty for your purpose? We 'know you love great Majesties! Or is it because he is not 'fully come over to you in point of religion? If he be short 'in that, you will quickly find out, upon that score, another ''Majesty.' His Father, who complied with you too much, 'you rejected; and now would make the world believe you 'would make the Son's interest a great part of the state of 'your Quarrel.—How can we but think there is some reserve 'in this? And that the Son has agreed to do somewhat more 'for you than ever his Father did? Or else tell us, Whence 'this new zeal is? That the Father did too much for you, 'in all Protestant judgments,—instead of many instances let 'this be considered: what one of your own Doctors, Dr. Enos 'of Dublin "says"; who, writing against the Agreement made 'between the Lord of Ormond and the Irish Catholics, finds 'fault with it, and says it was 'nothing so good as that '"which" the Earl of Glamorgan had warrant from the King 'to make; but exceeding far short of what the Lord George 'Digby had warrant to agree "to," with the Pope himself 'at Rome, in favour of the Irish Catholics.'[1]——I intend 'not this to you; but to such Protestants as may incline to 'you, and join with you upon *this* single account, which is 'the only appearing inducement to them. "To them I intend 'it," seeing there is so much probability of ill in this abstracted; '—and so much certainty of ill in fighting for the Romish 'Religion against the Protestant; and fighting "along" with 'men under the guilt of so horrid a Massacre. From par-'ticipating in which guilt, whilst they take part with them,

[1] Antea, vol. i. p. 250.

they will never be able to assoil themselves, either before God or good men.

'In the last place, you are pleased,—having, after your usual manner, remembered yourselves *first*, and 'his Majesty,' as you call him, next; like a man of your tribe, with his *Ego et Rex meus*,—you are pleased to take the People into consideration. Lest they should seem to be forgotten; or rather you would make me believe they are much in your thoughts. Indeed I think they are! Alas, poor 'Laity'! That you and your King might ride them, and jade them, as your Church hath done, and as your King hath done by your means, almost in all ages!—But it would not be hard to prophesy, That the beasts being stung and kicking, this world will not last always. Arbitrary power "is a thing" men begin to be weary of, in Kings and Churchmen; their juggle between them mutually to uphold Civil and Ecclesiastical Tyranny begins to be transparent. Some have cast off both; and hope by the grace of God to keep so. Others are at it! Many thoughts are laid up about it, which will have their issue and vent.[1] This principle, That People are for Kings and Churches, and Saints are for the Pope or Churchmen, as you call them, begins to be exploded;—and therefore I wonder not to see the Fraternity so much enraged. I wish 'the People' wiser than to be troubled at you; or solicitous for what you say or do.

'But it seems, notwithstanding all this, you would fain have them believe it is their good you seek. And to cozen them, in deed and in truth, is the scope of your whole Declaration, and of your Acts and Decrees in your foresaid Printed Book. Therefore to discover and unveil those falsities, and to let them, "the People," know what they are to trust to from me, is the principal end of this my Declaration. That if I be not able to do good upon them, which I most desire,—and yet in that I shall not seek to gain them by flattery; but tell them the worst, in plainness, and that

[1] Paris City A.D. 1789-95!

'which I am sure will not be acceptable to *you*; and if I 'cannot gain them, "I say,"—I shall have comfort in this, 'That I have freed my own soul from the guilt of the evil 'that shall ensue. And on this subject I hope to leave 'nothing unanswered in all your said Declarations and Decrees 'at Clonmacnoise.

'And because you carry on your matter somewhat con-'fusedly, I shall therefore bring all that you have said into 'some order; that so we may the better discern what every-'thing signifies, and give answer thereunto.

'You forewarn the People of their danger; which you make 'to consist: First, 'in the extirpation of the Catholic Religion'; 'Secondly, 'in the destruction of their Lives'; Thirdly, 'in 'the ruin of their Fortunes.'—To avoid all which evils you 'forewarn them: *First*, That they be not deceived by the 'Commander-in-Chief of the Parliament Forces: And in the '*next* place,—having stated "the ground of" your War, as 'aforesaid,—you give them your positive advice and counsel 'To engage in blood: And "then" *lastly* "you" bestow upon 'them a small collation in Four Ecclesiastical Decrees or 'Orders,—which will signify as little, being performed by 'your spirit, as if you had said nothing. And the obligation '"that lay on you" to all this you make to be your Pastoral 'relation to them, 'over your Flocks.'

'To which last a word or two.[1] I wonder how this relation 'was brought about! If they *be* 'Flocks,' and you ambitious 'of the relative term? "Yes," you are *Pastors*: but it is by 'an antiphrasis,—*a minime pascendo!* You either teach the 'People not at all; or else you do it, as some of you came 'to this Conventicle who were sent by others, *tanquam Pro-'curatores*,—"teach them," as your manner is, by sending a 'company of silly ignorant Priests, who can but say the Mass, 'and scarcely that intelligibly; or with such stuff as these 'your senseless Declarations and Edicts!—But how dare you

[1] The Lord Lieutenant is very impatient with 'this last'; flies at it *first*.

'assume to call these men your 'Flocks,' whom you have 'plunged into so horrid a Rebellion, by which you have made 'them and the Country almost a ruinous heap? And whom 'you have fleeced and polled and peeled hitherto, and make it 'your business to do so still. You cannot feed them! You 'poison them with your false, abominable and antichristian 'doctrine and practices. You keep the Word of God from 'them; and instead thereof give them your senseless Orders 'and Traditions. You teach them 'implicit belief':—he that 'goes amongst them may find many that do not understand 'anything in the matters of your Religion. I have had few 'better answers from any since I came into Ireland that are 'of your Flocks than this, 'That indeed they did not trouble 'themselves about matters of Religion, but left that to the 'Church.' Thus are your 'Flocks' fed; and such credit have 'you of them. But they must take heed of 'losing their 'Religion.' Alas, poor creatures, what have they to 'lose'?

'Concerning this, "of losing their Religion," is your grand 'caveat, "however." And to back this, you tell them of '"Resolutions and Covenants to extirpate the Catholic Religion 'out of all his Majesty's Dominions.' And you instance in '"Cromwell's Letter of the 19th October 1649, to the then 'Governor of Ross,'[1] repeating his words, which are as follows, 'viz.: 'For that which you mention concerning liberty of 'conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience. But if 'by liberty of conscience, you mean a liberty to exercise the 'Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and to let you know, 'Where the Parliament of England have power, *that* will not 'be allowed of.' And this you call a 'tyrannical Resolution'; 'which you say hath been put in execution in Wexford, Ross 'and Tredah.

'Now let us consider. First, you say, The design is, to 'extirpate the Catholic Religion. Let us see your honesty 'herein. Your word 'extirpate' is as ill collected from these 'grounds, and as senseless as the word 'Catholic,' ordinarily

[1] Antea, p. 83.

'used by you when you mention Catholic Roman Church. 'The word 'extirpate' means "ruin of" a thing already *rooted* 'and established: which word "is" made good by the proof 'of 'Covenants,' by that Letter expressing the non-toleration 'of the Mass (wherein, it seems, you place all the 'Catholic 'Religion,' and *there* you show some ingenuity),[1] and 'by' 'your instance of what was practised in the three Towns 'aforementioned: do these prove, either considered apart or 'all together, the 'extirpation' of the Catholic Religion?

'By what Law was the Mass "ever *rooted*, or" exercised in 'these places, or in any the Dominions of England or Ireland, 'or Kingdom of Scotland? You were *intruders* herein; you 'were open violaters of the known Laws! And yet you call 'the 'Covenant,' and that "refusal" in the Letter, and these 'practices "at Wexford, Ross and Tredah," 'extirpation' of 'the Catholic Religion,—"which had" thus again "been" set 'on foot by you, by the advantage of your Rebellion, and 'shaking off the just Authority of the State of England over 'you! Whereas, I dare be confident to say, You durst not 'own the saying of one Mass, "for" above these eighty 'years in Ireland. And "only" through the troubles you 'made, and through the miseries you brought on this Nation, 'and the poor People thereof,—your numbers, which is very 'ominous, increasing with the "numbers of the" *wolves*, 'through the desolations you made in the Country;—"only 'by all this" did you recover again the public exercise of your 'Mass! And for the maintenance of this, thus gained, you 'would make the poor People believe that it is ghostly counsel, 'and given in love to them as your 'Flocks,' That they should 'run into Wars, and venture lives, and all upon such a ground 'as this! But if God be pleased to unveil you of your sheeps-'clothing, that they, "the People," may see how they have 'been deluded, and by whom, I shall exceedingly rejoice; and 'indeed for their sakes only have I given you these competent 'characters,—for *their* good, if God shall so bless it.

[1] Means 'ingenuousness,' as usual.

'And now for them, "the People of Ireland," I do particu-
'larly declare what they may expect at my hands in this
'point. Wherein you will easily perceive that, as I neither
'have "flattered" nor shall flatter you, so neither shall I go
'about to delude them with specious pretences, as you have
'ever done.

'First, therefore: I shall not, where I have power, and
'the Lord is pleased to bless me, suffer the exercise of the
'Mass, where I can take notice of it. "No," nor "in any way"
'suffer you that are Papists, where I can find you seducing
'the People, or by any overt act violating the Laws estab-
'lished; but if you come into my hands, I shall cause to be
'inflicted the punishments appointed by the Laws,—to use
'your own term, *secundum gravitatem delicti*,[1]—upon you;
'and "shall try" to reduce things to their former state on this
'behalf.[2] As for the People, what thoughts they have in
'matters of Religion in their own breasts I cannot reach; but
'shall think it my duty, if they walk honestly and peaceably,
'Not to cause them in the least to suffer for the same. And
'shall endeavour to walk patiently and in love towards them,
'to see if at any time it shall please God to give them
'another or a better mind. And all men under the power of
'England, within this Dominion, are hereby required and
'enjoined strictly and religiously to do the same.

'To the *second* "danger threatened"; which is 'the de-
'struction of the Lives of the Inhabitants of this Nation':—
'to make it good that this is designed, they[3] give not one
'reason. Which is either because they have none to give;
'or else for that they believe the People will receive every-
'thing for truth they say,—which they have too well taught
'them, and God knows the People are too apt, to do. But I
'will a little help them. They speak indeed of 'rooting out
'the Common-People'; and also, by way of consequent, that

[1] A phrase in their Pamphlet.

[2] No cozening here!

[3] Is now addressing the People; has unconsciously turned away from the Priests, and put them into the third person.

'the extirpating the Catholic Religion is not to be effected 'without the 'massacring, destroying or banishing the 'Catholic Inhabitants.' Which how analogical an argument 'this is, I shall easily make appear by and by.

'Alas, the generality of 'the Inhabitants' are poor 'Laity' 'as you call them, and ignorant of the grounds of the ''Catholic religion.'[1] Are they, then, so interwoven with your 'Church Interest as that the absence of *them* makes your ''Catholic Religion' fall to the ground? We know you 'think not so. You reckon yourselves, and yourselves only, 'the pillars and supporters thereof; and the Common-People '"useful" as far as they have the exercise of club-law, and, 'like the ass you ride on, obey your commands. But con-'cerning these relations of your Religion, "and your right to 'practise it," enough has been spoken in another place;— 'only you love to mix things for your advantage.

'But "now" to your logic. Here is your argument: The 'design is to extirpate the Catholic Religion; but this is not 'to be done but by the massacring, banishing or otherwise 'destroying the Catholic Inhabitants: *ergo* it is designed to 'massacre, banish and destroy the Catholic Inhabitants.—To 'try this no-concluding argument,—"nothing-concluding," but 'yet well enough agreeing with your learning,—I give you 'this dilemma; by which it will appear That, whether your 'Religion be true or false, this will not follow:

'If your Religion be the true Religion, yet if a Nation 'may degenerate from the true Religion, and apostatise, as 'too many have "evidently" *done*,—(through the seducements 'of your Roman Church, "say *we*"),—then it will not follow 'that men must be 'massacred, banished or otherwise 'destroyed,' necessarily; no, not as to the change of the *true* 'Religion in a Nation or Country![2] Only, this argument

[1] Unimportant they, to the vigour or decline of it.

[2] A subtle 'dilemma,' and very Oliverian; seems to *eat* itself like a Serpent-of-eternity, and be very *circular* reasoning; yet grounds itself, if examined, upon sharp just insight, and has real logical validity. 'Call your Religion true, men *have* changed from it without being massacred: admit it to be false, will you say

'doth wonderfully well agree with your principles and 'practice; you having chiefly made use of fire and sword, in all 'the changes in Religion that you have made in the world. '"But I say," if it be change of your Catholic Religion 'so-called, it will not follow: because there may be found out 'another means than 'massacring, destruction and banish-'ment'; to wit, the Word of God; which is able to convert. 'A means which you as little know as practise; which 'indeed you deprive the People of! "That means may be 'found"; together with humanity, good life, equal and honest 'dealing with men of a different opinion;—which we desire 'to exercise towards this poor People, if you, by your wicked 'counsel, make them not incapable to receive it, by putting 'them into blood!

'And therefore, by this also "which you talk of massa-'cring," your false and twisted dealing may be a little dis-'covered. Well; your words are, 'massacre, destroy and 'banish.'—Good now: *give us an instance of one man since my 'coming into Ireland, not in arms, massacred, destroyed or 'banished; concerning the massacre or the destruction of whom 'justice hath not been done, or endeavoured to be done.*[1] As for 'the other of banishment, I must now speak unto the People, 'whom you would delude, and whom this most concerns; that 'they may know in this also what to expect at my hands.

'The question is of the destruction of life; or of that 'which is but little inferior to it, to wit, of banishment. "Now '*First*": I shall not willingly take or suffer to be taken away 'the life of any man not in arms, but by the trial to which 'the People of this Nation are subject by Law, for offences 'against the same. And "*Secondly*," as for the banishment, 'it hath not hitherto been inflicted on any but such who,

they need massacring? Whatever Religion you may have, I think you have not much Logic to spare!—

[1] 'Concerning the two first of which,' in orig. The italics, in this passage, are mine; and can be removed so soon as Macgeohegan, Carte, Clarendon and Company, have got to be well understood.

'being in arms, might justly, upon the terms they were taken
'"under," have been put to death:—as "might" those who
'are instanced in your Declaration to be 'sent to the Tobacco
'Islands.' And therefore I do declare, That if the People be
'ready to run to arms by the instigation of their Clergy or
'otherwise, such as God by His providence shall give into
'my hands may expect that or worse measure from me; but
'not otherwise.

'*Thirdly*, as to that of 'the ruin of their Fortune.' You
'instance the Act of Subscription,[1] 'whereby the estates of
'the Inhabitants of this Nation are sold, so as there
'remaineth now no more but to put the Purchasers in
'possession'; and that for this cause are the Forces drawn
'out of England. And that you might carry the Interest
'far, "so as" to engage the Common sort of People with
'you, you farther say to them, That 'the moderate usage
'"hitherto" exercised to them is to no other end but to
'our private advantage, and for the better support of our
'Army'; "we" intending at the close of our 'conquest,' as
'you term it, 'to root out the Common-People also, and to
'plant the land with Colonies to be brought hither out of
'England.' This, consisting of divers parts, will ask dis-
'tinct answers.

'And first, to the Act of Subscription. It 's true there is
'such an Act;—and it was a just one. For when, by your

[1] At the first breaking-out of the Irish Rebellion into an Irish Massacre, the King's Exchequer being void, and the case like a case of conflagration, an Act was passed, engaging the Public Faith, That whoever would 'subscribe' money towards suppressing the said Rebellion in Ireland, and detestable and horrible Massacre of Protestants there, should, with liberal interest, be repaid from the forfeited Estates of the Rebels,—so soon as they were got. This is the 'Act of Subscription' spoken of here. His Majesty said: 'How will that answer? It is like selling the bear's skin before you have caught your bear.' A bargain, nevertheless, which hundreds and thousands entered into, with free purse and overflowing heart; 'above a Quarter of a Million' raised by it; generous emotion, and tragic terror and pity, lending sanction to doubtful profit-and-loss. A very wise and just Act of Parliament, the Lord Lieutenant thinks; which did also fulfil its engagements by and by.

'execrable Massacre and Rebellion, you had not only raised 'a bloody War to justify the same; and thereby occasioned 'the exhausting the Treasure of England in the prosecution 'of so just a War against you,—was it not a wise and just 'act in the State to raise money by escheating the Lands of 'those who had a hand in the Rebellion? Was it not fit 'to make their Estates to defray the charge, who had caused 'the trouble? The best therefore that lies in this argument 'is this,—and that only reaching to them who have been in 'arms, for farther it goes not: 'You have forfeited your 'Estates, and it is likely they will be escheated to make 'satisfaction; and therefore you had better fight it out than 'repent or give-off now;—or "else" see what mercy you may 'find from the State of England. And seeing holy Church 'is engaged in it, we will, by one means or another, hook-in 'the Commons, and make them sensible that they are as 'much concerned as you, though they were never in arms, 'or came quickly off!'—And for this cause doubtless are 'these two coupled together; by which your honest dealing 'is manifest enough.

'But what? Was the English Army brought over for '*this* purpose, as you allege? Do you think that the State 'of England will be at Five or Six Millions charge merely 'to procure Purchasers to be invested in that for which they 'did disburse little above a Quarter of a Million? Although 'there be a Justice in that also, which ought, and I trust 'will be seasonably performed toward them.—No, I can give 'you a better reason for the Army coming over than this. 'England hath had experience of the blessing of God in pro-'secuting just and righteous Causes, whatever the cost and 'hazard be![1] And if ever men were engaged in a righteous 'Cause in the world, this will scarce be a second to it. We 'are come to ask an account of the innocent blood that hath 'been shed; and to endeavour to bring to an account,—by 'the blessing and presence of the Almighty, in whom alone

[1] Hear this Lord Lieutenant.

'is our hope and strength,—all who, by appearing in arms, 'seek to justify the same. We come to break the power of 'a company of lawless Rebels, who having cast off the 'Authority of England, live as enemies to Human Society; 'whose principles, the world hath experience, are, To destroy 'and subjugate all men not complying with them. We come, 'by the assistance of God, to hold forth and maintain the 'lustre and glory of English Liberty[1] in a Nation where we 'have an undoubted right to do it;—wherein the People of 'Ireland (if they listen not to such seducers as you are) may 'equally participate in all benefits; to use "their" liberty 'and fortune equally with Englishmen, if they keep out 'of arms.

'And now, having said this to you, I have a word to *them*; 'that in this point, which concerns them in their estates and 'fortunes, they may know what to trust to. Such as have 'been formerly in arms, may, submitting themselves, have 'their cases presented to the State of England;—where no 'doubt the State will be ready to take into consideration the 'nature and quality of their actings, and deal mercifully with 'them. As for those now in arms, who shall come in, and 'submit, and give Engagements for their future quiet and 'honest carriage, and submission to the State of England, I 'doubt not but they will find like merciful consideration;— 'except only the Leading Persons and principal Contrivers 'of this Rebellion, whom I am confident they will reserve to 'make examples of Justice, whatsoever hazards they incur 'thereby.—And as for such Private Soldiers as lay-down 'their arms, and shall live peaceably and honestly at their

[1] 'Liberty,' here, which much astonishes our Irish friends, is very far from meaning what in most modern dialects it now does. 'Liberty,' with this Lord Lieutenant, means 'rigorous settled Obedience to Laws that are just.' Which it is very noble indeed to settle, 'and hold forth and maintain' against all men. Laws grounded on the eternal Fact of Things,—which is a much preferable 'ground' to the temporary Fiction of Things, as set forth at any Clonmacnoise, Kilkenny, or other Supreme Centre-of-Jargon, there or elsewhere, that has been or that can be!

'several homes, they shall be permitted so to do.—And, "in 'general," for the first two sorts, "for such as have been or 'as now are in arms and shall submit," I shall humbly and 'effectually represent their cases to the Parliament, as far as 'becomes the duty and place I bear. But as for those 'who, notwithstanding all this, persist and continue in arms, 'they must expect what the Providence of God, in that 'which is falsely called the Chance of War, will cast upon 'them.

'For such of the Nobility, Gentry and Commons of 'Ireland as have not been actors in this Rebellion, they shall 'and may expect the protection in their Goods, Liberties and 'Lives which the Law gives them; and in their husbandry, 'merchandising, manufactures and other trading whatsoever, 'the same. They behaving themselves as becomes honest 'and peaceable men; testifying their good affections, upon 'all occasions, to the service of the State of England, equal 'justice shall be done them with the English. They shall 'bear proportionably with them in taxes. And if the Soldiery 'be insolent upon them, upon complaint and proof, it shall 'be punished with utmost severity, and they protected equally 'with Englishmen.

'And having said this, and purposing honestly to perform 'it,—if this People shall headily run on after the counsels of 'their Prelates and Clergy and other Leaders, I hope to be 'free from the misery and desolation, blood and ruin, that 'shall befall them; and shall rejoice to exercise utmost 'severity against them.' "OLIVER CROMWELL." *

"Given at Youghal, — January 1649."

* *Declaration*, etc. as above given. *Licensed by the Secretary of the Army. Printed at Cork: and reprinted at London, by E. Griffin, and are to be sold in the Old Bailey; March 21st*, 1649. King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 462, § 6. In Ayscough MSS. no. 4769 (a Fragment of an anonymous Contemporary Narrative, which will by and by be more specially referred to), are some two pages of this *Declaration*, transcribed from the Cork Edition: the concluding words are not 'exercise utmost severity against them,' but 'act severity against them,' which probably is the true reading.

This Declaration, as appears here, does not date or even expressly sign itself: but by search, chiefly in a certain Manuscript Fragment, which will by and by concern us farther,[1] we find that it was drawn up at Youghal after the 15th, and came forth printed at Cork before the 29th of January; on which latter day the Army took the field again. And so we leave this Declaration;—one of the remarkablest State-Papers ever published in Ireland since Strongbow, or even since St. Patrick, first appeared there.

LETTERS CXIX—CXXI

THE Speaker's Letter of Recall has never yet reached Ireland; and the rumour of it already has; which, as we intimated, sets the Enemy on fresh schemes, whereof advantage might be taken. The unwearied Lord Lieutenant, besides his labours known to us, has been rehabilitating Courts of Justice in Dublin, settling contributions, and doing much other work; and now, the February or even January weather being unusually good, he takes the field again, in hopes of perhaps soon finishing. The unhappy Irish are again about excommunicating one another; the Supreme Council of Kilkenny is again one wide howl; and Ormond is writing to the King to recall him. Now is the Lieutenant's time: the February weather being good!

LETTER CXIX

HERE is another small excerpt from Bulstrode, which we may take along with us; a small speck of dark Ireland and its affairs rendered luminous for an instant. To which there is reference in this Letter. We saw Enniscorthy taken on the last day of September, the 'Castle and Village of Enniscorthy,' 'which belongs to Mr. Robert Wallop'; a Garrison was settled

[1] Ayscough MSS. no. 4769 (Fragment of a Narrative, referred to in the previous Note), pp. 100 et seqq.

there; and this in some three-months' time is what becomes of it.

9th January 1649, Letters reach Bulstrode, perhaps a fortnight after date, 'That the Enemy surprised Enniscorthy Castle in this manner: Some Irish Gentlemen feasted the Garrison Soldiers; and sent in women to sell them strong-water, of which they drank too much; and then the Irish fell upon them, took the Garrison, and put all the Officers and Soldiers to the sword.' Sharp practice on the part of the Irish Gentlemen; and not well advised! Which constrained the Lord Lieutenant, when he heard of it, to order 'that the Irish,' Papist or suspected Irish, 'should be *put out* of such Garrisons as were in the power of Parliament,'[1]—sent to seek quarters elsewhere.

FOR THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM LENTHALL, ESQUIRE, SPEAKER OF THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND: THESE

Castletown, 15th Feb. 1649.

Mr. Speaker,—Having refreshed our men for some short time in our Winter-quarters,[2] *and health being pretty well recovered, we thought fit to take the field; and to attempt such things as God by His providence should lead us to upon the Enemy.*

Our resolution was to fall into the Enemy's quarters two ways. The one party, being about fifteen or sixteen troops of horse and dragoons and about two-thousand foot, were ordered to go up by the way of Carrick into the County of Kilkenny under the command of Colonel Reynolds; whom Major-General Ireton was to follow with a reserve. I myself was to go by the way of Mallow,[3] *over the Blackwater, towards the County of Limerick and the County of Tipperary, with about twelve troops of horse, and three troops of dragoons, and between two and three hundred foot.*

I began my march upon Tuesday the Nine-and-twentieth of

[1] Whitlocke, p. 421.

[2] Youghal had been the head-quarter.

[3] 'Muyallo' he writes, and 'Mayallo.'

January, from Youghal: and upon Thursday the One-and-thirtieth, I possessed a Castle called Kilkenny, upon the edge of the County of Limerick; where I left thirty foot. From thence I marched to a Strong-house belonging to Sir Richard Everard (called Clogheen),[1] *who is one of the Supreme Council; while I left a troop of horse and some dragoons. From thence I marched to Roghill Castle, which was possessed by some Ulster foot, and a party of the Enemy's horse; which upon summons (I having taken the Captain of horse prisoner before) was rendered to me. These places being thus possessed gave us much command (together with some other holds we have) of the White-Knights' and Roche's Country; and of all the land from Mallow to the Suir-side;—especially by "help of" another Castle, called Old Castletown, "which," since my march, "was" taken by my Lord of Broghil. Which I had sent to his Lordship to endeavour; as also a Castle of Sir Edward Fitzharris, over the Mountains in the County of Limerick;—I having left his Lordship at Mallow, with about six or seven hundred horse and four or five hundred foot, to protect those parts, and your interest in Munster; lest while we were abroad, Inchiquin, whose forces lay about Limerick and the County of Kerry, should fall in behind us. His Lordship drew two cannon to the aforesaid Castle; which having summoned, they refused. His Lordship, having bestowed about ten shot upon it, which made their stomachs come down,—he gave all the soldiers quarter for life; and shot all the Officers, being six in number, to death. Since the taking of these Garrisons, the Irish have sent their commissioners to compound for their contribution as far as the walls of Limerick.*

I marched from Roghill Castle over the Suir, with very much difficulty; and from thence to Fethard, almost in the heart of the County of Tipperary; where was a Garrison of the Enemy. The Town is most pleasantly seated; having a very good Wall with round and square bulwarks, after the old manner of fortifications. We came thither in the night, and indeed were very

[1] 'Cloghern' in the old Newspaper; but it seems to be misprinted, as almost all these names are. 'Roghill' I find nowhere now extant.

much distressed by sore and tempestuous wind and rain. After a long march, we knew not well how to dispose of ourselves; but finding an old Abbey in the suburbs, and some cabins and poor houses,—we got into them, and had opportunity to send "the Garrison" a summons. They shot at my trumpet; and would not listen to him, for an hour's space: but having some Officers in our party whom they knew, I sent them, To let them know I was there with a good part of the Army. We shot not a shot at them; but they were very angry, and fired very earnestly upon us; telling us, It was not a time of night to send a summons. But yet in the end, the Governor was willing to send out two commissioners,—I think rather to see whether there was a force sufficient to force him, than to any other end. After almost a whole night spent in treaty, the Town was delivered to me the next morning, upon terms which we usually call honourable; which I was the willinger to give, because I had little above Two-hundred foot, and neither ladders nor guns, nor any thing else to force them. That night, there being about Seventeen companies of the Ulster foot in Cashel, above five miles from thence, they quit it in some disorder; and the Sovereign and the Aldermen sent to me a petition, desiring that I would protect them. Which I have also made a quarter.

From thence I marched towards Callan; hearing that Colonel Reynolds was there, with the Party before mentioned. When I came thither, I found he had fallen upon the Enemy's horse, and routed them (being about a hundred), with his forlorn; "he" took my Lord of Ossory's Captain-Lieutenant, and another Lieutenant of horse, prisoners;—and one of those who betrayed our Garrison of Enniscorthy; whom we hanged. The Enemy had possessed three Castles in the Town; one of them belonging to one Butler, very considerable; the other two had about a hundred or hundred-and-twenty men in them,—which "latter" he attempted; and they, refusing conditions seasonably offered, were put all to the sword. Indeed some of your soldiers did attempt very notably in this service:—I do not hear there were six men of ours lost. Butler's Castle was

delivered upon conditions, for all to march away, leaving their arms behind them. Wherein I have placed a company of foot and a troop of horse, under the command of my Lord Colvil; the place being six miles from Kilkenny. From hence Colonel Reynolds was sent with his regiment to remove a Garrison of the Enemy's from Knocktofer (being the way of our communication to Ross); which accordingly he did.

We marched back with the rest of the body to Fethard[1] *and Cashel: where we are now quartered,—having good plenty both of horse meat and man's meat for a time; and being indeed, we may say, even almost in the heart and bowels of the Enemy; ready to attempt what God shall next direct. And blessed be His name only for this good success; and for this "also," That we do not find our men are at all considerably sick upon this expedition, though indeed it hath been very blustering weather.—*

I had almost forgot one business: The Major-General was very desirous to gain a Pass over the Suir; where indeed we had none but by boat, or when the weather served. Wherefore, on Saturday in the evening, he marched with a party of horse and foot to Ardfinnan; where was a Bridge, and at the foot of it a strong Castle. Which he, about four o'clock the next morning, attempted;—killed about thirteen of the Enemy's outguard; lost but two men, and eight or ten wounded: the Enemy yielded the place to him, and we are possessed of it,—being a very considerable Pass, and the nearest to our Pass at Cappoquin over the Blackwater, whither we can bring guns, ammunition, or other things from Youghal by water, and "then" over this Pass to the Army. The County of Tipperary have submitted to 1,500*l. a-month contribution, although they have six or seven of the Enemy's Garrisons yet upon them.*

Sir, I desire the charge of England as to this War may be abated as much as may be, and as we know you do desire, out

[1] Letter, 'Fethard, 9th February,' to Colonel Phayr, Governor of Cork, for reinforcements: Appendix, No. 18.

of your care to the Commonwealth. But if you expect your work to be done, if the marching Army be not constantly paid, and the course taken that hath been humbly represented,—indeed it will not be for the thrift of England, as far as England is concerned in the speedy reduction of Ireland. The money we raise upon the Counties maintains the Garrison forces; and hardly that. If the active force be not maintained, and all contingencies defrayed, how can you expect but to have a lingering business of it? Surely we desire not to spend a shilling of your treasury, wherein our consciences do not prompt us. We serve you; we are willing to be out of[1] *our trade of war; and shall hasten, by God's assistance and grace, to the end of our work, as the labourer doth to be at his rest. This makes us bold to be earnest with you for necessary supplies:—that of money is one. And there be some other things,—which indeed I do not think for your service to speak of publicly, which I shall humbly represent to the Council of State,—wherewith I desire we may be accommodated.*

Sir, the Lord, who doth all these things, gives hopes of a speedy issue to this business; and, I am persuaded, will graciously appear in it. And truly there is no fear of the strength and combination of enemies round about, nor of slanderous tongues at home. God hath hitherto fenced you against all those, to wonder and amazement; they are tokens of your prosperity and success:—only it will be good for you, and us that serve you, to fear the Lord; to fear unbelief, self-seeking, confidence in an arm of flesh, and opinion of any instruments that they are other than as dry bones. That God be merciful in these things, and bless you, is the humble prayer of, Sir, your most humble servant, *OLIVER CROMWELL.**

Commons Journals, 25th February 1649-50: 'A Letter from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, from Castletown, 15°

[1] to have done with.

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 77); see also *Commons Journals*, 25th February 1649-50.

Februarii 1649, was this day read; and ordered to be forthwith printed and published. *Ordered*, That a Letter of Thanks be sent to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and that Mr. Scott do prepare the Letter; and that Mr. Speaker do sign the same. *Resolved*, That the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland have the use of the Lodgings called the Cockpit, of the Spring Garden and St. James's House, and the command of St. James's Park.'

This Letter of Thanks, and very handsome *Resolution* did, as we shall find, come duly to hand. The Cockpit was then and long afterwards a sumptuous Royal 'Lodging' in Whitehall; Henry the Eighth's place of Cock-fighting:—stood till not very long ago, say the Topographers, where the present Privy-Council Office is. The Cromwell Family hereupon prepared to remove thither; not without reluctance on Mrs. Cromwell's part, as Ludlow intimates.

LETTER CXX

DEEP sunk among the Paper-Masses of the British Museum is an anonymous Fragment of a *Narrative of Oliver's Campaign in Ireland*; Fragment copied, as would seem, several generations ago, from an earlier Original, the beginning and end of which were already lost,—torn off by careless hands, and consumed as waste-paper. The Copyist, with due hopeful punctuality, has left blank leaves at the beginning and end: but to no purpose; they are and continue blank leaves. In this mutilated obscure state, it lies among the Manuscripts of the British Museum;—will perhaps be printed by some Dryasdust Society, in time.[1] It is by no means a Narrative

[1] It is already printed, and has been for a hundred years,—though the sleepy Catalogues give no sign! As Appendix to the Reprint of [Borlace's] *History of the Irish Rebellion* (Dublin, 1743), the Piece is given entire, with 'Mr. Cliffe, Ireton's Secretary,' specified as Author. The Museum Copy 'wants only some three lines at one end and fifteen at the other'; and has 'insignificant verbal variations' from the Printed Copy, where they have been collated. Our sole authority here is still the Manuscript. (*Note to Third Edition.*)

of much merit: entirely anonymous, as we say, without specific date or outward indication of any kind; but written as if by a contemporary or even a fellow-actor, in a flat, diffuse, but authentic and exact manner. In obscure cases, as we have already found, it is worth consulting here and there;—contains, in particular, the following and some other unimportant Cromwell Letters, not found elsewhere, which we make a duty of preserving.

FOR THE GOVERNOR OF CAHIR CASTLE: THESE

"Before Cahir," 24th Feb. 1649.

Sir,—Having brought the Army and my cannon near this place,—according to my usual manner in summoning places, I thought fit to offer you Terms, honourable for soldiers: That you may march away, with your baggage, arms and colours; free from injury or violence. But if I be necessitated to bend my cannon upon you, you must expect the extremity usual in such cases.

To avoid blood, this is offered to you by, your servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

What became of Cahir Castle, of it and of others, will appear in the next Letter.

LETTER CXXI

"FOR THE HONOURABLE JOHN BRADSHAW, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE: THESE"

Cashel, 5th March 1649.

"*Sir*,"—* * * *It pleaseth God still to enlarge your interest here. The Castle of Cahir, very considerable, built upon a rock, and seated in an island in the midst of the Suir, was lately rendered to me. It cost the Earl of Essex, as I am*

* Narrative Fragment (in Ayscough MSS. no. 4769, cited above).

informed, about eight-weeks siege with his army and artillery.[1] *It is now yours without the loss of one man. So also is the Castle of Kiltinan; a very large and strong Castle of the Lord of Dunboyne's; this latter I took-in with my cannon, without the loss of a man.*

We have taken the Castle of Golden Bridge, another pass upon the Suir; as also the Castle of Dundrum, at which we lost about six men,—Colonel Zanchy, who commanded the party, being shot through the hand. We have placed another strong Garrison at Ballynakill, upon the edge of King's and Queen's Counties. We have divers Garrisons in the County of Limerick; and by these we take away the Enemy's subsistence, and diminish their contributions. By which in time I hope they will sink. * * * * *

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

LETTERS CXXII—CXXXII

HENRY CROMWELL, 'Colonel Henry,' and the Lord Broghil are busy with Inchiquin in Limerick County, to good purpose; as other Colonels are with other rebels elsewhere, everywhere; and 'our Enemies will not stand, but have marched to Kilkenny.' Kilkenny once taken, 'it is not thought they will be able to recruit their Army, or take the field again this summer.' On Friday 22d March, the Lord Lieutenant comes in view of Kilkenny: here, out of dim old pamphlets and repositories, readjusted into some degree of clearness, is sufficient record of what befell there. The first Summons goes on Friday evening:

[1] In 1599 (Camden; in Kennet, ii. 614); but the 'eight weeks' are by no means mentioned in Camden! The Castle, a rather extensive building, overlooking from its rock 'the left bank of the main stream of the River,' is now a barrack for soldiers. Anciently, and still, a chief place of the *Butler* Family.

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 77); see also *Commons Journals* (vi. 381) 12th March 1649-50.

LETTER CXXII

TO THE GOVERNOR, AND MAYOR AND ALDERMEN, OF THE CITY OF KILKENNY: THESE

"Before Kilkenny," 22d March 1649.

Gentlemen,—My coming hither is to endeavour, if God so please to bless me, the reduction of the City of Kilkenny to their obedience to the State of England;—from which, by an unheard-of Massacre of the innocent English, you have endeavoured to rend yourselves. And as God hath begun to judge you with His sore plagues, so will He follow you until He hath destroyed you, if you repent not. Your Cause hath been judged already in England upon them who did abet your evils:[1] *what may the Principals then expect?—*

By this free dealing, you see I entice you not to a compliance. You may have Terms "such as" may save you in your lives, liberties and estates, according to what may be fitting for me to grant and you to receive. If you choose for the worst, blame yourselves. In confidence of the gracious blessing and presence of God with His own Cause, which by many testimonies this is,—I shall hope for a good issue upon my endeavours. Expecting a return from you, I rest, your servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

In Kilkenny are two military Governors, one of the City, one of the Castle; a Mayor with his Citizens and civic Functionaries; not to speak of Priests, miscellaneous clerical or other wreck of the once Supreme Council of Kilkenny, now

[1] Connor Lord Macguire (*State Trials*, iv. 654-754, 7th Feb. 1644-5), he and others have had public trial, doom and death, long since, for that: by the Law of England, well ascertained, known, and acted on, this long while, it is death to have been concerned in that.

* Narrative Fragment (in Ayscough MSS. no. 4769): found likewise, with date 23d March, in King's Pamphlets, sm. 4to, no. 464, art. 2; where the rest of these Kilkenny Letters are.

hastily exploded: all of whom this Letter of Friday evening throws into the natural agitation,—into the necessity of some swift resolution conjunct or several. On the morrow morning, Butler, 'Sir Walter Butler,' Governor of the City, answers with lion heart, or at least with lion voice and face, laconically in the name of all:

'FOR GENERAL CROMWELL'

'Kilkenny, 23 Martii 1649.

'SIR,—Your Letter I have received; and in answer thereof:—I am commanded to maintain this City for his Majesty; which, by the power of God, I am resolved to do.—Sir,—your servant, WALTER BUTLER.'

So that we have nothing for it but to 'take the best view we can where to plant our batteries';—send, in the mean while, another Letter with more precise explanation of our terms,—Letter now lost,—which probably occupies the Governor and Civic Authorities during Saturday and Sunday; and on Monday morning, by which time our batteries too are about ready, produces from the Governor new emphatic refusal:

'FOR GENERAL CROMWELL

'Kilkenny, 25 Martii 1649 [*should be* 1650].

'Sir,—Your last Letter I received, and in answer:—I have such confidence in God to maintain this place as I will not lose it upon such terms as you offer, but will sooner lose my life and the lives of all that are here rather than submit to such dishonourable conditions. So I rest,—Sir,—your servant, WALTER BUTLER.'

Whereupon, 'on Monday the 25th, our batteries,' unhappily only consisting of three guns, will have to open; and for the lion-voiced Governor there goes off this Answer:

LETTER CXXIII

FOR THE GOVERNOR OF KILKENNY

"Before Kilkenny," 25th March 1650.

Sir,—If you had been as clear as I was in my last,[1] *I might perhaps have understood you so as to give you some farther answer: but, you expressing nothing particularly what you have to except-against in mine, I have nothing more to return save this, That for some reasons I cannot let your Trumpeter suddenly come back, but have sent you this by a Drummer of my own. I rest, your servant,*

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

Your Trumpeter cannot suddenly come back, 'for some reasons,' chiefly for this,—that our poor batteries are about to begin to play, and that, in fact, we have a thought of storming you.—Governor Butler, hearing the batteries begin to play, makes haste to specify his conditions; which still seem rather high:

'FOR GENERAL CROMWELL

'Kilkenny, 25 Martii 1650.

'SIR,—Yours of this instant I received; the particulars which you would have me express are these:

'That the Mayor and Citizens and all the other inhabitants and others now resident in the City and liberties thereof, with their servants, shall be secured with their lives, liberties, estates and goods, and live in their own habitations with all freedom: And that our Clergymen and all others here residing, of what degree, condition or quality soever, that shall be minded to depart, shall be permitted to depart safely hence with their goods and whatsoever they have, to what place soever they please within this realm, and in their departure shall be safely convoyed: And that the said Inhabitants shall have free trade

[1] Second Letter, now lost. * King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, p. 13.

and traffic with all places under the Parliament of England's command and elsewhere: And that the foresaid Inhabitants shall have their arms, ammunition and artillery for their own defence, the Town and liberties thereof paying such reasonable contribution as shall be agreed upon, and not to be otherwise charged: And that the Governors, Commanders, Officers and Soldiers, both horse and foot, now garrisoned as well in the Castle as in the City, without exception of any of them, shall safely march hence,' whither they list, 'with their arms, ammunition, artillery, bag and baggage, and whatsoever else belongs to them; with their drums beating, colours flying, matches burning, and bullet in bouch' (musketeer's "bouch," *bouche* or *cheek*, in which at this epoch he keeps his bullets for immediate use); 'and that they have a competent time for their departure and carrying away their goods, with a sufficient and safe convoy. And that Major Nicholas Wall, and all others Commanders, Officers and Soldiers who came out of the English Quarters, now residing here, shall have the benefit of this Agreement. Without which, I am resolved to maintain this place, with God's help.

'Thus expecting your answer, and that during this treaty there shall be a cessation of arms, I rest,—Sir,—your servant,

'WALTER BUTLER,'

These terms are still somewhat lion-voiced; but our batteries, such as they are, continue playing; the tone, before next morning, abates a little, and this other Note has gone;—accompanied by one from the Mayor, which is now lost, but of which we can still guess the purport:

'FOR GENERAL CROMWELL

'Kilkenny, 25 Martii 1650.

'Sir,—Although I may not doubt, with God's help, to maintain this place, as I have formerly written,—yet I do send the Bearer to let you know, That I am content to treat with you of the Proposals to be made on either side, so that

there be a cessation of arms and all acts of hostility during that treaty. So, expecting your answer, I rest,—your servant,

'WALTER BUTLER.'

Meanwhile, having spent 'about a hundred shot' upon it, a breach discloses itself, which we hope is stormable. Storming party, on Tuesday the 26th, is accordingly drawn out, waiting the signal; and on another side of the City, 'Colonel Ewer with 1000 men' is to assault the quarter called the Irish Town. These Answers go, to their respective destinations:

LETTER CXXIV

FOR THE GOVERNOR OF KILKENNY

"Before Kilkenny," 26th March 1650.

Sir,—Except the conditions were much bettered, and we in a worse posture and capacity to reduce you than before the last Letters I sent you,—I cannot imagine whence those high Demands of yours arise. I hope in God, before it be long you may have occasion to think other thoughts; to which I leave you.

I shall not so much as treat with you on those Propositions. You desire some articles for honour's sake; which out of honesty, I do deny:—viz. that of marching in the equipage you mention, "muskets loaded, matches burning, etc." I tell you, my business is to reduce you from *arms, and the country to quietness and due subjection; to put an end to the War, and not to lengthen it;—wishing, if it may stand with the will of God, this People may live as happily as they did before the bloody Massacre, and better too. If you and the company with you be of those who resolve to continue to hinder this, we know Who is able to reach you, and, I believe, will.*

For the Inhabitants of the Town, of whom you seem to have a care, you know your retreat[1] *to be better than theirs; and*

[1] means of surety and withdrawal.

therefore it's not impoliticly done to speak for them, and to engage them to keep us as long from you as they can. If they be willing to expose themselves to ruin for you, you are much beholding unto them.

As for your 'Clergymen' as you call them, in case you agree for a surrender, they shall march away safely, with their goods and what belongs to them: but if they fall otherwise into my hands, I believe they know what to expect from me.—If upon what I proposed formerly, with this addition concerning them, *you expect things to be cleared, I am content to have Commissioners for that purpose. I rest, Sir, your servant,*

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

LETTER CXXV

TO THE MAYOR OF KILKENNY

"Before Kilkenny," 26th March 1650.

Sir,—Though I could have wished you and the Citizens had been indeed more sensible of your own interests and concernments,—yet since you are minded to involve it so much with that of soldiers, I am glad to understand you, which will be some direction to me what to think and what to do. I rest, your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

On signal given, the storming party of the breach, and Colonel Ewer at the Irish Town fall on · Colonel Ewer with good success; the storming party with indifferent or bad,—finding, after the breach is got, interior retrenchments, counterworks, palisadoes, hot fire; and drawing back, with the loss of 'Captain Frewen, and 20 or 30 men.' Ewer, however, is master of the Irish Town; the breach is still there,—*more* stormable than Tredah was, it may be hoped! Here in the interim is new anxious response from the Mayor:

* King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, pp. 17, 18.
† *Ibid.* p. 14.

'FOR THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GENERAL CROMWELL

'Kilkenny, 26th March 1650.

'RIGHT HONOURABLE,—I received your Honour's Letter in answer to mine, which I wrote unto your Honour in pursuance of the Propositions sent by our Governor unto your Honour, for obtaining of the said conditions,—which seemed unto us almost befitting to be granted; the military part having exposed themselves for our defence; which obligeth us not to accept of any conditions but such as may be befitting them. I desire your Honour to grant a Cessation of arms, and that Hostages on both sides be sent, and Commissioners appointed to treat of the conditions. I rest,—your Honour's servant,

'JAMES ARCHDAKIN, Mayor of Kilkenny.'

To which we answer:

LETTER CXXVI

FOR THE MAYOR OF KILKENNY

"Before Kilkenny," 26th March 1650.

Sir,—Those whom God hath brought to a sense of His hand upon them, and to amend, submitting themselves thereto and to the Power to which He hath subjected them, I cannot but pity and tender: and so far as that effect appears in you and your fellow-citizens, I shall be ready, without capitulation, to do more and better for you and them upon that ground, than upon the high Demands of your Governor, or his capitulations for you.

I suppose he hath acquainted you with what I briefly offered yesterday, in relation to yourself and the Inhabitants;—otherwise he hath the more to answer for to God and man. And notwithstanding the advantages (as to the commanding and entering the Town) which God hath given us since that offer, more than we were possessed of before,—yet I am still willing, upon your surrender, to make good the same to the City, and that with advantage.

Now in regard of that temper which appears amongst you by your Letters,—though I shall not engage for more upon the Governor's demands for you, whose power I conceive is now greater to prejudice and endanger the City than to protect it; "nevertheless," to save it from plunder and pillage, I "have" promised the Soldiery that, if we should take it by storm, the Inhabitants shall give them a reasonable Gratuity in money, in lieu of the pillages; and so made it death for any man to plunder. Which I shall still keep them to, by God's help, although we should be put to make an entry by force,—unless I shall find the Inhabitants engaging still with the Governor and "his" Soldiery to make resistance. You may see also the way I chose for reducing the place was such as tended most to save the Inhabitants from pillage, and from perishing promiscuously the innocent with the guilty:—to wit, by attempting places which being possessed might bring it to a surrender, rather than to enter the City itself by force.

If what is here expressed may beget resolution in you which would occasion your safety and be consistent with the end of my coming hither, I shall be glad; and rest, your friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[*]

Urged by the Mayor, by Colonel Ewer, and the course of destiny, the Governor's lion-voice has abated; he writes:

'FOR GENERAL CROMWELL

'Kilkenny, 26 Martii 1650.

'Sir—In answer of your Letter:—If you be pleased to appoint Officers for a Treaty for the surrender of the Castle and City upon soldierlike conditions, I will also appoint Officers of such quality as are in the Garrison;—provided that Hostages of equality be sent on both sides, and a

[*] King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, pp. 15, 16.

Cessation of arms be also granted during the Treaty. Assuring a performance, on my side, of all that will be agreed upon, I rest,—Sir,—your servant, WALTER BUTLER.

'P.S. I desire to know what 's become of my Trumpeter I employed two days ago.'

LETTER CXXVII

TO THE GOVERNOR OF KILKENNY

"Before Kilkenny," 26th March 1650.

Sir,—That no extremity may happen for want of a right understanding, I am content that Commissioners on each side do meet, in the Leaguer at the South side of the City; authorised to treat and conclude. For which purpose, if you shall speedily send me the names and qualities of the Commissioners you will send out, I shall appoint the like number on my part, authorised as aforesaid, to meet with them; and shall send-in a Safe-conduct for the coming out and return of your's. As for Hostages, I conceive it needless and dilatory. I expect that the Treaty begin by 8 *of the clock this evening, and end by* 12*; during which time only will I grant a Cessation. Expecting your speedy answer, I rest, your servant,*

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

Governor answers, at a late hour: Time is too short; impossible to end so soon; 'your Trumpeter did not arrive till *nine*':—Commissioners are 'Major John Crawford, Captain David Turnbull, James Cowley Esq. Recorder of this City, and Edward Rothe Merchant'; these will meet yours, where specified, at six tomorrow morning,—'so as Hostages be sent for their safe return; for without Hostages the Gentlemen will not go.'

* King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, pp. 15, 16.

LETTER CXXVIII

TO THE GOVERNOR OF KILKENNY

"Before Kilkenny," 27th March 1650.

Sir,—The reason of the so late coming of my answer was because my Trumpeter was refused to be received at the North end of the Town; and where he was admitted, was kept long upon the Guard.

I have sent you a Safe-conduct for the Four Commissioners named by you; and if they be such as are unwilling to take my word, I shall not, to humour them, agree to Hostages. I am willing to a Treaty for four hours, provided it be begun by 12 *of the clock this morning: but for a Cessation, the time last appointed for it being past, I shall not agree unto "it," to hinder my own proceedings. Your servant,*

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

After which straightway, with official Warrant, signed both by the City Governor and by the Castle one ('Ja. Welsh'), come the Four Commissioners; and then speedily the Treaty perfects itself: City and Garrison surrender wholly; City to pay ransom of 2,000*l.* at specified short dates, Recorder Cowley and Merchant Rothe remaining 'hostages till it be paid': Soldiers to march out, 'bullet in bouch,' with all the honours of war; but at the end of two miles to put bullet out of bouch, arms and war-honours wholly down, and, 'except 100 muskets and 100 pikes allowed them for defence against the Tories,' go off in an entirely pacific form. Thus go they;—and the Siege of Kilkenny, happily for all parties, for us here among others, terminates.

LETTER CXXIX

A ROUGH brief Note, on accidental business, 'concerning Cork House'; more interesting to the Boyle Genealogists and Dublin Antiquaries than to us.

* King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2. pp. 15, 16.

The 'Commissioners at Dublin' are Parliamentary Commissioners, of whom there have been various successive sets, the last set just appointed,[1] for various administrative objects, —chiefly, just now, for 'Advancement of the Gospel' by 'Sale of Dean-and-Chapter Lands,' to pay fit Preachers with, and provide right Churches for them. 'Cork House' is not Lismore, but the Family Mansion in Dublin; it stood on Cork Hill then, and has quite vanished now: the 'Dean at Dublin' has or had some interest in it, which might advance the Gospel if bestowed well.

"TO THE COMMISSIONERS AT DUBLIN: THESE"

"Carrick-on-Suir," 1st April 1650.

Gentlemen,—Being desired by the Countess of Cork that nothing may be done by way of disposal of such part of Cork House as is holden of the Dean in Dublin (in case my Lord of Cork's interest be determined therein); and that my Lord of Cork may have the refusal thereof before any other, in regard his Father has been at great charge in building thereof, and some part of the same House is[2] *my Lord's inheritance, and in that respect the other part would not be so convenient for any other:*

Which motion I conceive to be very reasonable. And therefore I desire you not to dispose of any part of the said House to any person whatsoever, until you hear farther from me; my Lady having undertaken, in a short time, as soon as she can come at the sight of her writings "so as" to be satisfied what interest my Lord of Cork hath yet to come therein, my Lord will renew his term in the said House, or give full resolution therein. I rest, your loving friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[1] 8th March 1649-50 (*Commons Journals*, vi. 379): 'Colonel John Hewson Governor of Dublin, Sir Robert King, William Hawkins, Daniel Hutchinson, William Lawrence, Esqrs., or any three of them, with the consent of the Lord Lieutenant.'

[2] 'being' in orig.

* Old Copy, 'The Coppie of my Lord Lieutenant's Letter to the Commissioners at Dublin concerninge Corke House'; now in the possession of Sir W. Betham, Ulster King of Arms.

'My Lady of Cork,' the second Earl's Wife, Lord Broghil's sister-in-law, has good access to the Lord Lieutenant at present:—will find her business drag, nevertheless.[1]

LETTER CXXX

OFFICIAL Despatch, briefly recapitulating that affair of Kilkenny and some others;—points also towards return to England.

FOR THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM LENTHALL, ESQUIRE, SPEAKER OF THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND: THESE

Carrick, 2d April 1650.

Mr. Speaker,—I think the last Letter I troubled you with, was about the taking of Cahir, since which time there were taken, by beating-up their quarters, two Colonels, a Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, and divers Captains, all of horse: Colonel Johnson,[2] *Lieutenant-Colonel Laughern, and Major Simes, were shot to death, as having served under the Parliament, but now taken up arms with the Enemy.*

Hearing that Castlehaven and Lieut.-General Ferral were about Kilkenny, with their Army lying there quartered, and about Carlow and Leighlin Bridge; and hearing also that Colonel Hewson, with a good Party from Dublin, was come as far as Ballysonan,[3] *and had taken it,—we thought fit to send an express to him, To march up towards us for a conjunction. And because we doubted the sufficiency of his Party to march with that security that were to be wished, Colonel Shilbourn was ordered to go with some troops of horse out of the County of Wexford, which was his station, to meet him. And because the Enemy was possessed of the fittest places upon the Barrow for*

[1] *Commons Journals*, vi. 434; Lodge's *Peerage* (Archdall's), i. 170; etc.

[2] The other Colonel, Randall Claydon, was tried and condemned with the others; but pardoned. See Letter in Appendix, No. 20; and Whitlocke. (*Note of* 1857.)

[3] See Whitlocke, p. 430; Carte, ii. 113.

our conjunction, we sent a Party of seven or eight hundred horse and dragoons and about five-hundred foot, to attempt upon Castlehaven in the rear, if he should have endeavoured to defend the places against Colonel Hewson.

Our Party, being a light nimble Party, was at the Barrow-side before Colonel Hewson could be heard of; and possessed a House, by the Graigue; they marched towards Leighlin, and faced Castlehaven at a pretty distance; but he showed no forwardness to engage. Our Party not being able to hear of Colonel Hewson, came back as far as Thomastown, a small walled Town, and a pass upon the Nore, between Kilkenny and Ross. Which our men attempting to take, the Enemy made no great resistance; but, by the advantage of the bridge, quitted the Town, and fled to a Castle about half a mile distant off, which they had formerly possessed. That night the President of Munster[1] *and myself came up to the Party. We summoned the Castle; and, after two days, it was surrendered to us; the Enemy leaving their arms, drums, colours and ammunition behind them, and engaging never to bear arms more against the Parliament of England.*

We lay still after this about two or three days. The President went back to Fethard, to bring up some great guns, with a purpose to attempt upon the Granny,[2] *and some Castles thereabouts, for the better blocking-up of Waterford; and to cause to advance up to us some more of our foot. In the end we had advertisement that Colonel Hewson was come to Leighlin; where was a very strong Castle and pass over the Barrow. I sent him word that he should attempt it; which he did; and, after some dispute, reduced it. By which means we have a good pass over the Barrow, and intercourse between Munster and Leinster. I sent Colonel Hewson word that he should march up to me; and we, advancing likewise with our Party, met "him,"—near by Gowran; a populous Town, where the Enemy had a very strong Castle, under the Command of*

[1] Ireton (*Commons Journals*, 4th December 1649).

[2] Now a ruin near Waterford; he spells it 'Granno.'

Colonel Hammond, a Kentishman, who was a principal actor in the Kentish Insurrection,[1] *and did manage the Lord Capel's business at his Trial. I sent him a civil invitation to deliver up the Castle unto me; to which he returned me a very resolute answer, and full of height. We planted our artillery; and before we had made a breach considerable, the Enemy beat a parley for a treaty; which I, having offered so fairly to him, refused; but sent him in positive conditions, That the soldiers should have their lives, and the Commission Officers to be disposed of as should be thought fit; which in the end was submitted to. The next day, the Colonel, the Major, and the rest of the Commission Officers were shot to death; all but one, who, being a very earnest instrument to have the Castle delivered, was pardoned.*[2] *In the same Castle also we took a Popish Priest, who was Chaplain to the Catholics in this regiment; who was caused to be hanged. I trouble you with this the rather, because this regiment was the Lord of Ormond's own regiment. In this Castle was good store of provisions for the Army.*

After the taking of this Castle, it was agreed amongst us to march to the City of Kilkenny. Which we did upon Friday the 22d of March: and coming with our body within a mile of the Town, we advanced with some horse very near unto it; and that evening I sent Sir Walter Butler and the Corporation a Letter. We took the best view we could where to plant our batteries; and upon Monday the 25th, our batteries, consisting of three guns, began to play. After near a hundred shot, we made a breach, as we hoped stormable. Our men were drawn out ready for the attempt; and Colonel Ewer "was" ordered, with about one-thousand foot, to endeavour to possess the Irish Town, much about the time of our storming;—which he accordingly did, with the loss of not above three or four men. Our men upon the signal fell on upon the breach: which indeed

[1] In 1648. None of our Hammonds.

[2] Infra, vol. iv., Appendix, No. 20, is some farther notice of this one.

was not performed with usual courage nor success; for they were beaten off, with the loss of one Captain, and about twenty or thirty men killed and wounded. The Enemy had made two retrenchments or counterworks, which they had strongly palisadoed: and both of them did so command our breach, that indeed it was a mercy to us we did not farther contend for an entrance there; it being probable that, if we had, it would have cost us very dear.

Having possessed the Irish Town; and there being another Walled Town on the other side of the River, eight companies of foot were sent over the River to possess that. Which accordingly was effected, and not above the like number lost that were in possessing the Irish Town. The Officer that commanded this party in chief attempted to pass over the Bridge into the City, and to fire the Gate; which indeed was done with good resolutions;—but, lying too open to the Enemy's shot, he had forty or fifty men killed and wounded; which was a sore blow to us. We made our preparations for a second battery; which was well near perfected: "but" the Enemy, seeing himself thus begirt, sent for a Treaty; and had it; and, in some hours, agreed to deliver up the Castle upon the Articles enclosed. Which, "accordingly," we received upon Thursday the 28th of March.—We find the Castle exceeding well fortified by the industry of the Enemy; being also very capacious: so that if we had taken the Town, we must have had a new work for the Castle, which might have cost much blood and time. So that, we hope, the Lord hath provided better for us; and we look at it as a gracious mercy that we have the place for you upon these terms.

Whilst these affairs were transacting, a Lieutenant-Colonel, three Majors, eight Captains, being English, Welsh and Scotch, with others, possessed of Cantwell Castle,[1]*—a very strong Castle, situated in a bog, well furnished with provisions of corn,—were*

[1] 'Cantwell,' still known among the peasantry by that name, is now called Sandford's Court; close upon Kilkenny: 'Donkill' seems to be Donhill, a ruined Strength not far from Waterford. Of Pulkerry and Ballopoin, in this paragraph, I can hear no tidings.

ordered by Sir Walter Butler to come to strengthen the Garrison of Kilkenny. But they sent two Officers to me, to offer me the place, and their service,—that they might have passes to go beyond sea to serve foreign states, with some money to bear their charges: the last whereof "likewise" I consented to; they promising to do nothing to the prejudice of the Parliament of England. Colonel Abbot also attempted Ennisnag: where were gotten a company of rogues which "had" revolted from Colonel Jones.[1] *The Soldiers capitulated for life, and their two Officers were hanged for revolting. Adjutant-General Sadler was commanded with two guns to attempt some Castles in the County of Tipperary and Kilkenny; which being reduced "would" exceedingly tend to the blocking-up of two considerable Towns. He summoned Pulkerry, a Garrison under Clonmel; battered it; they refusing to come out, stormed it; put thirty or forty of them to the sword, and the rest remaining obstinate were fired in the Castle. He took Ballopoin; the Enemy marching away, leaving their arms behind them. He took also the Granny and Donkill, two very considerable places to Waterford, upon the same terms.—We have advanced our quarters towards the Enemy, a considerable way above Kilkenny; where we hope, by the gaining of ground, to get subsistence; and still to grow upon the Enemy, as the Lord shall bless us.*

Sir, I may not be wanting to tell you, and renew it again, That our hardships are not a few; that I think in my conscience, if moneys be not supplied, we shall not be able to carry on your work:—I would not say this to you, if I did not reckon it my duty so to do. But if it be supplied, and that speedily, I hope, through the good hand of the Lord, it will not be long before England will be at an end of this charge;—for the saving of which, I beseech you help as soon as you can! Sir, our horse have not had one month's pay of five. We strain what we can that the foot may be paid, or else they would starve. Those Towns that are to be reduced, especially one or two of them, if we should proceed by the rules of other states, would cost you

[1] The late Michael Jones.

more money than this Army hath had since we came over. I hope, through the blessing of God, they will come cheaper to you: but how we should be able to proceed in our attempts without reasonable supply, is humbly submitted and represented to you. I think I need not say, that a speedy period put to this work will break the expectation of all your enemies. And seeing the Lord is not wanting to you, I most humbly beg it, that you would not be wanting to yourselves.

In the last place, it cannot be thought but the taking of these places, and keeping but what is necessary of them, must needs swallow-up our Foot: and I may humbly repeat it again, That I do not know of much above Two-thousand of your Five-thousand recruits come to us.—Having given you this account concerning your affairs, I am now obliged to give you an account concerning myself, which I shall do with all clearness and honesty.

I have received divers private intimations of your pleasure to have me come in person to wait upon you in England; as also copies of Votes of the Parliament to that purpose. But considering the way they came to me was but "by" private intimations, and the Votes did refer to a Letter to be signed by the Speaker,—I thought it would have been too much forwardness in me to have left my charge here, until the said Letter came; it being not fit for me to prophesy whether the Letter would be an absolute command, or having limitations with a liberty left by the Parliament to me, to consider in what way to yield my obedience. Your Letter came to my hands upon Friday the 22d of March, the same day that I came before the City of Kilkenny, and when I was near the same. And I understood by Dr. Cartwright, who delivered it to me, that reason of cross winds, and the want of shipping in the West of England where he was, hindered him from coming with it sooner; it bearing date the 8th of January, and not coming to my hands until the 22d of March.

The Letter supposed your Army in Winter-quarters, and the

time of the year not suitable for present action; making this as the reason of your command. And your Forces have been in action ever since the 29th of January; and your Letter, which was to be the rule of my obedience, coming to my hands after our having been so long in action,—with respect had to the reasons you were pleased to use therein, "I knew not what to do." And having received a Letter signed by yourself, of the 26th of February,[1] *which mentions not a word of the continuance of your pleasure concerning my coming over, I did humbly conceive it much consisting with my duty, humbly to beg a positive signification what your will is; professing (as before the Lord) that I am most ready to obey your commands herein with all alacrity; rejoicing only to be about that work which I am called to by those whom God hath set over me, which I acknowledge you to be; and fearing only in obeying you, to disobey you.*

I most humbly and earnestly beseech you to judge for me, Whether your Letter doth not naturally allow me the liberty of begging a more clear expression of your command and pleasure. Which, when vouchsafed unto me, will find most ready and cheerful obedience from, Sir, your most humble servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

LETTER CXXXI

HERE, of the same date, is a Letter to Mayor; and then a Letter to Richard; which concludes what we have in Ireland.

FOR MY VERY LOVING BROTHER RICHARD MAYOR, ESQUIRE, AT HURSLEY IN HAMPSHIRE: THESE

Carrick, 2d April 1650.

Dear Brother,—For me to write unto you the state of our

[1] Antea, p. 139.

* King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2; Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 78-81). Printed, this Letter with the others on Kilkenny, by order of Parliament; messenger, 'Richard Lehunt' (Colonel Lehunt, I believe, antea, vol. i. p. 329), gets 50*l.* (*Commons Journals*, vi. 397, 13th April 1650.)

affairs here were more indeed than I have leisure well to do; and therefore I hope you do not expect it from me; seeing when I write to the Parliament I usually am, as becomes me, very particular with them; and usually from thence the knowledge thereof is spread.

Only this let me say, which is the best intelligence to Friends that are truly Christian: The Lord is pleased still to vouchsafe us His presence, and to prosper His own work in our hands, —which to us is the more eminent because truly we are a company of poor weak worthless creatures. Truly our work is neither from our own brains nor from our courage and strength: but we follow the Lord who goeth before, and gather what he scattereth, that so all may appear to be from Him.

The taking of the City of Kilkenny hath been one of our last works; which indeed I believe hath been a great discomposing the Enemy,—it's so much in their bowels. We have taken many considerable places lately, without much loss. What can we say to these things! If God be for us, who can be against us? Who can fight against the Lord and prosper? Who can resist His will? The Lord keep us in His love.

I desire your prayers; your Family is often in mine. I rejoice to hear how it hath pleased the Lord to deal with my Daughter.[1] *The Lord bless her, and sanctify all His dispensations to them and us. I have committed my Son to you; I pray counsel him. Some Letters I have lately had from him have a good savour: the Lord treasure up grace there, that out of that treasury he may bring forth good things.*

Sir, I desire my very entire affection may be presented to my dear Sister, my Cousin Ann and the rest of my Cousins,—and to idle Dick Norton when you see him. Sir, I rest, your most loving brother,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

[1] In a hopeful way, I conclude! Richard's first child, according to Noble's registers, was not born till 3d November 1652 (Noble, i. 189); a boy, who died within three weeks. Noble's registers, as we shall soon see, are very defective.

* Harris, p. 512.

LETTER CXXXII

FOR MY BELOVED SON RICHARD CROMWELL, ESQUIRE, AT HURSLEY IN HAMPSHIRE: THESE

Carrick, 2d April 1650.

Dick Cromwell,—I take your Letters kindly: I like expressions when they come plainly from the heart, and are not strained nor affected.

I am persuaded it's the Lord's mercy to place you where you are: I wish you may own it and be thankful, fulfilling all relations to the glory of God. Seek the Lord and His face continually:—let this be the business of your life and strength, and let all things be subservient and in order to this! You cannot find nor behold the face of God but in Christ; therefore labour to know God in Christ; which the Scripture makes to be the sum of all, even Life Eternal. Because the true knowledge is not literal or speculative; "no," but inward; transforming the mind to it. It's uniting to, and participating of, *the Divine Nature* (Second Peter, i. 4): "*That by these ye might be partakers of the Divine Nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.*" *It's such a* knowledge *as Paul speaks of* (Philippians, iii. 8-10): "*Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. For whom I have suffered the loss of all things; and do count them but dung that I may win Christ, and be found in Him,—not having mine own righteousness which is of the Law, but that which is through the Faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by Faith;—that I may know Him, and the power of His Resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings; being made conformable unto His Death.*"[1] *How little of this knowledge is among us! My weak prayers shall be for you.*

[1] These sentences,—well known to Oliver; familiar to him in their phraseology, and in their sense too; and never to be *finally* forgotten by the earnest-hearted of the Sons of Men,—are not quoted in the Original, but merely indicated.

Take heed of an unactive vain spirit! Recreate yourself with Sir Walter Raleigh's History: it's a Body of History; and will add much more to your understanding than fragments of Story.—Intend[1] *to understand the Estate I have settled: it's your concernment to know it all, and how it stands. I have heretofore suffered much by too much trusting others. I know my brother Mayor will be helpful to you in all this.*

You will think, perhaps, I need not advise you To love your Wife! The Lord teach you how to do it;—or else it will be done ill-favouredly. Though Marriage be no instituted Sacrament, yet where the undefiled bed is, and love, this union aptly resembles "that of" Christ and His Church. If you *can truly love your Wife, what "love" doth Christ bear to His Church and every poor soul therein,—who "gave Himself" for it and to it!— —Commend me to your Wife; tell her I entirely love her, and rejoice in the goodness of the Lord to her. I wish her everyway fruitful. I thank her for her loving Letter.*

I have presented my love to my Sister and Cousin Ann etc. in my Letter to my Brother Mayor. I would not have him alter his affairs because of my debt. My purse is as his: my present thoughts are but To lodge such a sum for my two little Girls;—it's in his hand as well as anywhere. I shall not be wanting to accommodate him to his mind; I would not have him solicitous.—Dick, the Lord bless you every way. I rest, your loving Father,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

In the end of this month, 'the President Frigate,' President Bradshaw Frigate, sails from Milford Haven 'to attend his

[1] Old word for 'endeavour.'

* *Memoirs of the Protector Oliver Cromwell*, by Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, a Descendant of the Family (London, 1822), i. 369. An incorrect, dull, insignificant Book; contains this Letter, and one or two others, 'in possession of the Cromwell Family.'—Another Descendant, Thomas Cromwell Esquire's *Oliver Cromwell and his Times* (London, 1821), is of a vaporous, gesticulative, dull-*aërial*, still more insignificant character; and contains nothing that is not common elsewhere.

Excellency's pleasure,' and bring him home if he see good to come. He has still one storm to do there first; that of Clonmel, where 'Two-thousand foot, all Ulster men,' are gathered for a last struggle;—the death-agony of this War, after which it will fairly die, and be buried. A very fierce storm, and fire-whirlwind of last agony; whereof take this solid account by an eye-witness and hand-actor; and so leave this part of our subject. The date is 10th May 1650; 'a Letter from Clonmel in Ireland:'

'Worthy Sir,—Yesterday,' Thursday 9th May, 'we stormed Clonmel: in which work both officers and soldiers did as much and more than could be expected. We had, with our guns, made a breach in their works;—where, after an hot fight, we gave back a while; but presently charged up to the same ground again. But the enemy had made themselves exceeding strong, by double-works and traverse, which were worse to enter than the breach; when we came up to it, they had cross-works, and were strongly flanked from the houses within their works. The Enemy defended themselves against us that day, until towards the evening, our men all the while keeping up close to their breach; and many on both sides were slain.' The fierce death-wrestle, in the breaches here, lasted four hours: so many hours of hot storm and continuous tug of war, 'and many on both sides were slain. At night the Enemy drew out on the other side, and marched away undiscovered to us; and the inhabitants of Clonmel sent out for a parley. Upon which, Articles were agreed on, before we knew the Enemy was gone. After signing of the Conditions, we discovered the Enemy to be gone; and, very early this morning, pursued them; and fell upon their rear of stragglers, and killed above 200,—besides those we slew in the storm. We entered Clonmel this morning; and have kept our Conditions with them. The place is considerable; and very advantageous to the reducing of these parts wholly to the Parliament of England.'[1] Whitlocke has heard by

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 81).

other Letters, 'That they found in Clonmel the stoutest Enemy this Army had ever met in Ireland; and that there was never seen so hot a storm, of so long continuance, and so gallantly defended, either in England or Ireland.'[1]

The Irish Commander here was Hugh O'Neil, a kinsman of Owen Roe's: vain he too, this new brave O'Neil! It is a lost Cause. It is a Cause he has not yet seen into the secret of, and cannot prosper in. Fiery fighting cannot prosper in it; no, there needs something other first, which has never yet been done! Let the O'Neil go elsewhither, with his fighting talent; here it avails nothing, and less. To the surrendered Irish Officers the Lord Lieutenant granted numerous permissions to embody regiments, and go abroad with them into any country not at war with England. Some 'Five-and-forty Thousand' *Kurisees*, or whatever name they had, went in this way to France, to Spain, and fought there far off; and their own land had peace.

The Lord Lieutenant would fain have seen Waterford surrender before he went: but new Letters arrive from the Parliament; affairs in Scotland threaten to become pressing. He appoints Ireton his Deputy, to finish the business here; rapidly makes what survey of Munster, what adjustment of Ireland, military and civil, is possible;—steps on board the President Frigate, in the last days of May, and spreads sail for England. He has been some nine months in Ireland; leaves a very handsome spell of work done there.

At Bristol, after a rough passage, the Lord Lieutenant is received with all the honours and acclamations, 'the great guns firing thrice'; hastens up to London, where, on Friday 31st May, all the world is out to welcome him. Fairfax, and chief officers, and Members of Parliament, with solemn salutation, on Hounslow Heath: from Hounslow Heath to Hyde Park, where are Trainbands and Lord Mayors; on to Whitehall and the Cockpit, where are better than these,—it

[1] Whitlocke, p. 441.

is one wide tumult of salutation, congratulation, artillery-volleying, human shouting;—Hero-worship after a sort, not the best sort. It was on this occasion that Oliver said, or is reported to have said, when some sycophantic person observed, 'What a crowd come out to see your Lordship's triumph!'—'Yes, but if it were to see me hanged, how many more would there be!'[1]—

Such is what the Irish common people still call the 'Curse of Cromwell'; this is the summary of his work in that country. The remains of the War were finished out by Ireton, by Ludlow: Ireton died of fever, at Limerick, in the end of the second year;[2] and solid Ludlow, who had been with him for some ten months, succeeded. The ulterior arrangements for Ireland were those of the Commonwealth Parliament and the proper Official Persons; not specially Oliver's arrangements, though of course he remained a chief authority in that matter, and nothing could well be done which he with any emphasis deliberately condemned.

There goes a wild story, which owes its first place in History to Clarendon, I think, who is the author of many such: How the Parliament at one time had decided to 'exterminate' all the Irish population; and then, finding this would not quite answer, had contented itself with packing them all off into the Province of Connaught, there to live upon the moorlands; and *so* had pacified the Sister Island.[3] Strange rumours no doubt were afloat in the Council of Kilkenny, in the Conventicle of Clonmacnoise, and other such quarters, and were kept up for very obvious purposes in those days; and my Lord of Clarendon at an after-date, seeing Puritanism hung on the gallows and tumbled in heaps in St. Margaret's, thought it safe to write with considerable latitude respecting its procedure. My Lord had, in fact, the story all

[1] Newspapers (in Kimber, p. 148); Whitlocke, p. 441.

[2] 26th November 1651 (Wood *in voce*): Ludlow had arrived in January of the same year (*Memoirs*, i. 322, 332, etc.).

[3] *Continuation of Clarendon's Life* (Oxford, 1761), p. 119, etc.

his own way for about a hundred-and-fifty years; and, during that time, has set afloat through vague heads a great many things. His authority is rapidly sinking; and will now probably sink deeper than even it deserves.

The real procedure of the Puritan Commonwealth towards Ireland is not a matter of conjecture, or of report by Lord Clarendon; the documentary basis and scheme of it still stands in black-on-white, and can be read by all persons.[1] In this Document the reader will find, set forth in authentic business-form, a Scheme of Settlement somewhat different from that of 'extermination'; which, if he be curious in that matter, he ought to consult. First, it appears by this Document, 'all husbandmen, ploughmen, labourers, artificers and others of the meaner sort' of the Irish nation are to be,—not exterminated; no, but rendered exempt from punishment and question, as to these Eight Years of blood and misery now ended; which is a very considerable exception from the Clarendon Scheme! Next, as to the Ringleaders, the rebellious Landlords, and Papist Aristocracy; as to these also, there is a carefully-graduated scale of punishments established, that punishment and guilt may in some measure correspond. All that can be proved to have been concerned in the Massacre of Forty-one; for these, and for certain other persons of the turncoat species, whose names are given, there shall be no pardon:—'extermination," actual death on the gallows, or perpetual banishment and confiscation for these; but not without legal inquiry and due trial first had, for these, or for any one. Then certain others, who have been in arms at certain dates against the Parliament, but not concerned in the Massacre: these are declared to have forfeited their estates; but lands to the value of one-third of the same, as a modicum to live upon, shall be assigned them, where the Parliament thinks safest,—in the moorlands of Connaught, as it turned out. Then another class, who are open Papists and have *not* manifested their good affection to the Parliament: these are to forfeit one-third of

[1] Scobell, Part ii. p. 197 (12th August 1652); see also p. 317 (27th June 1656).

their estates; and continue quiet at their peril. Such is the Document; which was regularly acted on; fulfilled with as much exactness as the case, now in the hands of very exact men, admitted of. The Catholic Aristocracy of Ireland have to undergo this fate, for their share in the late miseries; this and no other: and as for all 'ploughmen, husbandmen, artificers and people of the meaner sort,' they are to live quiet where they are, and have no questions asked.

In this way, not in the way of 'extermination,' was Ireland settled by the Puritans. Five-and-forty thousand armed 'kurisees' are fighting, not without utility we hope, far off in foreign parts. Incurably turbulent ringleaders of revolt are sent to the moorlands of Connaught. Men of the Massacre, where they can be convicted, of which some instances occur, are hanged. The mass of the Irish Nation lives quiet under a *new* Land Aristocracy; new, and in several particulars very much improved indeed: under these lives now the mass of the Irish Nation; ploughing, delving, hammering; with their wages punctually paid them; with the truth spoken to them, and the truth done to them, so as they had never before seen it since they were a Nation! Clarendon himself admits that Ireland flourished, to an unexampled extent, under this arrangement. One can very well believe it. What is to hinder poor Ireland from flourishing, if you will do the truth to it and speak the truth, instead of doing the falsity and speaking the falsity?

Ireland, under this arrangement, would have grown-up gradually into a sober diligent drabcoloured population; developing itself, most probably, in some form of Calvinistic Protestantism. For there was hereby a Protestant *Church* of Ireland, of the most irrefragable nature, preaching daily in all its actions and procedure a real Gospel of veracity, of piety, of fair dealing and good order, to all men; and certain other 'Protestant Churches of Ireland,' and unblessed real-imaginary Entities, of which the human soul is getting weary, would of a surety never have found footing there! But the Ever-blessed

Restoration came upon us. All that arrangement was torn-up by the roots; and Ireland was appointed to develop itself as we have seen. Not in the drabcoloured Puritan way;—in what other way is still a terrible dubiety, to itself and to us! It will be by some Gospel of Veracity, I think, when the Heavens are pleased to send such. This 'Curse of Cromwell,' so-called, is the only Gospel of that kind I can yet discover to have ever been fairly afoot there.

PART SIXTH

WAR WITH SCOTLAND

1650-51

WAR WITH SCOTLAND

THE Scotch People, the first beginners of this grand Puritan Revolt, which we may define as an attempt to bring the Divine Law of the Bible into actual practice in men's affairs on the Earth, are still one and all resolute for that object; but they are getting into sad difficulties as to realising it. Not easy to realise such a thing: besides true will, there need heroic gifts, the highest that Heaven gives, for realising it! Gifts which have not been vouchsafed the Scotch People at present. The letter of their Covenant presses heavy on these men; traditions, formulas, dead letters of many things press heavy on them. On the whole, they too are but what we call Pedants in conduct, not Poets: the sheepskin record failing them, and old use-and-wont ending, they cannot farther; they look into a sea of troubles, shoreless, starless, on which there seems no navigation possible.

The faults or misfortunes of the Scotch People, in their Puritan business, are many: but properly their grand fault is this, That they have produced for it no sufficiently heroic man among them. No man that has an eye to see beyond the letter and the rubric; to discern, across many consecrated rubrics of the Past, the inarticulate divineness too of the Present and the Future, and dare all perils in the faith of that!

With Oliver Cromwell born a Scotchman; with a Hero King and a unanimous Hero Nation at his back, it might have been far otherwise. With Oliver born Scotch, one sees not but the whole world might have become Puritan; might have struggled, yet a long while, to fashion itself according to that divine Hebrew Gospel,—to the exclusion of other Gospels not Hebrew, which also are divine, and will have their share of fulfilment here!—But of such issue there is no danger. Instead of inspired Olivers, glowing with direct insight and noble daring, we have Argyles, Loudons, and narrow, more or less opaque persons of the Pedant species. Committees of Estates, Committees of Kirks, much tied-up in formulas, both of them: a bigoted Theocracy *without* the Inspiration; which is a very hopeless phenomenon indeed! The Scotch People are all willing, eager of heart; asking, Whitherward? But the Leaders stand aghast at the new forms of danger; and in a vehement discrepant manner some calling, Halt! others calling, Backward! others, Forward!—huge confusion ensues. Confusion which will need an Oliver to repress it; to bind it up in tight manacles, if not otherwise; and say, 'There, sit there and consider thyself a little!'—

The meaning of the Scotch Covenant was, that God's divine Law of the Bible should be put in practice in these Nations; verily *it*, and not the Four Surplices at Allhallowtide, or any Formula of cloth or sheepskin here or elsewhere which merely pretended to be it. But then the Covenant says expressly, there is to be a Stuart King in the business: we cannot do without our Stuart King! Given a divine Law of the Bible on one hand, and a Stuart King, Charles First or Charles Second, on the other: alas, did History ever present a more irreducible case of equations in this world? I pity the poor Scotch Pedant Governors; still more the poor Scotch People, who had no other to follow! Nay, as for that, the People did get through, in the end; such was their indomitable pious constancy, and other worth and fortune: and Presbytery became a Fact among them, to the whole length possible for

it: not without endless results. But for the poor Governors this irreducible case proved, as it were, fatal! They have never since, if we will look narrowly at it, governed Scotland. or even well known that they were there to attempt governing it. Once they lay on Dunse Hill, 'each Earl with his regiment of Tenants round him,' '*For Christ's Crown and Covenant*'; and never since had they any noble National act which it was given them to do. Growing desperate of Christ's Crown and Covenant, they, in the next generation when our *Annus Mirabilis* arrived, hurried up to Court, looking out for other Crowns and Covenants; deserted Scotland and her Cause, somewhat basely; took to *booing* and *booing* for Causes of their own, unhappy mortals;—and Scotland and all Causes that were Scotland's have had to go on very much without *them* ever since! Which is a very fatal issue indeed, as I reckon;—and the time for settlement of accounts about it, which could not fail always, and seems now fast drawing nigh, looks very ominous to me. For in fact there is no creature more fatal than your Pedant; safe as he esteems himself, the terriblest issues spring from him. Human crimes are many: but the crime of being deaf to the God's Voice, of being blind to all but parchments and antiquarian rubrics when the Divine Handwriting is abroad on the sky,—certainly there is no crime which the Supreme Powers do more terribly avenge!

But leaving all that,—the poor Scotch Governors, we remark, in that old crisis of theirs, have come upon the desperate expedient of getting Charles Second to adopt the Covenant the best he can. Whereby our parchment formula is indeed saved; but the divine fact has gone terribly to the wall! The Scotch Governors hope otherwise. By treaties at Jersey, treaties at Breda, they and the hard Law of Want together have constrained this poor young Stuart to their detested Covenant; as the Frenchman said, they have 'compelled him to adopt it voluntarily.' A fearful crime, thinks Oliver, and think we. How dare you enact such mummery under High Heaven! exclaims he. You will prosecute Malig-

nants; and, with the aid of some poor varnish, transparent even to yourselves, you adopt into your bosom the Chief Malignant? My soul, come not into your secret; mine honour, be not united unto you!—

In fact, his new Sacred Majesty is actually under way for the Scotch court; will become a Covenanted King there. Of himself a likely enough young man;—very unfortunate he too. Satisfactorily descended from the Steward of Scotland and Elizabeth Muir of Caldwell (whom some have called an improper female[1]); satisfactory in this respect, but in others most unsatisfactory. A somewhat loose young man; has Buckingham, Wilmot and Company, at one hand of him, and painful Mr. Livingston and Presbyterian ruling-elders at the other; is hastening now, as a Covenanted King, towards such a Theocracy as we described. Perhaps the most anomalous phenomenon ever produced by Nature and Art working together in this World!—He had sent Montrose before him, poor young man, to try if war and force could effect nothing; whom instantly the Scotch Nation took, and tragically hanged.[2] They now, winking hard at that transaction, proffer the poor young man their Covenant; compel him to sign it voluntarily, and be Covenanted King over them.

The result of all which for the English Commonwealth cannot be doubtful. What Declarations, Papers, Protocols, passed on the occasion,—numerous, flying thick between Edinburgh and London in late months,—shall remain unknown to us. The Commonwealth has brought Cromwell home from Ireland; and got forces ready for him: that is the practical outcome of it. The Scotch also have got forces ready; will either invade us, or (which we decide to be preferable) be invaded by us.[3] Cromwell must now take up the Scotch coil of troubles, as he did the Irish, and deal with that too. Fair-

[1] Horseloads of Jacobite, Anti-Jacobite Pamphlets; Goodall, Father Innes, etc. etc. How it was settled, I do not recollect.

[2] Details of the business, in Balfour iv. 9-22.

[3] *Commons Journals*, 26th June 1650.

fax, as we heard, was unwilling to go; Cromwell, urging the Council of State to second him, would fain persuade Fairfax; gets him still nominated Commander-in-Chief; but cannot persuade him;—will himself have to be Commander-in-Chief, and go.

In Whitlocke and Ludlow[1] there is record of earnest intercessions, solemn conference held with Fairfax in Whitehall, duly prefaced by prayer to Heaven; intended on Cromwell's part to persuade Fairfax that it is his duty again to accept the chief command, and lead us into Scotland. Fairfax, urged by his Wife, a Vere of the fighting Veres, and given to Presbyterianism, dare not and will not go;—sends 'Mr. Rushworth, his Secretary,' on the morrow, to give up his Commission,[2] that Cromwell himself may be named General-in-Chief. In this preliminary business, says Ludlow, 'Cromwell acted his part so to the life that I really thought he wished Fairfax to go.' Wooden-headed that I was, I had reason to alter that notion by and by!

Wooden Ludlow gives note of another very singular interview he himself had with Cromwell, 'a little after,' in those same days or hours. Cromwell whispered him in the House; they agreed 'to meet that afternoon in the Council of State' in Whitehall, and there withdraw into a private room to have a little talk together. Oliver had cast his eye on Ludlow as a fit man for Ireland, to go and second Ireton there; he took him, as by appointment, into a private room, 'the Queen's Guard-chamber' to wit; and there very largely expressed himself. He testified the great value he had for me, Ludlow; combated my objections to Ireland; spake somewhat against Lawyers, what a tortuous ungodly jungle English Law was; spake of the good that might be done by a good and brave man;—spake of the great Providence of God now abroad on the Earth; in particular 'talked for almost an hour upon the

[1] Whitlocke, pp. 444-6 (25th June 1650); Ludlow, i. 317.
[2] *Commons Journals*, ubi supra.

Hundred-and-tenth Psalm'; which to me, in my solid wooden head, seemed extremely singular![1]

Modern readers, not in the case of Ludlow, will find this fact illustrative of Oliver. Before setting out on the Scotch Expedition, and just on the eve of doing it, we too will read that Psalm of Hebrew David's, which had become English Oliver's: we will fancy in our minds, not without reflections and emotions, the largest soul in England looking at this God's World with prophet's earnestness through that Hebrew Word,—two Divine Phenomena accurately correspondent for Oliver; the one accurately the prophetic symbol and articulate interpretation of the other. As if the Silences had at length found utterance, and this was their Voice from out of old Eternity:

'The Lord said unto my Lord: Sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool. The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion: rule thou in the midst of thine enemies. Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power; in the beauties of holiness, from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth. The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest forever, after the order of Melchizedek. The Lord, at thy right hand, shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath. He shall judge among the heathen; he shall fill the places with the dead bodies; he shall wound the heads over many countries. He shall drink of the brook in the way: therefore shall he lift up the head.'

In such spirit goes Oliver Cromwell to the Wars. 'A god-intoxicated man,' as Novalis elsewhere phrases it. I have asked myself, If anywhere in Modern European History, or even in ancient Asiatic, there was found a man practising this mean World's affairs with a heart more filled by the Idea of the Highest? Bathed in the Eternal Splendours,—it is so he walks our dim Earth: this man is one of few. He is projected with a terrible force out of the Eternities, and in

[1] Ludlow, i. 319.

the Times and their arenas there is nothing that can withstand him. It is great;—to us it is tragic; a thing that should strike us dumb! My brave one, thy old noble Prophecy *is* divine; older than Hebrew David; old as the Origin of Man;—and shall, though in wider ways than thou supposest, be fulfilled!—

LETTERS CXXXIII—CXXXVIII

Hooke and his small business, in rapid public times, will not detain us. Humphrey Hooke, Alderman of Bristol, was elected to the Long Parliament for that City in 1640; but being found to have had concern in 'Monopolies,' was, like a number of others, expelled, and sent home again under a cloud. The 'service' he did at Bristol Storm, though somewhat needing 'concealment,' ought to rehabilitate him a little in the charity, at least in the pity, of the Well-affected mind. At all events, the conditions made with him must be kept;—and we doubt not were.

LETTER CXXXIII

"TO THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM LENTHALL, ESQUIRE, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: THESE"

London, 20th June 1650.

Mr. Speaker,—When we lay before Bristol in the Year 1645, *we considered the season of the year, the strength of the place, and of what importance the reducement thereof would be to the good of the Commonwealth, and accordingly applied ourselves to all possible means for the accomplishment of the same; which received its answerable effect. At which time, for something considerable done in order to that end, by Humphrey Hooke, Alderman of that place,—which, for many reasons, is desired to be concealed,—his Excellency the Lord General Fairfax and myself gave him an Engagement under our hands*

and seals, That he should be secured and protected, by the authority of the Parliament, in the enjoyment of his life, liberty and estate, as freely as in former times, and as any other person under the obedience of the Parliament; notwithstanding any past acts of hostility, or other thing done by him, in opposition to the Parliament or assistance of the Enemy. Which Engagement, with a Certificate of divers godly persons of that City concerning the performance of his part thereof, is ready to be produced.

I understand, that lately an Order is issued out to sequester him, whereby he is called to Composition. I thought it meet therefore to give the honourable Parliament this account, that he may be preserved from anything of that nature. For the performance of which, in order to the good of the Commonwealth, we stand engaged in our faith and honour. I leave it to you; and remain, Sir, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[*]

On *Wednesday 26th June* 1650, the Act appointing 'That Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, be constituted Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of all the Forces raised or to be raised by authority of Parliament within the Commonwealth of England,'[1] was passed. 'Whereupon,' says Whitlocke, 'great ceremonies and congratulations of the new General were made to him from all sorts of people; and he went on roundly with his business.' Roundly, rapidly; for in three days more, on Saturday the 29th, 'the Lord General Cromwell went out of London towards the North: and the news of him marching northward much startled the Scots.'[2]

He has Lambert for Major-General, Cousin Whalley for Commissary-General; and among his Colonels are Overton, whom we knew at Hull; Pride, whom we have seen in Westminster Hall; and a taciturn man, much given to chewing tobacco, whom we have transiently seen in various places,

[*] Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 222).

[1] *Commons Journals*, in die.

[2] Whitlocke, pp. 446-7.

Colonel George Monk by name.[1] An excellent officer; listens to what you say, answers often by a splash of brown juice merely, but punctually does what is doable of it. Pudding-headed Hodgson the Yorkshire Captain is also there; from whom perhaps we may glean a rough lucent-point or two. The Army, as my Lord General attracts it gradually from the right and left on his march northward, amounts at Tweedside to some Sixteen-thousand horse and foot.[2] Rushworth goes with him as Secretary; historical John; having now done with Fairfax:—but, alas, his Papers for this Period are all lost to us: it was not safe to print them with the others; and they are lost! The *Historical Collections*, with their infinite rubbish and their modicum of jewels, cease at the Trial of the King; leaving us, fallen into far worse hands, to repent of our impatience, and regret the useful John!

The following Letters, without commentary, which stingy space will not permit, must note the Lord General's progress for us as they can; and illuminate with here and there a rude gleam of direct light at first-hand, an old scene very obsolete, confused, unexplored and dim for us.

LETTER CXXXIV

Dorothy Cromwell, we are happy to find, has a 'little brat';—but the poor little thing must have died soon: in Noble's inexact lists there is no trace of its ever having lived. The Lord General has got into Northumberland. He has a good excuse for being 'silent this way,'—the way of Letters.

FOR MY VERY LOVING BROTHER RICHARD MAYOR, ESQUIRE, AT HIS HOUSE AT HURSLEY: THESE

Alnwick, 17th July 1650.

Dear Brother,—The exceeding crowd of business I had at

[1] *Life of Monk*, by Gumble, his Chaplain.

[2] Train, 690; horse, 5,415; foot, 10,249; *in toto*, 16,354 (*Cromwelliana*, p. 85).

London is the best excuse I can make for my silence this way. Indeed, Sir, my heart beareth me witness I want no affection to you or yours; you are all often in my poor prayers.

I should be glad to hear how the little Brat doth. I could chide both Father and Mother for their neglects of me: I know my Son is idle, but I had better thoughts of Doll. I doubt now her husband hath spoiled her; pray tell her so from me. If I had as good leisure as they, I should write sometimes. If my Daughter be breeding, I will excuse her; but not for her nursery! The Lord bless them. I hope you give my Son good counsel; I believe he needs it. He is in the dangerous time of his age; and it's a very vain world. O, how good it is to close with Christ betimes;—there is nothing else worth the looking after. I beseech you call upon him,— I hope you will discharge my duty and your own love: you see how I am employed. I need pity. I know what I feel. Great place and business in the world is not worth the looking after; I should have no comfort in mine but that my hope is in the Lord's presence. I have not sought these things; truly I have been called unto them by the Lord; and therefore am not without some assurance that He will enable His poor worm and weak servant to do His will, and to fulfil my generation. In this I desire your prayers. Desiring to be lovingly remembered to my dear Sister, to our Son and Daughter, to my Cousin Ann and the good Family, I rest, your very affectionate brother,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

On *Monday 22d July*, the Army, after due rendezvousing and reviewing, passed through Berwick; and encamped at Mordington across the Border, where a fresh stay of two days is still necessary. Scotland is bare of resources for us. That night 'the Scotch beacons were all set on fire; the men fled, and drove away their cattle.' Mr. Bret, his Excellency's Trumpeter, returns from Edinburgh without symptom of pacification. 'The Clergy represent us to the people as

* Harris, p. 513: one of the Pusey stock.

if we were monsters of the world.' 'Army of Sectaries and Blasphemers,' is the received term for us among the Scots.[1]

Already on the march hitherward, and now by Mr. Bret in an official way, have due Manifestos been promulgated: Declaration *To all that are Saints and Partakers of the Faith of God's Elect in Scotland*, and Proclamation *To the People of Scotland* in general. Asking of the mistaken *People*, in mild terms, Did you not see us, and try us, what kind of men we were, when we came among you two years ago? Did you find us plunderers, murderers, monsters of the world? 'Whose ox have we stolen?' To the mistaken *Saints of God in Scotland*, again, the Declaration testifies and argues, in a grand earnest way, That in Charles Stuart and his party there can be no salvation; that *we* seek the real substance of the Covenant, which it is perilous to desert for the mere outer form thereof; —on the whole, that we are not sectaries and blasphemers; and that it goes against our heart to hurt a hair of any sincere servant of God.—Very earnest Documents, signed by John Rushworth in the name of General and Officers; often printed and reprinted.[2] They bear Oliver's sense in every feature of them; but are not distinctly of his composition: wherefore, as space grows more and more precious, and Oliver's sense will elsewhere sufficiently appear, we omit them.

'The Scots,' says Whitlocke,[3] 'are all gone with their goods towards Edinburgh, by command of the Estates of Scotland, upon penalty if they did not remove; so that mostly all the men are gone. But the wives stay behind; and some of them do bake and brew, to provide bread and drink for the English Army.' The public functionaries 'have told the people, "That the English Army intends to put all the men to the sword, and to thrust hot irons through the women's breasts"; —which much terrified them, till once the General's Proclama-

[1] Balfour, iv. 97, 100, etc.: 'Cromwell the Blasphemer' (*ib.* 88).
[2] Newspapers (in *Parl. Hist.* xix. 298, 310): *Com. Jour.* 19th July 1650.
[3] p. 450.

tions were published.' And now the wives do stay behind, and brew and bake,—poor wives!

That Monday night while we lay at Mordington, with hard accommodation out of doors and in,—my puddingheaded friend informs me of a thing. The General has made a large Discourse to the Officers and Army, now that we are across; speaks to them 'as a Christian and a Soldier, To be doubly and trebly diligent, to be wary and worthy, for sure enough we have work before us! But have we not had God's blessing hitherto? Let us go on faithfully, and hope for the like still!'[1] The Army answered 'with acclamations,' still audible to me.—Yorkshire Hodgson continues:

'Well; that night we pitched at Mordington, about the House. Our Officers,' General and Staff Officers, 'hearing a great shout among the soldiers, looked out of window. They spied a soldier with a Scotch *kirn*' (churn) 'on his head. Some of them had been purveying abroad, and had found a vessel filled with Scotch cream: bringing the reversion of it to their tents, some got dishfuls, and some hatfuls; and the cream being now low in the vessel, one fellow would have a modest drink, and so lifts the kirn to his mouth: but another canting it up, it falls over his head; and the man is lost in it, all the cream trickles down his apparel, and his head fast in the tub! This was a merriment to the Officers; as Oliver loved an innocent jest.'

A week after, we find the General very serious; writing thus to the Lord President Bradshaw.

LETTER CXXXV

'COPPERSPATH,' of which the General here speaks, is the country pronunciation of Cockburnspath; name of a wild rock-and-river chasm, through which the great road goes, some miles to the eastward of Dunbar. Of which we shall hear again. A very wild road at that time, as may still be seen.

[1] Hodgson, p. 130; Whitlocke, p. 450.

The ravine is now spanned by a beautiful Bridge, called *Pease Bridge*, or Path's Bridge, which pleasure-parties go to visit.—The date of this Letter, in all the old Newspapers, is '30th July,' and doubtless in the Original too;[1] but the real day, as appears by the context, is Wednesday 31st.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE: THESE

Musselburgh, 30th July 1650.

My Lord,—We marched from Berwick upon Monday, being the 22d of July; and lay at my Lord Mordington's house, Monday night, Tuesday, and Wednesday. On Thursday we marched to Copperspath; on Friday to Dunbar, where we got some small pittance from our ships; from whence we marched to Haddington.

On the Lord's-day, hearing that the Scottish Army meant to meet us at Gladsmoor, we laboured to possess the Moor before them; and beat our drums very early in the morning. But when we came there, no considerable body of the Army appeared. Whereupon Fourteen-hundred horse, under the command of Major-General Lambert and Colonel Whalley, were sent as a vanguard to Musselburgh, to see likewise if they could find out and attempt any thing upon the Enemy; I marching in the heel of them with the residue of the Army. Our party encountered with some of their horse; but they could not abide us. We lay at Musselburgh, encamped close, that night; the Enemy's Army lying between Edinburgh and Leith, about four miles from us, entrenched by a Line flankered from Edinburgh to Leith; the guns also from Leith scouring most part of the Line, so that they lay very strong.

Upon Monday 29th instant, we were resolved to draw up to them, to see if they would fight with us. And when we came upon the place, we resolved to get our cannons as near them as we could; hoping thereby to annoy them. We likewise perceived

[1] 'Letter from the General, dated 30° Julii' (*Commons Journals*, vi. 451).

that they had some force upon a Hill that overlooks Edinburgh, from whence we might be annoyed; "and" did resolve to send up a party to possess the said Hill;—which prevailed: but, upon the whole, we did find that their Army were not easily to be attempted. Whereupon we lay still all the said day; which proved to be so sore a day and night of rain as I have seldom seen, and greatly to our disadvantage; the Enemy having enough to cover them, and we nothing at all considerable.[1] *Our soldiers did abide this difficulty with great courage and resolution, hoping they should speedily come to fight. In the morning, the ground being very wet, "and" our provisions scarce, we resolved to draw back to our quarters at Musselburgh, there to refresh and revictual.*

The Enemy, when we drew off, fell upon our rear; and put them into some little disorder: but our bodies of horse being in some readiness, came to a grabble with them; where indeed there was a gallant and hot dispute; the Major-General[2] *and Colonel Whalley being in the rear; and the Enemy drawing out great bodies to second their first affront. Our men charged them up to the very trenches, and beat them in. The Major-General's horse was shot in the neck and head; himself run through the arm with a lance, and run into another place of his body,—was taken prisoner by the Enemy, but rescued immediately by Lieutenant Empson of my regiment. Colonel Whalley, who was then nearest to the Major-General, did charge very resolutely; and repulsed the Enemy, and killed divers of them upon the place, and took some prisoners, without any considerable loss. Which indeed did so amaze and quiet them, that we marched off to Musselburgh, but they dared not send out a man to trouble us. We hear their young King looked on upon all this, but was very ill satisfied to see their men do no better.*

[1] 'Near a little village named, I think, Lichnagarie,'—means, Lang Niddery (Hodgson, p. 132); the *Niddery* near Duddingston, still deservedly called *Lang* by the people, though map-makers append the epithet elsewhere.

[2] Lambert.

We came to Musselburgh that night; so tired and wearied for want of sleep, and so dirty by reason of the wetness of the weather, that we expected the Enemy would make an infall upon us. Which accordingly they did, between three and four of the clock this morning; with fifteen of their most select troops, under the command of Major-General Montgomery and Strahan, two champions of the Church:—upon which business there was great hope and expectation laid. The Enemy came on with a great deal of resolution; beat-in our guards, and put a regiment of horse in some disorder: but our men, speedily taking the alarm, charged the Enemy; routed them, took many prisoners, killed a great many of them; did execution "to" within a quarter of a mile of Edinburgh; and, I am informed, Strahan[1] *was killed there, besides divers other Officers of quality. We took the Major to Strahan's regiment, Major Hamilton; a Lieutenant-Colonel, and divers other Officers, and persons of quality, whom yet we know not. Indeed this is a sweet beginning of your business, or rather the Lord's; and I believe is not very satisfactory to the Enemy, especially to the Kirk party. We did not lose any in this business, so far as I hear, but a Cornet; I do not hear of four men more. The Major-General will, I believe, within few days be well to take the field. And I trust this work, which is the Lord's, will prosper in the hands of His servants.*

I did not think advisable to attempt upon the Enemy, lying as he doth: but surely this would sufficiently provoke him to fight if he had a mind to. I do not think he is less than Six or Seven thousand horse, and Fourteen or Fifteen thousand foot. The reason, I hear, that they give out to their people why they do not fight us, is, Because they expect many bodies of men more out of the North of Scotland; which when they come, they give out they will then engage. But I believe they would rather tempt us to attempt them in their fastness, within

[1] We shall hear of Strahan again, not 'killed.' This Montgomery is the Earl of Eglington's son Robert, of whom we heard before (Letter LXXVIII. vol. i. p. 387): neither is he 'slain,' as will be seen by and by.

which they are entrenched; or else hoping we shall famish for want of provisions;—which is very likely to be, if we be not timely and fully supplied. I remain, my Lord, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

*"P.S." I understand, since writing of this Letter, that Major-General Montgomery is slain.**

Cautious David Lesley lies thus within his Line 'flankered' from Leith shore to the Calton Hill, with guns to 'scour' it; with outposts or flying parties, as we see, stationed on the back slope of Salisbury Crags or Arthur's Seat; with all Edinburgh safe behind him, and indeed all Scotland safe behind him, for supplies: and nothing can tempt him to come out. The factions and distractions of Scotland, and its Kirk Committees and State Committees, and poor Covenanted King and Courtiers, are many: but Lesley, standing steadily to his guns, persists here. His Army, it appears, is no great things of an Army: 'altogether governed by the Committee of Estates and Kirk,' snarls an angry *Un*covenanted Courtier, whom the said Committee has just ordered to take himself away again; 'altogether governed by the Committee of Estates and Kirk,' snarls he, and they took especial care in their levies not to admit any '*Malignants* or *Engagers*' (who had been in Hamilton's Engagement); 'placing in command, for most part, Ministers' Sons, Clerks and other sanctified creatures, who hardly ever saw or heard of any sword but that of the spirit!'[1] The more reason for Lesley to lie steadily within his Line here. Lodged in 'Bruchton Village,' which means Broughton, now a part of Edinburgh New Town; there in a cautious solid manner lies Lesley; and lets Cromwell attempt upon him. It is his history, the military history of these two, for a month to come.

Meanwhile the General Assembly have not been backward with their Answer to the Cromwell Manifesto, or 'Declaration

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 85-6).

[1] Sir Edward Walker, *Historical Discourses* (London, 1705), p. 162.

of the English Army to all the Saints in Scotland,' spoken of above. Nay, already while he lay at Berwick, they had drawn-up an eloquent Counter-Declaration, and sent it to him; which he, again, has got 'some godly Ministers' of his to declare against and reply to: the whole of which Declarations, Replies and Re-replies shall, like the primary Document itself, remain suppressed on the present occasion.[1] But along with this 'Reply by some godly Ministers,' the Lord General sends a Letter of his own, which is here:

LETTER CXXXVI

TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE KIRK OF SCOTLAND; OR, IN CASE OF THEIR NOT SITTING, TO THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE KIRK OF SCOTLAND: THESE

Musselburgh, 3d August 1650.

Sirs,—*Your* Answer to the Declaration of the Army *we have seen. Some godly Ministers with us did, at Berwick, compose this* Reply;[2] *which I thought fit to send you.*

That you or we, in these great Transactions, answer the will and mind of God, it is only from His grace and mercy to us. And therefore, having said as in our Papers, we commit the issue thereof to Him who disposeth all things, assuring you that we have light and comfort increasing upon us, day by day; and are persuaded that, before it be long, the Lord will manifest His good pleasure, so that all shall see Him; and His People shall say, This is the Lord's work, and it is marvellous in our eyes; this is the day that the Lord hath made; we will be glad and rejoice therein.—*Only give me leave to say, in a word, "thus much":*

You take upon you to judge us in the things of our God,

[1] Titles of them, copies of several of them, in *Parliamentary History*, xix.

[2] The Scotch 'Answer' which 'we have seen,' dated Edinburgh, 22d July 1650, 'Answer unto the Declaration of the Army'; and then this English 'Reply' to it now sent, entitled '*Vindication* of the Declaration of the Army': in King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 475, § 15 (Printed, London, 16th Aug. 1650).

though you know us not,—though in the things we have said unto you, in that which is entitled the Army's Declaration, we have spoken our hearts as in the sight of the Lord who hath tried us. And by your hard and subtle words you have begotten prejudice in those who do too much, in matters of conscience,—wherein every soul is to answer for itself to God,—depend upon you. So that some have already followed you, to the breathing-out of their souls:[1] *"and" others continue still in the way wherein they are led by you,—we fear, to their own ruin.*

And no marvel if you deal thus with us, when indeed you can find in your hearts to conceal from your own people the Papers we have sent you; who might thereby see and understand the bowels of our affections to them, especially to such among them as fear the Lord. Send as many of your Papers as you please amongst ours;[2] *they have a free passage. I fear them not. What is of God in them, would it might be embraced and received!—One of them lately sent, directed* To the Under-Officers and Soldiers in the English Army, *hath begotten from them this enclosed* Answer;[3] *which they desired me to send to you: not a crafty politic one, but a plain simple spiritual one;*—what *kind of one it is, God knoweth, and God also will in due time make manifest.*

And do we multiply these things,[4] *as men; or do we them*

[1] In the Musselburgh Skirmish, etc.

[2] Our people.

[3] The Scotch Paper 'To the Under-Officers,' etc., received on the last day of July; and close following on it, this 'Answer' which it 'hath begotten from them,' addressed *To the People of Scotland (especially those among them that know and fear the Lord) from whom yesterday we received a Paper directed To the Under-Officers* etc.; of date 'Musselburgh, 1st August 1650': in King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 475, § 10 (Printed, London, 12th August 1650).—This *Answer* 'by the Under-Officers,' a very pious and zealous Piece, seems to have found favour among the pious Scots, and to have circulated among them in Manuscript Copies. A most mutilated unintelligible Fragment, printed in *Analecta Scotica* (Edinburgh, 1834), ii. 271, as 'a Proclamation by Oliver Cromwell,' turns out to be in reality a fraction of *this* 'Answer by the Under-Officers':—printed there from a 'Copy evidently made at the time,' evidently a most ruinous Copy, 'and now in the possession of James Macknight, Esq.'

[4] Papers and Declarations.

for the Lord Christ and His People's sake? Indeed we are not, through the grace of God, afraid of your numbers, nor confident in ourselves. We could,—I pray God you do not think we boast,—meet your Army, or what you have to bring against us. We have given,—humbly we speak it before our God, in whom all our hope is,—some proof that thoughts of that kind prevail not upon us. The Lord hath not hid His face from us since our approach so near unto you.

Your own guilt is too much for you to bear: bring not therefore upon yourselves the blood of innocent men,—deceived with pretences of King and Covenant; from whose eyes you hide a better knowledge! I am persuaded that divers of you, who lead the People, have laboured to build yourselves in these things; wherein you have censured others, and established yourselves 'upon the Word of God.' Is it therefore infallibly agreeable to the Word of God, all that you *say? I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken. Precept may be upon precept, line may be upon line, and yet the Word of the Lord may be to some a Word of Judgment; that they may fall backward, and be broken and be snared and be taken!*[1] *There may be a spiritual fulness, which the World may call drunkenness;*[2] *as in the second Chapter of the* Acts. *There may be, as well, a carnal confidence upon misunderstood and misapplied precepts, which may be called spiritual drunkenness. There may be a* Covenant *made with Death and Hell!*[1] *I will not say yours was so. But judge if such things have a politic aim: To avoid the overflowing scourge;*[1] *or, To accomplish worldly interests? And if therein we*[3] *have confederated with wicked and carnal men, and have respect for them, or otherwise "have" drawn them in to associate with us, Whether this be a Covenant of God, and spiritual? Bethink yourselves; we hope we do.*

I pray you read the Twenty-eighth of Isaiah, from the fifth

[1] Bible phrases.

[2] As you now do of us; while it is rather you that are 'drunk.'

[3] *i.e.* you

to the fifteenth verse. And do not scorn to know that it is the Spirit that quickens and giveth life.

The Lord give you and us understanding to do that which is well-pleasing in His sight. Committing you to the grace of God, I rest, your humble servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

Here is the passage from Isaiah: I know not whether the General Assembly read it and laid it well to heart, or not, but it was worth their while,—and is worth our while too:

'In that day shall the Lord of Hosts be for a crown of glory, and for a diadem of beauty, unto the residue of His people. And for a spirit of judgment to him that sitteth in judgment, and for strength to them that turn the battle to the gate.

'But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way! The Priest and the Prophet have erred through strong drink; they are swallowed up of wine; they are out of the way through strong drink. They err in vision, they stumble in judgment. For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness; so that there is no place clean.

'Whom shall He teach knowledge? Whom shall He make to understand doctrine? Them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts. For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little and there a little. For with stammering lips and another tongue will He speak to this people. To whom He said, This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest, and this is the refreshment;—yet they would not hear.' No. 'The Word of the Lord was unto them precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little, That they might go, and fall backward, and be broken and snared and taken!—Wherefore hear ye the Word of the Lord, ye scornful men that rule this people which is in Jerusalem!'

Yes, hear it, and not with the outward ear only, ye Kirk

* Newspapers (in *Parliamentary History*, xix. 320-323).

Committees, and Prophesying and Governing Persons everywhere: it may be important to you! If God have said it, if the Eternal Truth of things have said it, will it not need to be done, think you? Or will the doing some distracted shadow of it, some Covenanted Charles Stuart of it, suffice?—The Kirk Committee seems in a bad way.

David Lesley, however, what as yet is in their favour, continues within his Line; stands steadily to his guns;—and the weather is wet; Oliver's provision is failing. This Letter to the Kirk was written on Saturday: on the Monday following,[1] 'about the 6th of August,' as Major Hodgson dates it, the tempestuous state of the weather not permitting ship-stores to be landed at Musselburgh, Cromwell has to march his Army back to Dunbar, and there provision it. Great joy in the Kirk-and-Estates Committee thereupon: Lesley steadily continues in his place.—

The famine among the Scots themselves, at Dunbar, is great; picking our horses' beans, eating our soldiers' leavings: 'they are much enslaved to their Lords,' poor creatures; almost destitute of private capital,—and ignorant of soap to a terrible extent![2] Cromwell distributes among them 'pease and wheat to the value of 240*l.*' On the 12th he returns to Musselburgh; finds, as heavy Bulstrode spells it in good Scotch, with a friskiness we hardly looked for in him, That Lesley has commanded 'The gude women should awe come away with their gear, and not stay to brew or bake, any of them, for the English';—which makes it a place more forlorn than before.[3] Oliver decides to encamp on the Pentland Hills, which lie on the other side of Edinburgh, overlooking the Fife and Stirling roads; and to try whether he cannot force Lesley to fight, by cutting-off his supplies. Here, in the mean time, is a Letter from Lesley himself; written in 'Broughton Village,' precisely while Oliver is on march towards the Pentlands:

[1] Balfour, iv. 89. [2] Whitlocke, p. 452. [3] *Ibid.* p. 453.

'FOR HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

'Bruchton, 13th August 1650.

'MY LORD,—I am commanded by the Committee of Estates of this Kingdom, and desired by the Commissioners of the General Assembly, to send unto your Excellency this enclosed *Declaration*, as that which containeth the State of the Quarrel; wherein we are resolved, by the Lord's assistance, to fight your Army, when the Lord shall be pleased to call us thereunto. And as you have professed you will not conceal any of our Papers, I do desire that this *Declaration* may be made known to all the Officers of your Army. And so I rest,—your Excellency's most humble servant, DAVID LESLEY.'[1]

This Declaration, done by the Kirk, and endorsed by the Estates, we shall not on the present occasion make known, even though it is brief. The reader shall fancy it a brief emphatic disclaimer, on the part of Kirk and State, of their having anything to do with Malignants; — disclaimer in emphatic words, while the emphatic facts continue as they were. Distinct hope, however, is held out that the Covenanted King will testify openly his sorrow for his Father's Malignancies, and his own resolution for a quite other course. To which Oliver, from the slope of the Pentlands,[2] returns this answer:

LETTER CXXXVII

FOR THE RIGHT HONOURABLE DAVID LESLEY, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OF THE SCOTS ARMY: THESE

From the Camp at Pentland Hills,
14th August 1650.

Sir,—I received yours of the 13th instant; with the Paper you mentioned therein, enclosed,—which I caused to be read in the presence of so many Officers as could well be gotten together;

[1] Newspapers (in *Parliamentary History*, xix. 330).
[2] 'About Colinton' (Balfour, iv. 90).

to which your Trumpet can witness. We return you this answer. By which I hope, in the Lord, it will appear that we continue the same we have professed ourselves to the Honest People in Scotland; wishing to them as to our own souls; it being no part of our business to hinder any of them from worshipping God in that way they are satisfied in their consciences by the Word of God they ought, though different from us,—but shall therein be ready to perform what obligation lies upon us by the Covenant.[1]

But that under the pretence of the Covenant, mistaken, and wrested from the most native intent and equity thereof, a King should be taken in by you, to be imposed upon us; and this "be" called 'the Cause of God and the Kingdom'; and this done upon 'the satisfaction of God's People in both Nations,' as is alleged,—together with a disowning of Malignants; although he[2] *who is the head of them, in whom all their hope and comfort lies, be received; who, at this very instant, hath a Popish Army fighting for and under him in Ireland; hath Prince Rupert, a man who hath had his hand deep in the blood of many innocent men of England, now in the head of our Ships, stolen from us upon a Malignant account; hath the French and Irish ships daily making depredations on our coasts; and strong combinations by the Malignants in England, to raise Armies in our bowels, by virtue of his commissions, who hath of late issued out very many to that purpose: —How the "Godly" Interest you pretend you have received him upon, and the Malignant Interests in their ends and consequences "all" centering in this man, can be secured, we cannot discern! And how we should believe, that whilst known and notorious Malignants are fighting and plotting against us on the one hand, and you declaring for him on the other, it should* not *be an 'espousing of a Malignant Party's Quarrel or Interest'; but be a mere 'fighting upon former grounds and principles, and in defence of the Cause of God and the Kingdoms, as hath been these twelve years last past,' as you*

[1] Ungrammatical, but intelligible and characteristic. [2] Charles Stuart.

say: how this should be 'for the security and satisfaction of God's People in both Nations'; or "how" the opposing of this should render us enemies to the Godly with you, we cannot well understand. Especially considering that all these Malignants take their confidence and encouragement from the late transactions of your Kirk and State with your King. For as we have already said, so we tell you again, it is but "some" satisfying security to those who employ us, and "who" are concerned, that we seek. Which we conceive will not be by a few formal and feigned Submissions, from a Person that could not tell otherwise how to accomplish his Malignant ends, and "is" therefore counselled to this compliance, by them who assisted his Father, and have hitherto actuated himself in his most evil and desperate designs; designs which are now again by them set on foot. Against which, How you will be able, in the way you are in, to secure us or yourselves?—"this it now" is (forasmuch as concerns ourselves) our duty to look after.

If the state of your Quarrel be thus, upon which, as you say, you resolve to fight our Army, you will have opportunity to do that; else what means our abode here? And if our hope be not in the Lord, it will be ill with us. We commit both you and ourselves to Him who knows the heart and tries the reins; with whom are all our ways; who is able to do for us and you above what we know: Which we desire may be in much mercy to His poor People, and to the glory of His great Name.

And having performed your desire, in making your Papers so public as is before expressed, I desire you to do the like, by letting the State, Kirk and Army have the knowledge hereof. To which end I have sent you enclosed two Copies "of this Letter"; and rest, your humble servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

The encampment on Pentland Hills, 'some of our tents within sight of Edinburgh Castle and City,' threatens to cut-off Lesley's supplies; but will not induce him to fight. 'The

* Newspapers (in *Parliamentary History*, xix. 331-333).

gude wives fly with their bairns and gear' in great terror of us, poor gude wives; and 'when we set fire to furze-bushes, report that we are burning their houses.'[1] Great terror of us; but no other result. Lesley brings over his guns to the western side of Edinburgh, and awaits, steady within his fastnesses there.

Hopes have arisen that the Godly Party in Scotland, seeing now by these Letters and Papers what our real meaning is, may perhaps quit a Malignant King's Interest, and make bloodless peace with us, 'which were the best of all.' The King boggles about signing that open Testimony, that Declaration against his Father's sins, which was expected of him. 'A great Commander of the Enemy's, Colonel Gibby Carre' (Colonel Gilbert Ker, of whom we shall hear farther), solicits an interview with some of ours, and has it; and other interviews and free communings take place, upon the Burrow-Moor and open fields that lie between us. Gibby Ker, and also Colonel Strahan who was thought to be slain:[2] these and some minority of others are clear against Malignancy in every form; and if the Covenanted Stuart King will not sign this Declaration—!—Whereupon the Covenanted Stuart King does sign it; signs this too,[3]—what will he not sign?—and these hopes of accommodation vanish.

Neither still will they risk a Battle; though in their interviews upon the Burrow-Moor, they said they longed to do it. Vain that we draw out in battalia; they lie within their fastnesses. We march, with defiant circumstance of war, round all accessible sides of Edinburgh; encamp on the Pentlands,

[1] *Narrative of Farther Proceedings*, dated 'From the Camp in Musselburgh Fields, 16th August 1650'; read in the Parliament 22d August (*Commons Journals*); reprinted in *Parliamentary History* (xix. 327) as a 'Narrative by General Cromwell'; though it is clearly enough not General Cromwell's, but John Rushworth's.

[2] Letter CXXXV., antea, p. 183.

[3] At our Court at Dumfermline this 16th day of August 1650 (Sir Edward Walker, pp. 170-6; by whom the melancholy Document is, with due loyal indignation, given at large there).

return to Musselburgh for provisions; go to the Pentlands again,—enjoy one of the beautifulest prospects, over deep-blue seas, over yellow corn-fields, dusky Highland mountains, from Ben Lomond round to the Bass again; but can get no Battle. And the weather is broken, and the season is advancing,—equinox within ten days, by the modern Almanac. Our men fall sick; the service is harassing;—and it depends on wind and tide whether even biscuit can be landed for us nearer than Dunbar. Here is the Lord General's own Letter 'to a Member of the Council of State,'—we might guess this or the other, but cannot with the least certainty know which.

LETTER CXXXVIII

"TO——— ———COUNCIL OF STATE IN WHITEHALL: THESE."

Musselburgh, 30th August 1650.

Sir,—Since my last, we seeing the Enemy not willing to engage,—and yet very apt to take exceptions against speeches of that kind spoken in our Army; which occasioned some of them to come to parley with our Officers, To let them know that they would fight us,—they lying still in or near their fastnesses, on the west side of Edinburgh, we resolved, the Lord assisting, to draw near to them once more, to try if we could fight them. And indeed one hour's advantage gained might probably, we think, have given us an opportunity.[1]

To which purpose, upon Tuesday the 27th instant we marched westward of Edinburgh towards Stirling; which the Enemy perceiving, marched with as great expedition as was possible to prevent us; and the vanguards of both the Armies came to skirmish,—upon a place where bogs and passes made the access of each Army to the other difficult. We, being ignorant of the place, drew-up, hoping to have engaged; but found no way feasible, by reason of the bogs and other difficulties.

We drew-up our cannon, and did that day discharge two or

[1] Had we come one hour sooner:—but we did not.

three hundred great shot upon them; a considerable number they likewise returned to us: and this was all that passed from each to other. Wherein we had near twenty killed and wounded, but not one Commission Officer. The Enemy, as we are informed, had about eighty killed, and some considerable Officers. Seeing they would keep their ground, from which we could not remove them, and our bread being spent,—we were necessitated to go for a new supply: and so marched off about ten or eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning.[1] *The Enemy perceiving it,—and, as we conceive, fearing we might interpose between them and Edinburgh, though it was not our intention, albeit it seemed so by our march,—retreated back again, with all haste; having a bog and passes between them and us: and there followed no considerable action, saving the skirmishing of the van of our horse with theirs, near to Edinburgh, without any considerable loss to either party, saving that we got two or three of their horses.*

That "Wednesday" night we quartered within a mile of Edinburgh and of the Enemy. It was a most tempestuous night and wet morning. The Enemy marched in the night between Leith and Edinburgh, to interpose between us and our victual, they knowing that it was spent;—but the Lord in mercy prevented it; and we, perceiving in the morning, got, time enough, through the goodness of the Lord, to the sea-side, to re-victual; the Enemy being drawn-up upon the Hill near Arthur's Seat, looking upon us, but not attempting any thing.

And thus you have an account of the present occurrences. Your most humble servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

The scene of this Tuesday's skirmish, and cannonade across

[1] We drew towards our old Camp, one of our old Camps, that Wednesday; and off to Musselburgh 'for a new supply' next morning. Old Camp, or Bivouack, 'on Pentland Hills,' says vague Hodgson (p. 142); 'within a mile of Edinburgh,' says Cromwell in his Letter, who of course knows well.

* Newspapers (in *Parliamentary History*, xix. 339).

bogs, has not been investigated; though an antiquarian Topographer might find worse work for himself. Rough Hodgson, very uncertain in his spellings, calls it Gawger Field, which will evidently take us to Gogar on the western road there. The Scotch Editor of Hodgson says farther, 'The Water of Leith lay between the two Armies;' which can be believed or not;—which indeed turns out to be unbelievable. Yorkshire Hodgson's troop received an ugly cannon-shot while they stood at prayers; just with the word *Amen*, came the ugly cannon-shot singing, but it hurt neither horse nor man. We also 'gave them an English shout' at one time, along the whole line,[1] making their Castle-rocks and Pentlands ring again; but could get no Battle out of them, for the bogs.

Here, in reference to those matters, is an Excerpt which, in spite of imperfections, may be worth transcribing. 'The English Army lay' at first 'near Musselburgh, about Stony Hill. But shortly after, they marched up to Braid House,' to Braid Hills, to Pentland Hills, Colinton and various other Hills and Houses in succession; 'and the Scots Army, being put in some readiness, marched up to Corstorphine Hill. But because the English feared it was too near the Castle of Edinburgh, they would not hazard battle there. Wherefore both Armies marched to Gogar, Tuesday August 27th; and played each upon other with their great guns: but because of Gogar Burn (*Brook*) and other ditches betwixt the Armies, they could not join battle. Next day, about midday,' more precisely Wednesday about ten or eleven o'clock, 'the English began to retire; and went first to their Leaguer at Braid Hills,' within a mile of Edinburgh as their General says. 'The English removing, the Scots followed by Corstorphine the long gate' (*roundabout road*),—which is hard ground, and out of shot-range. 'The English,' some of them, 'marched near to Musselburgh; and, in the mid night, planted some guns in Niddry: the Scots having marched about the Hill of Arthur's Seat, towards Craigmillar, there

[1] Hodgson, p. 141.

planted some guns against those in Niddry;'[1]—and in fact, as we have seen, were drawn up on Arthur's Seat on the morrow morning, looking on amid the rain, and not attempting anything.

The Lord General writes this Letter at Musselburgh on Friday the 30th, the morrow after his return: and directly on the heel of it there is a Council of War held, and an important resolution taken. With sickness, and the wild weather coming on us, rendering even victual uncertain, and no Battle to be had, we clearly cannot continue here. Dunbar, which has a harbour, we might fortify for a kind of citadel and winter-quarter; let us retire at least to Dunbar, to be near our sole friends in this country, our Ships. On the morrow evening, Saturday the 31st, the Lord General fired his huts, and marched towards Dunbar. At sight whereof Lesley rushes out upon him; has his vanguard in Prestonpans before our rear got away. Saturday night through Haddington, and all Sunday to Dunbar, Lesley hangs, close and heavy, on Cromwell's rear; on Sunday night bends southward to the hills that overlook Dunbar, and hems him in there. As will be more specially related in the next fascicle of Letters.

LETTERS CXXXIX—CXLVI

BATTLE OF DUNBAR

THE small Town of Dunbar stands, high and windy, looking down over its herring-boats, over its grim old Castle now much honeycombed,—on one of those projecting rock-promontories with which that shore of the Firth of Forth is niched and vandyked, as far as the eye can reach. A beautiful

[1] Collections by a Private Hand, at Edinburgh, from 1650 to 1661 (Woodrow MSS.), printed in *Historical Fragments on Scotch Affairs from* 1635 *to* 1664 (Edinburgh, 1832), Part I. pp. 27-8.

sea; good land too, now that the plougher understands his trade; a grim niched barrier of whinstone sheltering it from the chafings and tumblings of the big blue German Ocean. Seaward St. Abb's Head, of whinstone, bounds your horizon to the east, not very far off; west, close by, is the deep bay, and fishy little village of Belhaven: the gloomy Bass and other rock-islets, and farther the Hills of Fife, and foreshadows of the Highlands, are visible as you look seaward. From the bottom of Belhaven bay to that of the next seabight St. Abb's-ward, the Town and its environs form a peninsula. Along the base of which peninsula, 'not much above a mile and a half from sea to sea,' Oliver Cromwell's Army, on Monday 2d of September 1650, stands ranked, with its tents and Town behind it,—in very forlorn circumstances. This now is all the ground that Oliver is lord of in Scotland. His Ships lie in the offing, with biscuit and transport for him; but visible elsewhere in the Earth no help.

Landward as you look from the Town of Dunbar there rises, some short mile off, a dusky continent of barren heath Hills; the Lammermoor, where only mountain-sheep can be at home. The crossing of *which*, by any of its boggy passes, and brawling stream-courses, no Army, hardly a solitary Scotch Packman could attempt, in such weather. To the edge of these Lammermoor Heights, David Lesley has betaken himself; lies now along the outmost spur of them,—a long Hill of considerable height, which the Dunbar people call the Dun, Doon, or sometimes for fashion's sake the Down, adding to it the Teutonic *Hill* likewise, though *Dun* itself in old Celtic signifies Hill. On this Doon Hill lies David Lesley with the victorious Scotch Army, upwards of Twenty-thousand strong; with the Committees of Kirk and Estates, the chief Dignitaries of the Country, and in fact the flower of what the pure Covenant in this the Twelfth year of its existence can still bring forth. There lies he since Sunday night, on the top and slope of this Doon Hill, with the impassable heath-continents behind him; embraces, as within outspread tiger-

claws, the base-line of Oliver's Dunbar peninsula; waiting what Oliver will do. Cockburnspath with its ravines has been seized on Oliver's left, and made impassable; behind Oliver is the sea; in front of him Lesley, Doon Hill, and the heath-continent of Lammermoor. Lesley's force is of Three-and-twenty-thousand,[1] in spirits as of men chasing, Oliver's about half as many, in spirits as of men chased. What is to become of Oliver?

LETTER CXXXIX

HASELRIG, as we know, is Governor of Newcastle. Oliver on Monday writes this Note; means to send it off, I suppose, by sea. Making no complaint for himself, the remarkable Oliver; doing, with grave brevity, in the hour the business of the hour. 'He was a strong man,' so intimates Charles Harvey, who knew him: 'in the dark perils of war, in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire, when it had gone out in all the others.'[2] A genuine King among men, Mr. Harvey. The divinest sight this world sees,—when it is privileged to see such, and not be sickened with the unholy apery of such! He is just now upon an 'engagement,' or complicated concern, 'very difficult.'

TO THE HONOURABLE SIR ARTHUR HASELRIG, AT NEWCASTLE OR ELSEWHERE: THESE. HASTE, HASTE

"Dunbar," 2d September 1650.

Dear Sir,—We are upon an Engagement very difficult. The Enemy hath blocked-up our way at the Pass at Copperspath, through which we cannot get without almost a miracle. He lieth so upon the Hills that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty; and our lying here daily consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination.

[1] 27,000 say the English Pamphlets; 16,000 foot and 7,000 horse, says Sir Edward Walker (p. 182), who has access to know.

[2] *Passages in his Highness's last Sickness*, already referred to.

I perceive, your forces are not in a capacity for present release. Wherefore, whatever becomes of us, it will be well for you to get what forces you can together; and the South to help what they can. The business nearly concerneth all Good People. If your forces had been in a readiness to have fallen upon the back of Copperspath, it might have occasioned supplies to have come to us. But the only wise God knows what is best. All shall work for Good. Our spirits[1] *are comfortable, praised be the Lord,—though our present condition be as it is. And indeed we have much hope in the Lord; of whose mercy we have had large experience.*

Indeed, do you get together what forces you can against them. Send to friends in the South to help with more. Let H. Vane know what I write. I would not make it public, lest danger should accrue thereby. You know what use to make hereof. Let me hear from you. I rest, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

*"P.S." It's difficult for me to send to you. Let me hear from "you" after "you receive this."**

The base of Oliver's 'Dunbar Peninsula,' as we have called it (or Dunbar Pinfold where he is now hemmed in, upon 'an entanglement very difficult'), extends from Belhaven Bay on his right, to Brocksmouth House on his left; 'about a mile and a half from sea to sea.' Brocksmouth House, the Earl (now Duke) of Roxburgh's mansion, which still stands there, his soldiers now occupy as their extreme post on the left. As

[1] minds.

* Communicated by John Hare, Esquire, Rosemont Cottage, Clifton. The MS. at Clifton, is a Copy, without date: but has this title in an old hand: 'Copy of an original Letter of Oliver Cromwell, written with his own hand, the day before the Battle of Dunbarr, to Sir A. Haselridge.'— —*Note to Second Edition.* Found since (1846), with the Postscript, printed from the Original, in Brand's *History of Newcastle* (London, 1789), ii. 479.— —*Note to Third Edition.* Autograph Original found now (May 1847); in the possession of R. Ormston, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne. See postea, p. 219, and Appendix, No. 19.

its name indicates, it is the *mouth* or issue of a small Rivulet, or *Burn*, called *Brock*, *Brocksburn*; which, springing from the Lammermoor, and skirting David Lesley's Doon Hill, finds its egress here into the sea. The reader who would form an image to himself of the great Tuesday 3d of September 1650, at Dunbar, must note well this little *Burn*. It runs in a deep grassy glen, which the South-country Officers in those old Pamphlets describe as a 'deep *ditch*, forty feet in depth, and about as many in width,'—ditch dug-out by the little Brook itself, and carpeted with greensward, in the course of long thousands of years. It runs pretty close by the foot of Doon Hill; forms, from this point to the sea, the boundary of Oliver's position, his force is arranged in battle-order, along the left bank of this Brocksburn, and its grassy glen; he is busied all Monday, he and his Officers, in ranking them there. 'Before sunrise on Monday' Lesley sent down his horse from the Hill-top, to occupy the other side of this Brook; 'about four in the afternoon' his train came down, his whole Army gradually came down; and they now are ranking themselves on the opposite side of Brocksburn,—on rather narrow ground; cornfields, but swiftly sloping upwards to the steep of Doon Hill. This goes on, in the wild showers and winds of Monday 2d September 1650, on both sides of the Rivulet of Brock. Whoever will begin the attack, must get across this Brook and its glen first; a thing of much disadvantage.

Behind Oliver's ranks, between him and Dunbar, stand his tents; sprinkled up and down, by battalions, over the face of this 'Peninsula'; which is a low though very uneven tract of ground; now in our time all yellow with wheat and barley in the autumn season, but at that date only partially tilled,—describable by Yorkshire Hodgson as a place of plashes and rough bent-grass; terribly beaten by showery winds that day, so that your tent will hardly stand. There was then but one Farm-house on this tract, where now are not a few: thither were Oliver's Cannon sent this morning; they had at first been lodged 'in the Church,' an edifice standing then as now

somewhat apart, 'at the south end of Dunbar.' We have notice of only one other 'small house,' belike some poor shepherd's homestead, in Oliver's tract of ground: it stands close by the Brock Rivulet itself, and in the bottom of the little glen; at a place where the banks of it flatten themselves out into a slope passable for carts: this of course, as the one 'pass' in that quarter, it is highly important to seize. Pride and Lambert lodged 'six horse and fifteen foot' in this poor hut early in the morning: Lesley's horse came across, and drove them out; killing some and 'taking three prisoners';—and so got possession of this pass and hut; but did not keep it. Among the three prisoners was one musketeer, 'a very stout man, though he has but a wooden arm,' and some iron hook at the end of it, poor fellow. He 'fired thrice,' not without effect, with his wooden arm; and was not taken without difficulty: a handfast stubborn man; they carried him across to General Lesley to give some account of himself. In several of the old Pamphlets, which agree in all the details of it, this is what we read:

'General *David* Lesley, (old Leven,' the other Lesley, 'being in the Castle of Edinburgh, as they relate[1]), asked this man, If the Enemy did intend to fight? He replied, "What do you think we come here for? We come for nothing else!"—"Soldier," says Lesley, "how will you fight, when you have shipped half of your men, and all your great guns?" The Soldier replied, "Sir, if you please to draw down your men, you shall find both men and great guns too!"' —A most dogged handfast man, this with the wooden arm, and iron hook on it! 'One of the Officers asked, How he durst answer the General so saucily? He said, "I only answer the question put to me!"' Lesley sent him across, free again, by a trumpet: he made his way to Cromwell; reported what had passed, and added doggedly, He for one

[1] Old Leven is *here*, if the Pamphlet knew; but only as a volunteer and without command, though nominally still General-in-chief.

had lost twenty shillings by the business,—plundered from him in this action. 'The Lord General gave him thereupon two pieces,' which I think are forty shillings; and sent him away rejoicing.[1]—This is the adventure at the 'pass' by the shepherd's hut in the bottom of the glen, close by the Brocksburn itself.

And now farther, on the great scale, we are to remark very specially that there is just one other 'pass' across the Brocksburn; and this is precisely where the London road now crosses it; about a mile east from the former pass, and perhaps two gunshots west from Brocksmouth House. There the great road then as now crosses the Burn of Brock; the steep grassy glen, or 'broad ditch forty feet deep,' flattening itself out here once more into a passable slope: passable, but still steep on the southern or Lesley side, still mounting up there, with considerable acclivity, into a high table-ground, out of which the Doon Hill, as outskirt of the Lammermoor, a short mile to your right, gradually gathers itself. There, at this 'pass,' on and about the present London road, as you discover after long dreary dim examining, took place the brunt or essential agony of the Battle of Dunbar long ago. Read in the extinct old Pamphlets, and ever again obstinately read, till some light rise in them, look even with unmilitary eyes at the ground as it now is, you do at last obtain small glimmerings of distinct features here and there,—which gradually coalesce into a kind of image for you; and some spectrum of the Fact becomes visible; rises veritable, face to face, on you, grim and sad in the depths of the old dead Time. Yes, my travelling friends, vehiculating in gigs or otherwise over that piece of London road, you may say to yourselves, Here without monument is the grave of a valiant thing which was done under the Sun; the footprint of a Hero, not yet quite undistinguishable, is here!—

[1] Cadwell the Army-Messenger's Narrative to the Parliament (in Carte's *Ormond Papers*, i. 382). Given also, with other details, in King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 478, §§ 9, 7, 10, no. 479, § 1; etc. etc.

'The Lord General about four o'clock,' say the old Pamphlets, 'went into the Town to take some refreshment,' a hasty late dinner, or early supper, whichever we may call it; 'and very soon returned back,'—having written Sir Arthur's Letter, I think, in the interim. Coursing about the field, with enough of things to order; walking at last with Lambert in the Park or Garden of Brocksmouth House, he discerns that Lesley is astir on the Hill-side; altering his position somewhat. That Lesley, in fact, is coming wholly down to the basis of the hill, where his horse had been since sunrise: coming wholly down to the edge of the Brook and glen, among the sloping harvest-fields there; and also is bringing up his left wing of horse, most part of it, towards his right; edging himself, 'shogging,' as Oliver calls it, his whole line more and more to the right! His meaning is, to get hold of Brocksmouth House and the pass of the Brook there;[1] after which it will be free to him to attack us when he will!—Lesley, in fact, considers, or at least the Committee of Estates and Kirk consider, that Oliver is lost; that, on the whole, he must not be left to retreat, but must be attacked and annihilated here. A vague story, due to Bishop Burnet, the watery source of many such, still circulates about the world, That it was the Kirk Committee who forced Lesley down against his will; that Oliver, at sight of it, exclaimed, 'The Lord hath delivered' etc.: which nobody is in the least bound to believe. It appears, from other quarters, that Lesley *was* advised or sanctioned in this attempt by the Committee of Estates and Kirk, but also that he was by no means hard to advise; that, in fact, lying on the top of Doon Hill, shelterless in such weather, was no operation to spin-out beyond necessity;—and that if anybody pressed too much upon him with advice to come down and fight, it was likeliest to be Royalist Civil Dignitaries, who had plagued him with their cavillings at his cunctations, at his 'secret fellow-feeling for the Sectarians and Regicides,' ever since this War began. The poor Scotch Clergy

[1] Baillie's *Letters*, iii. 111.

have enough of their own to answer for in this business; let every back bear the burden that belongs to it. In a word, Lesley descends, has been descending all day, and 'shogs' himself to the right,—urged, I believe, by manifold counsel, and by the nature of the case; and, what is equally important for us, Oliver sees him, and sees through him, in this movement of his.

At sight of this movement, Oliver suggests to Lambert standing by him, Does it not give *us* an advantage, if we, instead of him, like to begin the attack? Here is the Enemy's right wing coming out to the open space, free to be attacked on any side; and the main-battle hampered in narrow sloping ground between Doon Hill and the Brook, has no room to manœuvre or assist:[1] beat this right wing where it now stands; take it in flank and front with an overpowering force,—it is driven upon its own main-battle, the whole Army is beaten? Lambert eagerly assents, 'had meant to say the same thing.' Monk, who comes up at the moment, likewise assents; as the other Officers do, when the case is set before them. It is the plan resolved upon for battle. The attack shall begin tomorrow before dawn.

And so the soldiers stand to their arms, or lie within instant reach of their arms, all night; being upon an engagement very difficult indeed. The night is wild and wet;—2d of September means 12th by our calendar: the Harvest Moon wades deep among clouds of sleet and hail. Whoever has a heart for prayer, let him pray now, for the wrestle of death is at hand. Pray,—and withal keep his powder dry! And be ready for extremities, and quit himself like a man!—Thus they pass the night; making that Dunbar Peninsula and Brock Rivulet long memorable to me. We English have some tents; the Scots have none. The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against these whinstone bays; the sea and the tempests are abroad, all else asleep but we,—and there is One that rides on the wings of the wind.

[1] Hodgson.

Towards three in the morning the Scotch foot, by order of a Major-General say some,[1] extinguish their matches, all but two in a company; cower under the corn-shocks, seeking some imperfect shelter and sleep. Be wakeful, ye English; watch, and pray, and keep your powder dry. About four o'clock comes order to my puddingheaded Yorkshire friend, that his regiment must mount and march straightway; his and various other regiments march, pouring swiftly to the left to Brocksmouth House, to the Pass over the Brock. With overpowering force let us storm the Scots right wing there; beat that, and all is beaten. Major Hodgson riding along, heard, he says, 'a Cornet praying in the night'; a company of poor men, I think, making worship there, under the void Heaven, before battle joined: Major Hodgson, giving his charge to a brother Officer, turned aside to listen for a minute, and worship and pray along with them; haply his last prayer on this Earth, as it might prove to be. But no: this Cornet prayed with such effusion as was wonderful; and imparted strength to my Yorkshire friend, who strengthened his men by telling them of it. And the Heavens, in their mercy, I think, have opened us a way of deliverance!—The Moon gleams out, hard and blue, riding among hail-clouds; and over St. Abb's Head a streak of dawn is rising.

And now is the hour when the attack should be, and no Lambert is yet here, he is ordering the line far to the right yet; and Oliver occasionally, in Hodgson's hearing, is impatient for him. The Scots too, on this wing, are awake; thinking to surprise us; there is their trumpet sounding, we heard it once; and Lambert, who was to lead the attack, is not here. The Lord General is impatient;—behold Lambert at last! The trumpets peal, shattering with fierce clangour Night's silence; the cannons awaken along all the Line: 'The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts!' On, my brave ones, on!—

[1] 'Major-General Holburn' (he that escorted Cromwell into Edinburgh in 1648), says Walker, p. 180.

The dispute 'on this right wing was hot and stiff, for three quarters of an hour.' Plenty of fire, from fieldpieces, snaphances, matchlocks, entertains the Scotch main-battle across the Brock;—poor stiffened men, roused from the corn-shocks with their matches all out! But here on the right, their horse, 'with lancers in the front rank,' charge desperately; drive us back across the hollow of the Rivulet;—back a little; but the Lord gives us courage, and we storm home again, horse and foot, upon them, with a shock like tornado tempests; break them, beat them, drive them all adrift. 'Some fled towards Copperspath, but most across their own foot.' Their own poor foot, whose matches were hardly well alight yet! Poor men, it was a terrible awakening for them: fieldpieces and charge of foot across the Brocksburn; and now here is their own horse in mad panic trampling them to death. Above Three-thousand killed upon the place: 'I never saw such a charge of foot and horse,' says one;[1] nor did I. Oliver was still near to Yorkshire Hodgson when the shock succeeded; Hodgson heard him say, 'They run! I profess they run!' And over St. Abb's Head and the German Ocean, just then, bursts the first gleam of the level Sun upon us, 'and I heard Nol say, in the words of the Psalmist, "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered,"'—or in Rous's metre,

> Let God arise, and scattered
> Let all his enemies be;
> And let all those that do him hate
> Before his presence flee!

Even so. The Scotch Army is shivered to utter ruin; rushes in tumultuous wreck, hither, thither; to Belhaven, or, in their distraction, even to Dunbar; the chase goes as far as Haddington; led by Hacker. 'The Lord General made a halt,' says Hodgson, 'and sang the Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm,' till our horse could gather for the chase. Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm, at the foot of the Doon Hill; there

[1] Rushworth's Letter to the Speaker (in *Parliamentary History*, xix. 341).

we uplift it, to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky:

O give ye praise unto the Lord,
All nati-ons that be;
Likewise ye people all, accord
His name to magnify!

For great to us-ward ever are
His lovingkindnesses;
His truth endures for evermore:
The Lord O do ye bless!

And now, to the chase again.

The Prisoners are Ten-thousand,—all the foot in a mass. Many Dignitaries are taken; not a few are slain; of whom see Printed Lists,—full of blunders. Provost Jaffray of Aberdeen, Member of the Scots Parliament, one of the Committee of Estates, was very nearly slain: a trooper's sword was in the air to sever him, but one cried, He is a man of consequence; he can ransom himself!—and the trooper kept him prisoner.[1] The first of the Scots Quakers, by and by; and an official person much reconciled to Oliver. Ministers also of the Kirk Committee were slain; two Ministers I find taken, poor Carstairs of Glasgow, poor Waugh of some other place, —of whom we shall transiently hear again.

General David Lesley, vigorous for flight as for other things, got to Edinburgh by nine o'clock; poor old Leven, not so light of movement, did not get till two. Tragical enough. What a change since January 1644, when we marched out of this same Dunbar up to the knees in snow! It was to help and save these very men that we then marched; with the Covenant in all our hearts. We have stood by the letter of the Covenant; fought for our Covenanted Stuart King as we could;—they again, they stand by the substance of it, and have trampled us and the letter of it into this ruinous state!—Yes, my poor friends;—and now be wise, be

[1] *Diary of Alexander Jaffray* (London, 1834;—unhappily relating almost all to the inner man of Jaffray).

taught! The letter of your Covenant, in fact, will never rally again in this world. The spirit and substance of it, please God, will never die in this or in any world.

Such is Dunbar Battle; which might also be called Dunbar Drove, for it was a frightful rout. Brought on by miscalculation; misunderstanding of the difference between substances and semblances;—by mismanagement, and the chance of war. My Lord General's next Seven Letters, all written on the morrow, will now be intelligible to the reader. First, however, take the following

PROCLAMATION

'FORASMUCH as I understand there are several Soldiers of 'the Enemy's Army yet abiding in the Field, who by reason 'of their wounds could not march from thence:

'These are therefore to give notice to the Inhabitants of 'this Nation That they may and hereby have [1] free liberty to 'repair to the Field aforesaid, and, with their carts or "in" 'any other peaceable way, to carry away the said Soldiers to 'such places as they shall think fit:—provided they meddle 'not with, or take away, any the Arms there. And all 'Officers and Soldiers are to take notice that the same is 'permitted.

'Given under my hand, at Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

'OLIVER CROMWELL.

'To be proclaimed by beat of drum.'*

LETTER CXL

FOR THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM LENTHALL, ESQUIRE, SPEAKER OF THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND: THESE

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

Sir,—I hope it's not ill taken, that I make no more frequent

[1] *sic.*

* Old Newspaper, *Several Proceedings in Parliament*, no. 50 (5th-12th Sept. 1650): in Burney Newspapers (British Museum), vol. xxxiv.

addresses to the Parliament. Things that are in trouble, in point of provision for your Army, and of ordinary direction, I have, as I could, often presented to the Council of State, together with such occurrences as have happened;—who, I am sure, as they have not been wanting in their extraordinary care and provision for us, so neither in what they judge fit and necessary to represent the same to you. And this I thought to be a sufficient discharge of my duty on that behalf.

It hath now pleased God to bestow a mercy upon you, worthy of your knowledge, and of the utmost praise and thanks of all that fear and love His name; yea, the mercy is far above all praise. Which that you may the better perceive, I shall take the boldness to tender unto you some circumstances accompanying this great business, which will manifest the greatness and seasonableness of this mercy.

We having tried what we could to engage the Enemy, three or four miles West of Edinburgh; that proving ineffectual, and our victual failing,—we marched towards our ships for a recruit of our want. The Enemy did not at all trouble us in our rear; but marched the direct way towards Edinburgh, and partly in the night and morning slips-through his whole Army; and quarters himself in a posture easy to interpose between us and our victual. But the Lord made him to lose the opportunity. And the morning proving exceeding wet and dark, we recovered, by that time it was light, a ground where they could not hinder us from our victual: which was an high act of the Lord's Providence to us. We being come into the said ground, the Enemy marched into the ground we were last upon; having no mind either to strive to interpose between us and our victuals, or to fight; being indeed upon this "aim of reducing us to a" lock,—hoping that the sickness of your Army would render their work more easy by the gaining of time. Whereupon we marched to Musselburgh, to victual, and to ship away our sick men; where we sent aboard near five-hundred sick and wounded soldiers.

And upon serious consideration, finding our weakness so to

increase, and the Enemy lying upon his advantage,—at a general council it was thought fit to march to Dunbar, and there to fortify the Town. Which (we thought), if anything, would provoke them to engage. As also, That the having of a Garrison there would furnish us with accommodation for our sick men, "and" would be a good Magazine,—which we exceedingly wanted; being put to depend upon the uncertainty of weather for landing provisions, which many times cannot be done though the being of the whole Army lay upon it, all the coasts from Berwick to Leith having not one good harbour. As also, To lie more conveniently to receive our recruits of horse and foot from Berwick.

Having these considerations,—upon Saturday the 30th[1] *of August we marched from Musselburgh to Haddington. Where, by that time we had got the van-brigade of our horse, and our foot and train, into their quarters, the Enemy had marched with that exceeding expedition that they fell upon the rear-forlorn of our horse, and put it in some disorder; and indeed had like to have engaged our rear-brigade of horse with their whole Army,—had not the Lord by His Providence put a cloud over the Moon, thereby giving us opportunity to draw-off those horse to the rest of our Army. Which accordingly was done without any loss, save of three or four of our aforementioned forlorn; wherein the Enemy, as we believe, received more loss.*

The Army being put into a reasonable secure posture,—towards midnight the Enemy attempted our quarters, on the west end of Haddington: but through the goodness of God we repulsed them. The next morning we drew into an open field, on the south side of Haddington; we not judging it safe for us to draw to the Enemy upon his own ground, he being prepossessed thereof;—but rather drew back, to give him way to come to us, if he had so thought fit. And having waited about the space of four or five hours, to see if he would come to us; and not finding any inclination in the Enemy so to do,—we resolved to go, according to our first intendment, to Dunbar.

[1] *sic:* but Saturday is 31st.

By that time we had marched three or four miles, we saw some bodies of the Enemy's horse draw out of their quarters; and by that time our carriages were gotten near Dunbar, their whole Army was upon their march after us. And indeed, our drawing back in this manner, with the addition of three new regiments added to them, did much heighten their confidence, if not presumption and arrogancy.—The Enemy, that night, we perceived, gathered towards the Hills; labouring to make a perfect interposition between us and Berwick. And having in this posture a great advantage,—through his better knowledge of the country, he effected it: by sending a considerable party to the strait Pass at Copperspath; where ten men to hinder are better than forty to make their way. And truly this was an exigent to us,[1] *wherewith the Enemy reproached us;—"as" with that condition the Parliament's Army was in when it made its hard conditions with the King in Cornwall.*[2] *By some reports that have come to us, they had disposed of us, and of their business, in sufficient revenge and wrath towards our persons; and had swallowed-up the poor Interest of England; believing that their Army and their King would have marched to London without any interruption;—it being told us (we know not how truly) by a prisoner we took the night before the fight, That their King was very suddenly to come amongst them, with those English they allowed to be about him. But in what they were thus lifted up, the Lord was above them.*

The Enemy lying in the posture before mentioned, having those advantages; we lay very near him, being sensible of our disadvantages, having some weakness of flesh, but yet consolation and support from the Lord himself to our poor weak faith, wherein I believe not a few amongst us stand: That because of their numbers, because of their advantages, because of their

[1] A disgraceful summons of caption to us: 'exigent' is a law-writ issued against a fugitive,—such as we knew long since, in our young days, about Lincoln's Inn!

[2] Essex's Army six years ago, in Autumn 1644, when the King had impounded it among the Hills there (see vol. i. p. 194).

confidence, because of our weakness, because of our strait, we were in the Mount, and in the Mount the Lord would be seen; and that He would find out a way of deliverance and salvation for us:—and indeed we had our consolations and our hopes.

Upon Monday evening,—the Enemy's whole numbers were very great; about Six-thousand horse, as we heard, and Sixteen-thousand foot at least; ours drawn down, as to sound men, to about Seven-thousand five-hundred foot, and Three-thousand five-hundred horse,—"upon Monday evening," the Enemy drew down to the right wing about two-thirds of their left wing of horse. To the right wing; shogging also their foot and train much to the right; causing their right wing of horse to edge down towards the sea. We could not well imagine but that the Enemy intended to attempt upon us, or to place themselves in a more exact condition of interposition. The Major-General and myself coming to the Earl Roxburgh's House, and observing this posture, I told him I thought it did give us an opportunity and advantage to attempt upon the Enemy. To which he immediately replied, That he had thought to have said the same thing to me. So that it pleased the Lord to set this apprehension upon both of our hearts, at the same instant. We called for Colonel Monk, and showed him the thing: and coming to our quarters at night, and demonstrating our apprehensions to some of the Colonels, they also cheerfully concurred.

We resolved therefore to put our business into this posture: That six regiments of horse, and three regiments and a half of foot should march in the van; and that the Major-General, the Lieutenant-General of the horse, and the Commissary-General,[1] *and Colonel Monk to command the brigade of foot, should lead on the business; and that Colonel Pride's brigade, Colonel Overton's brigade, and the remaining two regiments of horse should bring up the cannon and rear. The time of falling-on to be by break of day:—but through some delays it proved not to be so; "not" till six o'clock in the morning.*

The Enemy's word was, The Covenant; *which it had been*

[1] Lambert, Fleetwood, Whalley.

for divers days. Ours, The Lord of Hosts. *The Major-General, Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, and Commissary-General Whalley, and Colonel Twistleton, gave the onset; the Enemy being in a very good posture to receive them, having the advantage of their cannon and foot against our horse. Before our foot could come up, the Enemy made a gallant resistance, and there was a very hot dispute at sword's point between our horse and theirs. Our first foot, after they had discharged their duty (being overpowered with the Enemy), received some repulse, which they soon recovered. For my own regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Goffe and my Major, White, did come seasonably in; and, at the push of pike, did repel the stoutest regiment the Enemy had there, merely with the courage the Lord was pleased to give. Which proved a great amazement to the residue of their foot; this being the first action between the foot. The horse in the mean time did, with a great deal of courage and spirit, beat back all oppositions; charging through the bodies of the Enemy's horse and of their foot; who were, after the first repulse given, made by the Lord of Hosts as stubble to their swords.—Indeed, I believe I may speak it without partiality: both your chief Commanders and others in their several places, and soldiers also, were acted*[1] *with as much courage as ever hath been seen in any action since this War. I know they look not to be named; and therefore I forbear particulars.*

The best of the Enemy's horse being broken through and through in less than an hour's dispute, their whole Army being put into confusion, it became a total rout; our men having the chase and execution of them near eight miles. We believe that upon the place and near about it were about Three-thousand slain. Prisoners taken: of their officers you have this enclosed List; of private soldiers near Ten-thousand. The whole baggage and train taken, wherein was good store of match, powder and bullet; all their artillery, great and small,—thirty guns. We are confident they have left behind them not less

[1] 'actuated,' as we now write it.

than Fifteen-thousand arms. I have already brought in to me near Two-hundred colours, which I herewith send you.[1] *What officers of theirs of quality are killed, we yet cannot learn; but yet surely divers are: and many men of quality are mortally wounded, as Colonel Lumsden, the Lord Libberton and others. And, that which is no small addition, I do not believe we have lost twenty men. Not one Commission Officer slain as I hear of, save one Cornet; and Major Rooksby, since dead of his wounds; and not many mortally wounded:—Colonel Whalley only cut in the handwrist, and his horse (twice shot) killed under him; but he well recovered another horse, and went on in the chase.*

Thus you have the prospect of one of the most signal mercies God hath done for England and His people, this War:—and now may it please you to give me the leave of a few words. It is easy to say, The Lord hath done this. It would do you good to see and hear our poor foot to go up and down making their boast of God. But, Sir, it's in your hands, and by these eminent mercies God puts it more into your hands, To give glory to Him; to improve your power, and His blessings, to His praise. We that serve you beg of you not to own us, —but God alone. We pray you own His people more and more; for they are the chariots and horsemen of Israel. Disown yourselves;—but own your Authority; and improve it to curb the proud and the insolent, such as would disturb the tranquillity of England, though under what specious pretences soever. Relieve the oppressed, hear the groans of poor prisoners in England. Be pleased to reform the abuses of all professions: —and if there be any one that makes many poor to make a few

[1] They hung long in Westminster Hall; beside the Preston ones, and still others that came. Colonel Pride has been heard to wish, and almost to hope, That the Lawyers' gowns might all be hung up beside the Scots colours yet,—and the Lawyers' selves, except some very small and most select needful remnant, be ordered peremptorily to disappear from those localities, and seek an honest trade elsewhere! (Walker's *History of Independency*.)

rich,[1] *that suits not a Commonwealth. If He that strengthens your servants to fight, please to give you hearts to set upon these things, in order to His glory, and the glory of your Commonwealth,—"then" besides the benefit England shall feel thereby, you shall shine forth to other Nations, who shall emulate the glory of such a pattern, and through the power of God turn-in to the like!*

These are our desires. And that you may have liberty and opportunity to do these things, and not be hindered, we have been and shall be (by God's assistance) willing to venture our lives;—and "will" not desire you should be precipitated by importunities, from your care of safety and preservation; but that the doing of these good things may have their place amongst those which concern wellbeing,[2] *and so be wrought in their time and order.*

Since we came in Scotland, it hath been our desire and longing to have avoided blood in this business; by reason that God hath a people here fearing His name, though deceived. And to that end have we offered much love unto such, in the bowels of Christ; and concerning the truth of our hearts therein, have we appealed unto the Lord. The Ministers of Scotland have hindered the passage of these things to the hearts of those to whom we intended them. And now we hear, that not only the deceived people, but some of the Ministers are also fallen in this Battle. This is the great hand of the Lord, and worthy of the consideration of all those who take into their hands the instruments of a foolish shepherd,—to wit, meddling with worldly policies, and mixtures of earthly power, to set up that which they call the Kingdom of Christ, which is neither it, nor, if it were it, would such means be found effectual to that end,—and neglect, or trust not to, the Word of God, the sword of the Spirit; which is alone powerful and able for the setting-up of that Kingdom; and, when trusted to, will be found effectually

[1] 'Many of them had a *Peek* at Lawyers generally' (says learned Bulstrode in these months,—appealing to posterity, almost with tears in his big dull eyes!).

[2] We as yet struggle for *being*; which is preliminary, and still more essential.

able to that end, and will also do it! This is humbly offered for their sakes who have lately too much turned aside: that they might return again to preach Jesus Christ, according to the simplicity of the Gospel;—and then no doubt they will discern and find your protection and encouragement.

Beseeching you to pardon this length, I humbly take leave; and rest, Sir, your most obedient servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

Industrious dull Bulstrode, coming home from the Council of State towards Chelsea on Saturday afternoon, is accosted on the streets, 'near Charing Cross,' by a dusty individual, who declares himself bearer of this Letter from my Lord General; and imparts a rapid outline of the probable contents to Bulstrode's mind, which naturally kindles with a certain slow solid satisfaction on receipt thereof.[1]

LETTER CXLI

LETTER CXXXIX., for Sir Arthur, did not go on Monday night; and finds now an unexpected conveyance! — Brand, Historian of Newcastle, got sight of that Letter, and of this new one enclosing it, in the hands of an old Steward of the Haselrigs, grandfather of the present possessor of those Documents, some half-century ago; and happily took copies. Letter CXXXIX. was autograph, 'folded up hastily before the ink was quite dry;—sealed with red wax': of this there is nothing autograph but the signature; and the sealing-wax is black.

FOR THE HONOURABLE SIR ARTHUR HASELRIG, AT NEWCASTLE OR ELSEWHERE: THESE. HASTE, HASTE

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

Sir,—You will see by my Enclosed, of the 2d of this month,

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 87-91).

[1] Whitlocke (2d edition), p. 470 (7th Sept.).

which was the evening before the Fight, the condition we were in at that time. Which I thought fit on purpose to send you, that you might see how great and how seasonable our deliverance and mercy is, by such aggravation.

Having said my thoughts thereupon to the Parliament I shall only give you the narrative of this exceeding mercy;[1] *believing the Lord will enlarge your heart to a thankful consideration thereupon. The least of this mercy lies not in the advantageous consequences which I hope it may produce; of glory to God and good to His People, in the prosecution of that which remains; unto which this great work hath opened so fair a way. We have no cause to doubt but, if it shall please the Lord to prosper our endeavours, we may find opportunities both upon Edinburgh and Leith,—Stirling-Bridge, and other such places as the Lord shall lead unto. Even far above our thoughts; as this late and other experiences gives good encouragement.*

Wherefore, that we may not be wanting, I desire you, with such forces as you have, Immediately to march to me to Dunbar; leaving behind you such of your new Levies as will prevent lesser incursions:—for surely their rout and ruin is so total that they will not be provided for any thing that is very considerable.— —Or rather, which I more incline unto, That you would send Thomlinson with the Forces you have ready, and this with all possible expedition; and that you *will go on with the remainder of the Reserve,—which, upon better thoughts, I do not think can well be done without you.*

Sir, let no time nor opportunity be lost. Surely it's probable the Kirk has done their do.[2] *I believe their King will set-up upon his own score now; wherein he will find many friends. Taking opportunity offered,—it's our great advantage, through God. I need say no more to you on this behalf; but rest, your humble servant,*

OLIVER CROMWELL.

[1] Means *the bare statement.* In the next sentence, 'The least lies not,' is for *The not least lies.*

[2] 'doo' in orig.

*My service to your good Lady.—I think it will be very fit that you bake Hard-bread again, considering you increase our numbers. I pray you do so.—Sir, I desire you to procure about Three or Four score Masons, and ship them to us with all speed: for we expect that God will suddenly put some places into our hands, which we shall have occasion to fortify.**

LETTER CXLII

TO THE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE: THESE

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

My Lord,—I have sent the Major-General, with six regiments of horse and one of foot, towards Edinburgh; purposing (God willing) to follow after, tomorrow, with what convenience I may.

We are put to exceeding trouble, though it be an effect of abundant mercy, with the numerousness of our Prisoners; having so few hands, so many of our men sick;—so little conveniency of disposing of them;[1] *and not, by attendance thereupon, to omit the seasonableness of the prosecution of this mercy as Providence shall direct. We have been constrained, even out of Christianity, humanity, and the forementioned necessity, to dismiss between four and five thousand Prisoners, almost starved, sick and wounded; the remainder, which are the like, or a greater number, I am fain to send by a convoy of four troops of Colonel Hacker's, to Berwick, and so on to Newcastle, southwards.*[2]

* Brand's *History of Newcastle*, ii. 489. In Brand's Book there follow Excerpts from two other Letters to Sir Arthur; of which, on inquiry, the present Baronet of Nosely Hall unluckily knows nothing farther. The Excerpts, with their dates, shall be given presently.

[1] The Prisoners:—sentence ungrammatical, but intelligible.

[2] Here are Brand's Excerpts from the two other Letters to Sir Arthur, spoken of in the former Note: '*Dunbar, 5th Sept.* 1650. . . . . After much deliberation, we can find no way how to dispose of these Prisoners that will be consisting with these two ends: to wit, the not losing them and the not starving them, neither of which would we willingly incur,—but by sending them into England.' (Brand, ii. 481.)— — *Edinburgh 9th Sept.* 1650. . . . . I hope your Northern Guests are come to you by this time. I pray you let humanity be exercised

I think fit to acquaint your Lordship with two or three observations. Some of the honestest in the Army amongst the Scots did profess before the fight, That they did not believe their King in his Declaration;[1] *and it's most evident he did sign it with as much reluctancy and so much against his heart as could be: and yet they venture their lives for him upon this account; and publish this "Declaration" to the world, to be believed as the act of a person converted, when in their hearts they know he abhorred the doing of it, and meant it not.*

I hear, when the Enemy marched last up to us, the Ministers pressed their Army to interpose between us and home; the chief Officers desiring rather that we might have way made, though it were by a golden bridge. But the Clergy's counsel prevailed, —to their no great comfort, through the goodness of God.

The Enemy took a gentleman of Major Brown's troop prisoner, that night we came to Haddington; and he had quarter through Lieutenant-General David Lesley's means; who, finding him a man of courage and parts, laboured with him to take up arms. But the man expressing constancy and resolution to this side, the Lieutenant-General caused him to be mounted, and with two troopers to ride about to view their gallant Army; using that as an argument to persuade him to their side; and, when this was done, dismissed him to us in a bravery. And indeed the day before we fought, they did express so much insolency and contempt of us, to some soldiers they took, as was beyond apprehension. Your Lordship's most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

towards them: I am persuaded it will be comely. Let the officers be kept at Newcastle, some sent to Lynn, some to Chester.' (*Ibid.* p. 480.)— —(*Note to Third Edition.*) Letters complete, in Appendix, no. 19.

A frightful account of what became of these poor 'Northern Guests' as they proceeded 'southwards'; how, for sheer hunger, they ate raw-cabbages in the 'walled garden at Morpeth,' and lay in unspeakable imprisonment in Durham Cathedral, and died as of swift pestilence there: In *Sir Arthur Haselrig's Letter to the Council of State* (reprinted, from the old Pamphlets, in *Parliamentary History*, xix. 417).

[1] Open Testimony against the sins of his Father, see antea, p. 193.

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 91).

Which high officialities being ended, here are certain glad domestic Letters of the same date.

LETTER CXLIII

FOR MY BELOVED WIFE ELIZABETH CROMWELL, AT THE COCKPIT: THESE

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

My Dearest,—I have not leisure to write much. But I could chide thee that in many of thy Letters thou writest to me, That I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice.

The Lord hath showed us an exceeding mercy:—who can tell how great it is! My weak faith hath been upheld. I have been in my inward man marvellously supported;—though I assure thee, I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age marvellously stealing upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease! Pray on my behalf in the latter respect. The particulars of our late success Harry Vane or Gilbert Pickering will impart to thee. My love to all dear friends. I rest thine,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

LETTER CXLIV

FOR MY LOVING BROTHER RICHARD MAYOR, ESQUIRE AT HURSLEY: THESE

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

Dear Brother,—Having so good an occasion as the imparting so great a mercy as the Lord has vouchsafed us in Scotland, I would not omit the imparting thereof to you, though I be full of business.

* Copied from the Original by John Hare, Esq., Rosemont Cottage, Clifton. Collated with the old Copy in British Museum, Cole MSS. no. 5834, p. 38. 'The Original was purchased at Strawberry-Hill Sale' (Horace Walpole's), '30th April 1842, for Twenty-one guineas.'

Upon Wednesday[1] *we fought the Scottish Armies. They were in number, according to all computation, above Twenty-thousand; we hardly Eleven-thousand, having great sickness upon our Army. After much appealing to God, the Fight lasted above an hour. We killed (as most think) Three-thousand; took near Ten-thousand prisoners, all their train, about thirty guns great and small, besides bullet, match and powder, very considerable Officers, about two-hundred colours, above ten-thousand arms;—lost not thirty men. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Good Sir, give God all the glory; stir up all yours, and all about you, to do so. Pray for your affectionate brother,*

OLIVER CROMWELL.

*I desire my love may be presented to my dear Sister, and to all your Family. I pray tell Doll I do not forget her nor her little Brat. She writes very cunningly and complimentally to me; I expect a Letter of plain dealing from her. She is too modest to tell me whether she breeds or not. I wish a blessing upon her and her Husband. The Lord make them fruitful in all that's good. They are at leisure to write often;—but indeed they are both idle, and worthy of blame.**

LETTER CXLV

A PIOUS Word, shot off to Ireland, for Son Ireton and the 'dear Friends' fighting for the same Cause there. That they may rejoice with us, as we have done with them: none knows but they may have 'need' again 'of mutual experiences for refreshment.'

[1] 'Wedensd.' in the Original. A curious proof of the haste and confusion Cromwell was in. The Battle was on *Tuesday*,—yesterday, 3rd September 1650; indisputably Tuesday; and he is now writing on Wednesday!—

* Harris, p. 513; one of the Pusey stock, the last now but three.

"TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL IRETON, DEPUTY-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND: THESE"

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

Sir,—Though I hear not often from you, yet I know you forget me not. Think so of me "too"; for I often remember you at the Throne of Grace.—I heard of the Lord's good hand with you in reducing Waterford, Duncannon, and Catherlogh:[1] *His Name be praised.*

We have been engaged upon a Service the fullest of trial ever poor creatures were upon. We made great professions of love; knowing we were to deal with many who were Godly, and "who" pretended to be stumbled at our Invasion:—indeed, our bowels were pierced again and again; the Lord helped us to sweet words, and in sincerity to mean them. We were rejected again and again; yet still we begged to be believed that we loved them as our own souls; they often returned evil for good. We prayed for security:[2] *they would not hear or answer a word to that. We made often appeals to God; they appealed also. We were near engagements three or four times, but they lay upon advantages. A heavy flux fell upon our Army; brought it very low,—from Fourteen to Eleven thousand: Three-thousand five-hundred horse, and Seven-thousand five-hundred foot. The Enemy Sixteen-thousand foot, and Six-thousand horse.*

The Enemy prosecuted the advantage. We were necessitated; and upon September[3] *the 3d, by six in the morning, we attempted their Army:—after a hot dispute for about an hour, we routed their whole Army; killed near Three-thousand; and took, as the Marshal informs me, Ten-thousand prisoners; their whole Train, being about thirty pieces, great and small; good store of powder, match and bullet; near Two-hundred*

[1] 'Catherlogh' is Carlow: Narrative of these captures (10th August 1650) in a Letter from Ireton to the Speaker (*Parliamentary History*, xix. 334-7).

[2] Begged of them some security against Charles Stuart's designs upon England.

[3] '7ber' he writes.

Colours. I am persuaded near Fifteen-thousand Arms left upon the ground. And I believe, though many of ours be wounded, we lost not above Thirty men. Before the Fight our condition was made very sad, the Enemy greatly insulted and menaced "us"; but the Lord upheld us with comfort in Himself, beyond ordinary experience.

I knowing the acquainting you with this great handiwork of the Lord would stir-up your minds to praise and rejoicing; and not knowing but your condition may require mutual experiences for refreshment; and knowing also that the news we had of your successes was matter of help to our faith in our distress, and matter of praise also,—I thought fit (though in the midst of much business) to give you this account of the unspeakable goodness of the Lord, who hath thus appeared, to the glory of His great Name, and the refreshment of His Saints.

The Lord bless you, and us, to return praises; to live *them all our days. Salute all our dear Friends with you, as if I named them. I have no more;—but rest, your loving father and true friend,*

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

We observe there are no regards to Bridget Ireton, no news or notice of her, in this Letter. Bridget Ireton is at London, safe from these wild scenes; far from her husband, far from her Father:—will never see her brave Husband more.

LETTER CXLVI

DUBITATING Wharton must not let 'success' too much sway him; yet it were fit he took notice of these things: he, and idle Norton whom we know, and Montague of Hinchinbrook, and others. The Lord General, for his own share, has a better ground than 'success'; has the direct insight of his

* Russell's *Life of Cromwell* (Edinburgh, 1829; forming vols. 46, 47 of *Constable's Miscellany*), ii. 317-19. Does not say whence;—Letter undoubtedly genuine.

own soul, such as suffices him,—such as all souls to which 'the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding,' are or may be capable of, one would think!

FOR THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD WHARTON: THESE

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

My dear Lord,—Ay, poor I love you! Love you the Lord: take heed of disputing!—I was untoward when I spake last with you in St. James's Park. I spake cross in stating "my" grounds: I spake to my judgings *of you; which were: That you,—shall I name others?—Henry Lawrence, Robert Hammond, etc., had ensnared yourselves with disputes.*

I believe you desired to be satisfied; and had tried and doubted your "own" sincerities. It was well. But uprightness, if it be not purely *of God, may be, nay commonly is, deceived. The Lord persuade you, and all my dear Friends!*

The results of your thoughts concerning late Transactions I know to be mistakes of yours, by a better argument than success. *Let not your engaging too far upon your own judgments be your temptation or snare: much less "let" success,—lest you should be thought to return upon less noble arguments.*[1] *It is in my heart to write the same things to Norton, Montague and others: I pray you read or communicate these foolish lines to them. I have known my folly do good, when affection has overcome*[2] *my reason. I pray you judge me sincere,—lest a prejudice should be put upon after advantages.*

How gracious has the Lord been in this great Business! Lord, hide not Thy mercies from our eyes!—

My service to the dear Lady. I rest, your humble servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

[1] Decide as the essence of the matter *is*; neither persist nor 'return' upon fallacious, superficial, or external considerations.

[2] outrun.

* *Gentleman's Magazine* (London, 1814), lxxxiv. 419. Does not say whence or how.

LETTERS CXLVII—CXLIX

Of these Letters, the first Two, with their Replies and Adjuncts, Six Missives in all, form a Pamphlet published at Edinburgh in 1650, with the Title: *Several Letters and Passages between his Excellency the Lord General Cromwell and the Governor of Edinburgh Castle.* They have been reprinted in various quarters: we copy the Cromwell part of them from *Thurloe;* and fancy they will not much need any preface. Here are some words, written elsewhere on the occasion, some time ago.

'These Letters of Cromwell to the Edinburgh Clergy, treating of obsolete theologies and polities, are very dull to modern men: but they deserve a steady perusal by all such as will understand the strange meaning (for the present, alas, as good as obsolete in all forms of it) that possessed the mind of Cromwell in these hazardous operations of his. Dryasdust, carrying his learned eye over these and the like Letters, finds them, of course, full of "hypocrisy," etc. etc.—Unfortunate Dryasdust, they are coruscations, terrible as lightning, and beautiful as lightning, from the innermost temple of the Human Soul;—intimations, still credible, of what a Human Soul does mean when it *believes* in the Highest; a thing poor Dryasdust never did nor will do. The hapless generation that now reads these words ought to hold its peace when it has read them, and sink into unutterable reflections,—not unmixed with tears, and some substitute for "sackcloth and ashes," if it liked. In its poor canting sniffing flimsy vocabulary there is no word that can make any response to them. This man has a living god-inspired soul in him, not an enchanted artificial "substitute for salt," as our fashion is. They that have human eyes can look upon him; they that have only owl-eyes need not.'

Here also are some sentences on a favourite topic, *lightning* and *light*. 'As lightning is to light, so is a Cromwell to a

Shakspeare. The light is beautifuler. Ah, yes; but until, by lightning and other fierce labour, your foul Chaos has become a World, you cannot have any light, or the smallest chance for any! Honour the Amphion whose music makes the stones, rocks, and big blocks dance into figures, into domed cities, with temples and habitations:—yet know him too; how, as Volker's in the old *Nibelungen*, oftentimes his "fiddlebow" has to be of "sharp steel," and to play a tune very rough to rebellious ears! The melodious Speaker is great, but the melodious Worker is greater than he. "Our time," says a certain author, "cannot speak at all, but only cant and sneer, and argumentatively jargon, and recite the multiplication-table. Neither as yet can it work, except at mere railroads and cotton-spinning. It will, apparently, return to Chaos soon; and then more lightnings will be needed, lightning enough, to which Cromwell's was but a mild matter;—to be followed by light, we may hope!"'—

The following Letter from Whalley, with the Answer to it, will introduce this series. The date is Monday; the Lord General observing yesterday that the poor Edinburgh people were sadly short of Sermon, has ordered the Commissary-General to communicate as follows:

'FOR THE HONOURABLE THE GOVERNOR OF THE CASTLE OF EDINBURGH

'Edinburgh, 9th September 1650.

'Sir,—I received command from my Lord General to desire you to let the Ministers of Edinburgh, now in the Castle with you, know, That they have free liberty granted them, if they please to take the pains, to preach in their several Churches; and that my Lord hath given special command both to officers and soldiers that they shall not in the least be molested. Sir, I am, your most humble servant,

'EDWARD WHALLEY.'

To which straightway there is this Answer from Governor Dundas:

'"TO COMMISSARY-GENERAL WHALLEY"

'"Edinburgh Castle," 9th September 1650.

'Sir,—I have communicated the desire of your Letter to such of the Ministers of Edinburgh as are with me; who have desired me to return this for Answer:

'That though they are ready to be spent in their Master's service, and to refuse no suffering so they may fulfil their ministry with joy; yet perceiving the persecution to be personal, by the practice of your Party[1] upon the Ministers of Christ in England and Ireland, and in the Kingdom of Scotland since your unjust Invasion thereof; and finding nothing expressed in yours whereupon to build any security for their persons while they are there, and for their return hither;—they are resolved to reserve themselves for better times, and to wait upon Him who hath hidden His face for a while from the sons of Jacob.

'This is all I have to say, but that I am, Sir, your most humble servant, W. DUNDAS.'

To which somewhat sulky response Oliver makes Answer in this notable manner:

LETTER CXLVII

FOR THE HONOURABLE THE GOVERNOR OF THE CASTLE OF EDINBURGH: THESE

Edinburgh, 9th September 1650.

Sir,—The kindness offered to the Ministers with you was done with ingenuity;[2] *thinking it might have met with the like: but I am satisfied to tell those with you, That if their Master's service (as they call it) were chiefly in their eye, imagination of*

[1] Sectarian Party, of Independents.

[2] Means always *ingenuously*.

suffering[1] *would not have caused such a return; much less "would" the practice of our Party, as they are pleased to say, upon the Ministers of Christ in England, have been an argument of personal persecution.*

The Ministers in England are supported, and have liberty to preach the Gospel; though not to rail, nor, under pretence thereof,[2] *to overtop the Civil Power, or debase it as they please. No man hath been troubled in England or Ireland for preaching the Gospel; nor has any Minister been molested in Scotland since the coming of the Army hither. The speaking truth becomes the Ministers of Christ.*

When Ministers pretend to a glorious Reformation; and lay the foundations thereof in getting to themselves worldly power; and can make worldly mixtures to accomplish the same, such as their late Agreement with their King; and hope by him to carry-on their design, "they" may know that the Sion promised will not be built with such untempered mortar.

As for the unjust Invasion they mention, time was[3] *when an Army of Scotland came into England, not called by the Supreme Authority. We have said, in our Papers, with what hearts, and upon what account, we came; and the Lord hath heard us,*[4] *though you would not, upon as solemn an appeal as any experience can parallel.*

And although they seem to comfort themselves with being sons of Jacob, from whom (they say) God hath hid His face for a time; yet it's no wonder when the Lord hath lifted up His hand so eminently against a Family as He hath done so often against this,[5] *and men will not see His hand,—"it's no wonder" if the Lord hide His face from such; putting them to shame both for it and their hatred of His people, as it is this day. When they purely trust to the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, which is powerful to bring down strongholds and every imagination that exalts itself,—which*

[1] Fear of personal damage.
[2] Of preaching the Gospel.
[3] 1648, Duke Hamilton's time; to say nothing of 1640 and other times.
[4] At Dunbar, six days ago.
[5] Of the Stuarts.

alone is able to square and fit the stones for the new Jerusalem; —then and not before, and by that means and no other, shall Jerusalem, the City of the Lord, which is to be the praise of the whole Earth, be built; the Sion of the Holy One of Israel.

I have nothing to say to you but that I am, Sir, your humble servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

The Scotch Clergy never got such a reprimand since they first took ordination! A very dangerous radiance blazes through these eyes of my Lord General's,—destructive to the owl-dominion in Edinburgh Castle and elsewhere!

Let Dundas and Company reflect on it. Here is their ready Answer: still of the same day.

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD CROMWELL, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ENGLISH ARMY"

"Edinburgh Castle," 9th September 1650.

"My Lord,—Yours I have communicated to those with me whom it concerned; who desire me to return this Answer:

"That their ingenuity in prosecuting the ends of the Covenant, according to their vocation and place, and in adhering to their first principles, is well known; and one of their greatest regrets is that they have not been met with the like. That when Ministers of the Gospel have been imprisoned, deprived of their benefices, sequestrated, forced to flee from their dwellings, and bitterly threatened, for their faithful declaring the will of God against the godless and wicked proceedings of men,—it cannot be accounted "an imaginary fear of suffering" in such as are resolved to follow the like freedom and faithfulness in discharge of their Master's message. That it savours not of "ingenuity" to promise liberty of preaching the Gospel, and to limit the Preachers thereof, that they must not speak against the sins and enormities of Civil Powers;

* Thurloe, i. 159; Pamphlet at Edinburgh.

since their commission carrieth them to speak the Word of the Lord unto, and to reprove the sins of, persons of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest. That to impose the name of "railing" upon such faithful freedom was the old practice of Malignants, against the Ministers of the Gospel, who laid open to people the wickedness of their ways, lest men should be ensnared thereby.

'That their consciences bear them record, and all their hearers do know, that they meddle not with Civil Affairs, farther than to hold forth the rule of the Word, by which the straightness and crookedness of men's actions are made evident. But they are sorry they have such cause to regret that men of mere Civil place and employment should usurp the calling and employment of the Ministry:[1] to the scandal of the Reformed Kirks; and, particularly in Scotland, contrary to the government and discipline therein established,—to the maintenance whereof you are bound, by the Solemn League and Covenant.

'Thus far they have thought fit to vindicate their return to the offer in Colonel Whalley's Letter. The other part of yours, which concerns the Public as well as them, they conceive hath all been answered sufficiently in the public Papers of the State and Kirk. Only to that of the success upon your "solemn appeal," they say again, what was said to it before, That they have not so learned Christ as to hang the equity of their Cause upon events; but desire to have their hearts established in the love of the Truth, in all the tribulations that befall them.

'I only do add that I am, my Lord, you most humble servant, W. DUNDAS.'

On Thursday follows Oliver's answer,—'very inferior in composition,' says Dryasdust;—composition not being quite the trade of Oliver! In other respects, sufficiently superior.

[1] Certain of our Soldiers and Officers preach; very many of them can preach,—and greatly to the purpose too!

LETTER CXLVIII

FOR THE GOVERNOR OF EDINBURGH CASTLE: THESE

Edinburgh, 12th September 1650.

Sir,—Because I am at some reasonable good leisure, I cannot let such gross mistakes and inconsequential reasonings pass without some notice taken of them.

And first, their ingenuity in relation to the Covenant, for which they commend themselves, doth no more justify their want of ingenuity in answer to Colonel Whalley's Christian offer, concerning which my Letter charged them with guiltiness "and" deficiency, than their bearing witness to themselves of their adhering to their first principles, and ingenuity in prosecuting the ends of the Covenant, justifies them so to have done merely because they say so. They must give more leave henceforwards; for Christ will have it so, nill they, will they. And they must have patience to have the truth of their doctrines and sayings tried by the sure touchstone of the Word of God. And if there be a liberty and duty of trial, there is a liberty of judgment also for them that may and ought to try: which being[1] *so, they must give others leave to think and say that they can appeal to equal judges, Who have been the truest fulfillers of the most real and equitable ends of the Covenant?*

But if these Gentlemen do[2] *assume to themselves to be the infallible expositors of the Covenant, as they do too much to their auditories "to be the infallible expositors" of the Scriptures "also," counting a different sense and judgment from theirs Breach of Covenant and Heresy,—no marvel they judge of others so authoritatively and severely. But we have not so learned Christ. We look at Ministers as helpers of, not lords over, God's people. I appeal to their consciences, whether any "person" trying their doctrines, and dissenting, shall not incur the censure of Sectary? And what is this but to deny Christians their liberty, and assume the Infallible Chair? What*

[1] "if" in orig. [2] "which do" in orig.; *dele* "which."

doth he whom we would not be likened unto[1] *do more than this?*

In the second place, it is affirmed that the 'Ministers of the Gospel have been imprisoned, deprived of their benefices, sequestered, forced to fly from their dwellings, and bitterly threatened, for their faithful declaring of the will of God'; that they have been limited that they might not 'speak against the sins and enormities of the Civil Powers'; that to 'impose the name of railing upon such faithful freedom was the old practice of Malignants against the Preachers of the Gospel,' etc.— "Now" if the Civil Authority, or that part of it which continued faithful to their trust,[2] *"and" true to the ends of the Covenant, did, in answer to their consciences, turn-out a Tyrant, in a way which the Christians in aftertimes will mention with honour, and all Tyrants in the world look at with fear; and "if" while many thousands of saints in England rejoice to think of it, and have received from the hand of God a liberty from the fear of like usurpations, and have cast-off him*[3] *who trod in his Father's steps, doing mischief as far as he was able (whom you have received like fire into your bosom,—of which God will, I trust, in time make you sensible): if, "I say," Ministers railing at the Civil Power, and calling them murderers and the like for doing these things, have been dealt with as you mention,—will this be found a 'personal persecution'? Or is sin so, because they say so?*[4] *They that acted this great Business*[5] *have given a reason of their faith in the action; and some here*[6] *are ready farther to do it against all gainsayers.*

But it will be found that these reprovers do not only make themselves the judges and determiners of sin, that so they may reprove; but they also took liberty[7] *to stir-up the people to blood and arms; and would have brought a war upon England, as hath been upon Scotland, had not God prevented it. And if*

[1] The Pope.
[2] When Pride purged them.
[3] Your Charles II., as you call him.
[4] Because you call it so.
[5] Of judging Charles First.
[6] I for one.
[7] In 1648.

such severity as hath been expressed towards them be worthy of the name of 'personal persecution,' let all uninterested men judge: "and" whether the calling of the practice 'railing' be to be paralleled with the Malignants' imputation upon the Ministers for speaking against the Popish Innovations in the Prelates' times,[1] *and the "other" tyrannical and wicked practices then on foot, let your own consciences mind you! The Roman Emperors, in Christ's and his Apostles' times, were usurpers and intruders upon the Jewish State: yet what footstep*[2] *have ye either of our blessed Saviour's so much as willingness to the dividing of an inheritance, or their*[3] *"ever" meddling in that kind? This was not practised by the Church since our Saviour's time, till Antichrist, assuming the Infallible Chair, and all that he called Church to be under him, practised this authoritatively over Civil Governors. The way to fulfil your Ministry with joy is to preach the Gospel; which I wish some who take pleasure in reproofs at a venture, do not forget too much to do!*

Thirdly, you say, You have just cause to regret that men of Civil employments should usurp the calling and employment of the Ministry; to the scandal of the Reformed Kirks.—Are you troubled that Christ is preached? Is preaching so exclusively your function?[4] *Doth it scandalise the Reformed Kirks, and Scotland in particular? Is it against the Covenant? Away with the Covenant, if this be so! I thought, the Covenant and these "professors of it" could have been willing that any should speak good of the name of Christ: if not, it is no Covenant of God's approving; nor are these Kirks you mention insomuch*[5] *the Spouse of Christ. Where do you find in the Scripture a ground to warrant such an assertion, That Preaching is exclusively your function? Though an Approbation from men hath order in it, and may do well; yet*

[1] O Oliver, my Lord General, the Lindley-Murray composition here is dreadful; the meaning struggling, like a strong swimmer, in an element very viscous!

[2] Vestige.

[3] The Apostles'.

[4] 'so inclusive in your function,' means that.

[5] So far as their notion of the Covenant goes.

he that hath no better warrant than that, hath none at all. I hope He that ascended up on high may give His gifts to whom He pleases: and if those gifts be the seal of Mission, be not "you" envious though Eldad and Medad prophesy. You know who bids us covet earnestly the best gifts, *but chiefly* that we may prophesy; *which the Apostle explains there to be a speaking to instruction and edification and comfort,—which speaking, the instructed, the edified and comforted can best tell the energy and effect of, "and say whether it is genuine." If such evidence be, I say again, Take heed you envy not for your own sakes; lest you be guilty of a greater fault than Moses reproved in Joshua for envying for his sake.*

Indeed, you err through mistaking of the Scriptures. Approbation[1] *is an act of conveniency in respect of order; not of necessity, to give faculty to preach the Gospel. Your pretended fear lest Error should step in, is like the man who would keep all the wine out the country lest men should be drunk. It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy, to deprive a man of his natural liberty upon a supposition he may abuse it. When he doth abuse it, judge. If a man speak foolishly, ye suffer him gladly*[2] *because ye are wise; if erroneously, the truth more appears by your conviction "of him." Stop such a man's mouth by sound words which cannot be gainsaid. If he speak blasphemously, or to the disturbance of the public peace, let the Civil Magistrate punish him: if truly, rejoice in the truth. And if you will call our speakings together since we came into Scotland,—to provoke one another to love and good works, to faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and repentance from dead works; "and" to charity and love towards you, to pray and mourn for you, and for your bitter returns to "our love of you," and your incredulity of our professions of love to you, of the truth of which we have made our solemn and humble appeals to the Lord our God, which He hath heard and borne witness to: if you will call "these" things*

[1] Or say 'Ordination,' Solemn Approbation and Appointment by men.

[2] With a patient victorious feeling.

scandalous to the Kirk, and against the Covenant, because done by men of Civil callings,—we rejoice in them, notwithstanding what you say.

For a conclusion: In answer to the witness of God upon our solemn Appeal,[1] *you say you have not so learned Christ "as" to hang the equity of your Cause upon events. We, "for our part," could wish blindness have not been upon your eyes to all those marvellous dispensations which God hath lately wrought in England. But did not you solemnly appeal and pray? Did not we do so too? And ought not you and we to think, with fear and trembling, of the hand of the Great God in this mighty and strange appearance of His; instead of slightly calling it an 'event'!*[2] *Were not both your and our expectations renewed from time to time, whilst we waited upon God, to see which way He would manifest Himself upon our appeals? And shall we, after all these our prayers, fastings, tears, expectations and solemn appeals, call these bare 'events'? The Lord pity you.*

Surely we, "for our part," fear; because it hath been a merciful and gracious deliverance to us. I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, search after the mind of the Lord in it towards you; and we shall help you by our prayers; that you may find it out: for yet (if we know our hearts at all) our bowels do, in Christ Jesus, yearn after the Godly in Scotland. We know there are stumbling-blocks which hinder you: the personal prejudices you have taken up against us[3] *and our ways, wherein we cannot but think some occasion has been given,*[4] *and for which we mourn: the apprehension you have that we have hindered the glorious Reformation you think you were upon:—I am persuaded these and such-like bind you up from an understanding, and yielding to, the mind of God, in this*

[1] At Dunbar. [2] 'but can slightly call it an event' in orig.

[3] Me, Oliver Cromwell.

[4] I have often, in Parliament and elsewhere, been crabbed towards your hide-bound Presbyterian Formula; and given it many a fillip, not thinking sufficiently what good withal was in it.

great day of His power and visitation. And, if I be rightly informed, the late Blow you received is attributed to profane counsels and conduct, and mixtures[1] *in your Army, and such-like. The natural man will not find out the cause. Look up to the Lord, that He may tell it you. Which that He would do, shall be the fervent prayer of, your loving friend and servant,*

OLIVER CROMWELL.

"P.S." These "following" Queries are sent not to reproach you, but in the love of Christ laying them before you; we being persuaded in the Lord that there is a truth in them. Which we earnestly desire may not be laid aside unsought after, from any prejudice either against the things themselves, or the unworthiness or weakness of the person that offers them. If you turn at the Lord's reproofs, He will pour-out His Spirit upon you; and you shall understand His words; and they will guide you to a blessed Reformation indeed,[2]*—even to one according to the Word, and such as the people of God wait for: wherein you will find us and all saints ready to rejoice, and serve you to the utmost in our places and callings.**

ENCLOSED is the Paper of Queries; to which this Editor, anxious to bring-out my Lord-General's sense, will take the great liberty to intercalate a word or two of Commentary as we read.

QUERIES

1. *Whether the Lord's controversy be not both against the Ministers in Scotland and in England, for their wresting and straining "of the Covenant," and employing*[3] *the Covenant against the Godly and Saints in England (of the same faith with them in every fundamental) even to a bitter persecution;*

[1] Admission of Engagers and ungodly people.

[2] 'glorious Reformation,' 'blessed Reformation,' etc. are phrases loud and current everywhere, especially among the Scotch, for ten years past.

* Thurloe, i. 158-162.

[3] 'improving' in orig.

and so making that which, in the main intention, was Spiritual, to serve Politics and Carnal ends,—even in that part especially which was Spiritual, and did look to the glory of God, and the comfort of His People?

The meaning of your Covenant was, that God's glory should be promoted: and yet how many zealous Preachers, unpresbyterian but real Promoters of God's glory, have you, by wresting and straining of the verbal phrases of the Covenant, found means to menace, eject, afflict and in every way discourage!—

2. *Whether the Lord's controversy be not for your and the Ministers in England's sullenness at "God's great providences," and "your" darkening and not beholding the glory of God's wonderful dispensations in this series of His providences in England, Scotland and Ireland, both now and formerly,—through envy at instruments, and because the things did not work forth your Platform, and the Great God did not come down to your minds and thoughts?*

This is well worth your attention. Perhaps the Great God means something other and farther than you yet imagine. Perhaps in His infinite Thought, and Scheme that reaches through Eternities, there may be elements which the Westminster Assembly has not jotted down? Perhaps these reverend learned persons, debating at Four shillings and sixpence a day, did not get to the bottom of the Bottomless, after all? Perhaps this Universe was not entirely built according to the Westminster Shorter Catechism, but by other ground-plans withal, not yet entirely brought to paper anywhere, in Westminster or out of it, that I hear of? O my reverend Scotch friends!—

3. *Whether your carrying-on a Reformation, so much by you spoken of, have not probably been subject to some mistakes in your own judgments about some parts of the same,—laying so much stress thereupon as hath been a temptation to you even*

to break the Law of Love, "the greatest of all laws," towards your brethren, and those "whom" Christ hath regenerated; even to the reviling and persecuting of them, and to stirring-up of wicked men to do the same, for Form's sake, or but "for" some parts of it?

A helpless lumbering sentence, but with a noble meaning in it.

4. *Whether if your Reformation be so perfect and so spiritual, be indeed the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus, it will need such carnal policies, such fleshly mixtures, such unsincere actings as "some of these are"? To pretend to cry-down all Malignants; and yet to receive and set-up the Head of them "all," and to act for the Kingdom of Christ in his name,*[1] *and upon advantage thereof? And to publish so false a Paper,*[2] *so full of special pretences to piety, as the fruit and effect of his 'repentance,' — to deceive the minds of all the Godly in England, Ireland and Scotland; you, in your own consciences, knowing with what regret he did it, and with what importunities and threats he was brought to do it, and how much to this very day he is against it? And whether this be not a high provocation of the Lord, in so grossly dissembling with Him and His people?* *

Yes, you can consider that, my Friends; and think, on the whole, what kind of course you are probably getting into; steering towards a Kingdom of Jesus Christ with Charles Stuart and Mrs. Barlow at the helm!

The Scotch Clergy reply, through Governor Dundas, still in a sulky unrepentant manner, that they stick by their old opinions; that the Lord General's arguments, which would

[1] Charles Stuart's: a very questionable 'name' for any Kingdom of Christ to act upon!

[2] The *Declaration*, or testimony against his Father's sins.

* Thurloe, i. 158-162.

not be hard to answer a second time, have already been answered amply, by anticipation, in the public Manifestos of the Scottish Nation and Kirk;—that, in short, he hath a longer sword than they for the present, and the Scripture says 'There is one event to the righteous and the wicked,' which may probably account for Dunbar, and some other phenomena. Here the correspondence closes; his Excellency on the morrow morning (Friday 13th September 1650) finding no 'reasonable good leisure' to unfold himself farther, in the way of paper and ink, to these men. There remain other ways; the way of cannon-batteries and Derbyshire miners. It is likely his Excellency will subdue the bodies of these men; and the unconquerable mind will then follow if it can.

PROCLAMATION

'WHEREAS it hath pleased God, by His gracious providence 'and goodness, to put the City of Edinburgh and the Town 'of Leith under my power: And although I have put forth 'several Proclamations, since my coming into this Country, to 'the like effect with this present: Yet for farther satisfaction 'to all those whom it may concern, I do hereby again publish 'and declare,

'That all the Inhabitants of the country, not now being or 'continuing in arms, shall have free leave and liberty to come 'to the Army, and to the City and Town aforesaid, with their 'cattle, corn, horse, or other commodities or goods whatsoever; 'and shall there have free and open markets for the same; 'and shall be protected in their persons and goods, in coming 'and returning as aforesaid, from any injury or violence of 'the Soldiery under my command; and shall also be protected 'in their respective houses. And the Citizens and Inhabitants 'of the said City and Town shall and hereby likewise have[1] 'free leave to vend and sell their wares and commodities; and

[1] Grammar irremediable!

'shall be protected from the plunder and violence of the 'Soldiers.

'And I do hereby require all Officers and Soldiers of the 'Army under my command, To take due notice hereof, and 'to yield obedience hereto. As they will answer the contrary 'at their utmost peril.

'Given under my hand at Edinburgh, the 14th of 'September 1650. OLIVER CROMWELL.

'To be proclaimed in Leith and Edinburgh, by sound of 'trumpet and beat of drum.' *

Listen, and be reassured, ye ancient Populations, though your Clergy sit obstinate on their Castle-rock, and your Stuart King has vanished!—While this comfortable *oyez-oyez* goes sounding through the ancient streets, my Lord General is himself just getting on march again; as the next Letter will testify.

LETTER CXLIX

THE Lord General, leaving the Clergy to meditate his Queries in the seclusion of their Castle-rock, sets off westward, on the second day after, to see whether he cannot at once dislodge the Governing Committee-men and Covenanted King; and get possession of Stirling, where they are busily endeavouring to rally. This, he finds, will not answer, for the moment.

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE: THESE"

Edinburgh, 25th September 1650.

* * * *On Saturday the 14th instant, we marched six miles towards Stirling; and, by reason of the badness of the*

* King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 479, art. 16 ('The Lord General Cromwell his March to Stirling: being a Diary of' etc. 'Published by Authority').

ways, were forced to send back two pieces of our greatest artillery. The day following, we marched to Linlithgow, not being able to go farther by reason of much rain that fell that day. On the 16*th, we marched to Falkirk; and the next day following, within cannon-shot of Stirling;—where, upon Wednesday the* 18*th, our Army was drawn forth, and all things in readiness to storm the Town.*

But finding the work very difficult; they having in the Town Two-thousand horse and more foot; and the place standing upon a river not navigable for shipping to relieve the same, "so that" we could not, with safety, make it a Garrison, if God should have given it into our hands:—upon this, and other considerations, it was not thought a fit time to storm. But such was the unanimous resolution and courage both of our Officers and Soldiers, that greater could not be (as to outward appearance) in men.

On Thursday the 19*th, we returned from thence to Linlithgow; and at night we were informed that, at Stirling, they shot-off their great guns for joy their King was come thither. On Friday the* 20*th, three Irish soldiers came from them to us; to whom we gave entertainment in the Army; they say, Great fears possessed the soldiers when they expected us to storm. That they know not whether old Leven be their General or not, the report being various; but that Sir John Browne, a Colonel of their Army, was laid aside. That they are endeavouring to raise all the Forces they can, in the North; that many of the soldiers, since our victory, are offended at their Ministers; that Colonel Gilbert Ker and Colonel Strahan are gone with shattered forces to Glasgow, to levy soldiers there. As yet we hear not of any of the old Cavaliers being entertained as Officers among them; "the expectation of" which occasions differences betwixt their Ministers and the Officers of the Army.*

The same day, we came to Edinburgh "again." Where we abide without disturbance; saving that about ten at night, and before day in the morning, they sometimes fire three or four great guns at us; and if any of our men come within musket-

shot, they fire at them from the Castle. But, blessed be God, they have done us no harm, except one soldier shot (but not to the danger of his life), that I can be informed of. There are some few of the inhabitants of Edinburgh returned home; who, perceiving our civility, and "our" paying for what we receive of them, repent their departure; open their shops, and bring provisions to the market. It's reported they have in the Castle provisions for fifteen months; some say, for a longer time. Generally the poor acknowledge that our carriage to them is better than that of their own Army; and "that" had they who are gone away known so much, they would have stayed at home. They say, one chief reason wherefore so many are gone was, They feared we would have imposed upon them some oath wherewith they could not have dispensed.

I am in great hopes, through God's mercy, we shall be able this Winter to give the People such an understanding of the justness of our Cause, and our desires for the just liberties of the People, that the better sort of them will be satisfied therewith; although, I must confess, hitherto they continue obstinate. I thought I should have found in Scotland a conscientious People, and a barren country: about Edinburgh, it is as fertile for corn as any part of England; but the People generally "are so" given to the most impudent lying, and frequent swearing, as is incredible to be believed. I rest, "your Lordship's most humble servant,"

OLIVER CROMWELL.[*]

What to do with Scotland, in these mixed circumstances, is a question. We have friends among them, a distinct coincidence with them in the great heart of their National Purpose, could they understand us aright; and we have all degrees of enemies among them, up to the bitterest figure of Malignancy itself. What to do? For one thing, Edinburgh Castle ought to be reduced. 'We have put forces into Linlithgow, and

[*] Newspapers (in *Parliamentary History*, xix. 404).

our Train is lodged in Leith,' Lesley's old citadel there; 'the wet being so great that we cannot march with our Train.' Do we try Edinburgh Castle with a few responsive shots from the Calton Hill; or from what point? My Scotch Antiquarian friends have not informed me. We decide on reducing it by mines.

'*Sunday 29th September* 1650. Resolution being taken for the springing of mines in order to the reducing of Edinburgh Castle; and our men beginning their galleries last night, the Enemy fired five pieces of ordnance, with several volleys of shot, from the Castle; but did no execution. We hope this work will take effect; notwithstanding the height, rockiness, and strength of the place.—His Excellency with his Officers met this day in the High Church of Edinburgh, forenoon and afternoon; where was a great concourse of people.' Mr. Stapylton, who did the Hursley Marriage-treaty, and is otherwise transiently known to mankind,—he, as was above intimated, occupies the pulpit there; the Scots Clergy still sitting sulky in their Castle, with Derby miners now operating on them. 'Many Scots expressed much affection at the doctrine preached by Mr. Stapylton, in their usual way of groans,'—Hum-m-mrrh!—'and it 's hoped a good work is wrought in some of their hearts.'[1] I am sure I hope so. But to think of brother worshippers, partakers in a Gospel of this kind, cutting one another's throats for a Covenanted Charles Stuart,—Hum-m-mrrh!

LETTERS CL—CLXI

HASTE and other considerations forbid us to do more than glance, timidly from the brink, into that sea of confusions in which the poor Scotch people have involved themselves by soldering Christ's Crown to Charles Stuart's! Poor men, they have got a Covenanted King; but he is, so to speak, a

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 92).

Solecism Incarnate: good cannot come of him, or of those that follow him in this course; only inextricability, futility, disaster and discomfiture can come. There is nothing sadder than to see such a Purpose of a Nation led on by such a set of persons; staggering into ever deeper confusion, down, down, till it fall prostrate into utter wreck. Were not Oliver here to gather up the fragments of it, the Cause of Scotland might now die; Oliver, little as the Scots dream of it, is Scotland's Friend too, as he was Ireland's: what would become of Scotch Puritanism, the one great feat hitherto achieved by Scotland, if Oliver were not now there! Oliver's Letters out of Scotland, what will elucidate Oliver's footsteps and utterances there, shall alone concern us at present. For sufficing which object, the main features of these Scotch confusions may become conceivable without much detail of ours.

The first Scotch Army, now annihilated at Dunbar, had been sedulously cleared of all Hamilton *Engagers* and other Malignant or Quasi-Malignant Persons, according to a scheme painfully laid down in what was called the *Act of Classes*,—a General-Assembly Act, defining and *class*ifying such men as shall not be allowed to fight on this occasion, lest a curse overtake the Cause on their account. Something other than a blessing has overtaken the Cause:—and now, on rallying at Stirling with unbroken purpose of struggle, there arise in the Committee of Estates and Kirk, and over the Nation generally, earnest considerations as to the methods of farther struggle; huge discrepancies as to the ground and figure it ought henceforth to take. As was natural to the case, Three Parties now develop themselves: a middle one, and two extremes. The Official Party, Argyle and the Official Persons, especially the secular portion of them, think that the old ground should as much as possible be adhered to: Let us fill-up our old ranks with new men, and fight and resist with the Covenanted Charles Stuart at the head of us, as we did before. This is the middle or Official opinion.

No, answers an extreme Party, Let us have no more to do with your covenanting pedantries; let us sign your Covenant one good time for all, and have done with it; but prosecute the King's Interest, and call on all men to join us in that. An almost openly declared Malignant Party this; at the head of which Lieutenant-General Middleton, the Marquis of Huntly and other Royalist Persons are raising forces, publishing manifestos, in the Highlands near by. Against whom David Lesley himself at last has to march. This is the one extreme; the Malignant or Royalist extreme. The amount of whose exploits was this: They invited the poor King to run off from Perth and his Church-and-State Officials, and join them; which he did,—rode out as if to hawk, one afternoon, softly across the South Inch of Perth, then galloped some forty miles; found the appointed place,—a villanous hut among the Grampian Hills, without soldiers, resources, or accommodations, 'with nothing but a turf pillow to sleep on': and was easily persuaded back, the day after;[1] making his peace by a few more—what shall we call them?—poetic figments; which the Official Persons, with an effort, swallowed. Shortly after, by official persuasion and military coercion, this first extreme Party was suppressed, reunited to the main body; and need not concern us farther.

But now, quite opposite to this, there is another extreme Party; which has its seat in 'the Western Shires,' from Renfrew down to Dumfries;—which is, in fact, I think, the old *Whiggamore Raid* of 1648 under a new figure; these Western Shires being always given that way. They have now got a 'Western Army,' with Colonel Ker and Colonel Strahan to command it; and most of the Earls, Lairds, and Ministers in those parts have joined. Very strong for the Covenant; very strong against all shams of the Covenant. Colonel Ker is the 'famed Commander Gibby Carre,' who came to commune with us in the Burrow-Moor, when we lay on Pentland Hills: Colonel Strahan is likewise a famed Commander, who was

[1] 4th-6th October, Balfour, iv. 113-15.

thought to be slain at Musselburgh once, but is alive here still; an old acquaintance of my Lord General Cromwell's, and always suspected of a leaning to Sectarian courses. These Colonels and Gentry having, by sanction of the Committee of Estates, raised a Western Army of some Five-thousand, and had much consideration with themselves; and seen, especially by the flight into the Grampians, what way his Majesty's real inclinations are tending,—decide, or threaten to decide, that they will not serve under his Majesty or his General Lesley with their Army, till they see new light; that in fact they dare not; being apprehensive he is no genuine Covenanted King, but only the sham of one, whom it is terribly dangerous to follow! On this Party Cromwell has his eye; and they on him. What becomes of them we shall, before long, learn.

Meanwhile here is a Letter to the Official Authorities; which, however, produces small effect upon them.

LETTER CL

FOR THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COMMITTEE OF ESTATES OF SCOTLAND, AT STIRLING, OR ELSEWHERE: THESE

Linlithgow, 9th October 1650.

Right Honourable,—The grounds and ends of the Army's entering Scotland have been heretofore, often and clearly, made known unto you; and how much we have desired the same might be accomplished without blood. But, according to what returns we have received, it is evident your hearts had not that love to us as we can truly say we had towards you. And we are persuaded those difficulties in which you have involved yourselves,—by espousing your King's interest, and taking into your bosom that Person, in whom (notwithstanding what hath "been" or may be said to the contrary) that which is really Malignancy and all Malignants do centre; against whose Family the Lord hath so eminently witnessed for bloodguiltiness, not to be done away by such hypocritical and formal shows of repentance as are expressed in his late Declaration; *and your*

strange prejudices against us as men of heretical opinions (which, through the great goodness of God to us, have been unjustly *charged upon us),—have occasioned your rejecting those Overtures which, with a Christian affection, were offered to you before any blood was spilt, or your People had suffered damage by us.*

The daily sense we have of the calamity of War lying upon the poor People of this Nation, and the sad consequences of blood and famine likely to come upon them; the advantage given to the Malignant, Profane, and Popish party by this War; and that reality of affection which we have so often professed to you,—and concerning the truth of which we have so solemnly appealed,—do again constrain us to send unto you, to let you know, That if the contending for that Person be not by you preferred to the peace and welfare of your Country, the blood of your Peoples, the love of men of the same faith with you, and (in this above all) the honour of that God we serve,—Then give the State of England that satisfaction and security for their peaceable and quiet living beside you, which may in justice be demanded from a Nation giving so just ground to ask the same,—from those who have, as you, taken their enemy into their bosom, whilst he was in hostility against them: "Do this"; and it will be made good to you, That you may have a lasting and durable Peace with them, and the wish of a blessing upon you in all religious and civil things.

If this be refused by you, we are persuaded that God, who hath once borne His testimony, will do it again on the behalf of us His poor servants, who do appeal to Him whether their desires flow from sincerity of heart or not. I rest, your Lordships' humble servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

The Committee of Estates at Stirling or elsewhere debated about an Answer to this Letter; but sent none, except of civility merely, and after considerable delays. A copy of the Letter was likewise forwarded to Colonels Ker and Strahan

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 93).

and their Western Army, by whom it was taken into consideration; and some Correspondence, Cromwell's part of which is not yet altogether lost, followed upon it there; and indeed Cromwell, as we dimly discover in the old Books, set forth towards Glasgow directly on the back of it, in hopes of a closer communication with these Western Colonels and their Party.

While Ker and Strahan are busy 'at Dumfries,' says Baillie, 'Cromwell with the whole body of his Army and cannon comes peaceably by way of Kilsyth to Glasgow.' It is Friday evening, 18th October 1650. 'The Ministers and Magistrates flee all away. I got to the Isle of Cumbrae with my Lady Montgomery; but left all my family and goods to Cromwell's courtesy,—which indeed was great; for he took such a course with his soldiers that they did less displeasure at Glasgow than if they had been in London; though Mr. Zachary Boyd,' a fantastic old gentleman still known in Glasgow and Scotland, 'railed on them all, to their very face, in the High Church;'[1] calling them Sectaries and Blasphemers, the fantastic old gentleman! 'Glasgow, though not so big or rich as Edinburgh, is a much sweeter place; the completest town we have yet seen here, and one of their choicest Universities.' The people were much afraid of us till they saw how we treated them. 'Captain Covel of the Lord General's regiment of horse was cashiered here for holding some blasphemous opinions.'[2]—This is Cromwell's first visit to Glasgow: he made two others, of which on occasion notice shall be taken. In *Pinkerton's Correspondence* are certain 'anecdotes of Cromwell at Glasgow'; which, like many others on Cromwell, need not be repeated anywhere except in the nursery.

Cromwell entered Glasgow on Friday evening; over Sunday, was patient with Zachary Boyd: but got no result out of Ker and Strahan. Ker and Strahan, at Dumfries on the Thursday, have perfected and signed their *Remonstrance* of

[1] Baillie, iii. 119; Whitlocke, p. 459.
[2] Whitlocke, p. 459; *Cromwelliana*, pp. 92-3.

the Western Army;[1] a Document of much fame in the old Scotch Books. 'Expressing many sad truths,' says the Kirk Committee. Expressing, in fact, the apprehension of Ker and Strahan that the Covenanted King may probably be a Solecism Incarnate, under whom it will not be good to fight longer for the Cause of Christ and Scotland;—expressing meanwhile considerable reluctancy as to the English Sectaries; and deciding, on the whole, to fight them still, though on a footing of our own. Not a very hopeful enterprise! Of which we shall see the issue by and by. Meanwhile news come that this Western Army is aiming towards Edinburgh, to get hold of the Castle there. Whereupon Cromwell, in all haste, on Monday, sets off thitherward; 'lodges the first night in a poor cottage fourteen miles from Glasgow'; arrives safe, to prevent all alarms. His first visit to Glasgow was but of two days.

LETTER CLI

THE Western Colonels have given-in their Remonstrance to the Committee of Estates; and sat in deliberation on their copy of Cromwell's Expostulatory Letter to that Body, the Letter we have just read,—in which these two words, 'security' and 'satisfaction,' are somewhat abstruse to the Western Colonels. They decide that it will not be convenient to return any public Answer; but they have forwarded a private Letter of acknowledgment with 'Six Queries': Letter lost to us; Six Queries still surviving. To which, directly after his return to Edinburgh, here is Cromwell's Answer. The Six Queries, being very brief, may be transcribed; the Letter of acknowledgment can be conceived without transcribing:

'*Query* 1. Why is 'satisfaction' demanded? 2. What is the satisfaction demanded? 3. For what is the 'security' demanded? 4. What is the security ye would have? 5. From whom is the security required? 6. To whom is the

[1] Dated 17th October; given in Balfour, iv. 141-60.

security to be given?'[1] Queries which, I think, do not much look like real despatch of business in the present intricate conjuncture!

This Letter, it appears, is, if not accompanied, directly followed by 'Mr. Alexander Jaffray' Provost of Aberdeen, and a 'Reverend Mr. Carstairs' of Glasgow, two Prisoners of Oliver's ever since Dunbar Drove, who are to 'agent' the same.[2]

"TO COLONEL STRAHAN, WITH THE WESTERN ARMY: THESE"

Edinburgh, 25th October 1650.

Sir,—I have considered of the Letter and the Queries; and, having advised with some Christian friends about the same, think fit to return an Answer as followeth:

"That" we bear unto the Godly of Scotland the same Christian affection we have all along professed in our Papers; being ready, through the grace of God, upon all occasions, to give such proof and testimony thereof as the Divine Providence shall minister opportunity to us to do. That nothing would be more acceptable to us to see than the Lord removing offences, and inclining the hearts of His People in Scotland to meet us with the same affection. That we do verily apprehend, with much comfort, that there is some stirring of your bowels by the Lord; giving some hope of His good pleasure tending hereunto; which we are most willing to comply with, and not to be wanting in anything on our part which may further the same.

And having seen the heads of two Remonstrances, the one of the Ministers of Glasgow, and the other of the Officers and Gentleman of the West,[3] we do from thence hope that the Lord hath cleared unto you some things that were formerly hidden, and which we hope may lead to a better understanding. Never-

[1] Balfour, iv. 135. [2] Baillie, iii. 120.

[3] Remonstrance of the Western Army is this latter; the other, very conceivable as a kind of codicil to this, is not known to me except at secondhand, from Baillie's eager, earnest, very headlong and perplexed account of that Business (iv. 120, 122 et seqq.).

theless, we cannot but take notice, that from some expressions in the same Papers, we have too much cause to note that there is still so great a difference betwixt us as we are looked upon and accounted as Enemies.

And although we hope that the Six Queries, sent by you to us to be answered, were intended to clear doubts and remove the remaining obstructions; which we shall be most ready to do: yet, considering the many misconstructions which may arise from the clearest pen (where men are not all of one mind), and the difficulties at this distance to resolve doubts and rectify mistakes, we conceive our Answer in Writing may not so effectually reach that end as a friendly and Christian Conference by equal persons "might."

And we doubt not we can, with ingenuity and clearness, give a satisfactory account of those general things held forth in the Letter sent by us to the Committee of Estates,[1] *and in our former Declarations and Papers; which we shall be ready to do by a Friendly Debate,—when and where our answer to these particulars may probably tend to the better and more clear understanding betwixt the Godly Party of both Nations.*

To speak plainly in a few words: If those who sincerely love and fear the Lord amongst you are sensible that matters have been and are carried by your State so as that therewith God is not well pleased, but the Interest of His People "is" hazarded, in Scotland and England, to Malignants, to Papists, and to the Profane,—we can, through Grace, be willing to lay our bones in the dust for your sakes; and can, as heretofore we have "said," still continue to say, That, not to impose upon you in Religious or Civil Interests, not dominion nor any worldly advantage, "not these," but the obtaining of a just security to ourselves,[2] *were the motives, and satisfactions to our consciences, in this Undertaking. "A just security"; which we believe by this time you may think we had cause to be sensible was more than endangered by the carriage of affairs*

[1] Letter CL.

[2] 'securing ourselves' in orig.

with your King. And it is not success, and more visible clearness to our consciences arising out of the discoveries God hath made of the hypocrisies of men, that hath altered, "or can alter," our principles or demands. But we take from thence humble encouragement to follow the Lord's providence in serving His Cause and People; not doubting but He will give such an issue to this Business as will be to His glory and your comfort. I rest, your affectionate friend and servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

There followed no 'Friendly Debate' upon this Letter; nothing followed upon it except new noise in the Western Army, and a straitlaced case of conscience more perplexing than ever. Jaffray and Carstairs had to come back on parole again; Strahan at length withdrew from the concern: the Western Army went its own separate middle road,—to what issue we shall see.

Here is another trait of the old time; not without illumination for us. 'One Watt, a tenant of the Earl of Tweedale's being sore oppressed by the English, took to himself some of his own degree; and by daily incursions and infalls on the English Garrisons and Parties in Lothian, killed and took of them above Four-hundred,' or say the half or quarter of so many, 'and enriched himself by their spoils.' The like 'did one Augustin, a High-German,' not a Dutchman, 'being purged out of the Army before Dunbar Drove,' —of whom we shall hear farther. In fact, the class called Mosstroopers begins to abound; the only class that can flourish in such a state of affairs. Whereupon comes out this

PROCLAMATION

'I FINDING that divers of the Army under my command are 'not only spoiled and robbed, but also sometimes barbarously

* *Clarendon State-Papers* (Oxford, 1773), ii. 551-2.

'and inhumanly butchered and slain, by a sort of Outlaws 'and Robbers, not under the discipline of any Army; and 'finding that all our tenderness to the Country produceth no 'other effect than their compliance with, and protection of, 'such persons; and considering that it is in the power of the 'Country to detect and discover them (many of them being 'inhabitants of those places where commonly the outrage is 'committed); and perceiving that their motion is ordinarily 'by the invitation, and according to intelligence given them by 'Countrymen:

'I do therefore declare, that wheresoever any under my 'command shall be hereafter robbed or spoiled by such parties, 'I will require life for life, and a plenary satisfaction for their 'goods, of those Parishes and Places where the fact shall be 'committed; unless they shall discover and produce the 'offender. And this I wish all persons to take notice of, that 'none may plead ignorance.

'Given under my hand at Edinburgh, the 5th of November '1650. OLIVER CROMWELL.' *

LETTER CLII

ONE nest of Mosstroopers, not far off, in the Dalkeith region, ought specially to be abated.

TO THE GOVERNOR OF BORTHWICK CASTLE: THESE

Edinburgh, 18th November 1650.

Sir,—I thought fit to send this Trumpet to you, to let you know, That if you please to walk away with your company, and deliver the House to such as I shall send to receive it, you shall have liberty to carry-off your arms and goods, and such other necessaries as you have.

You have harboured such parties in your House as have basely and inhumanly murdered our men: if you necessitate me

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 94).

to bend my cannon against you, you may expect what I doubt you will not be pleased with. I expect your present Answer; and rest, your servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

The Governor of Borthwick Castle, Lord Borthwick of that Ilk, did as he was bidden; 'walked away,' with movable goods, with wife and child, and had 'fifteen days' allowed him to pack: whereby the Dalkeith region and Carlisle Road is a little quieter henceforth.

LETTER CLIII

COLONELS KER and Strahan with their *Remonstrance* have filled all Scotland with a fresh figure of dissension. The Kirk finds 'many sad truths' in it; knows not what to do with it. In the Estates themselves there is division of opinion. Men of worship, the Minister in Kirkcaldy among others, are heard to say strange things: 'That a Hypocrite,' or Solecism Incarnate, 'ought not to reign over us; that we should treat with Cromwell, and give him assurance not to trouble England with a King; that whosoever mars such a Treaty, the blood of the slain shall be on his head!' 'Which are strange words,' says Baillie, 'if true.' Scotland is in a hopeful way. The extreme party of Malignants in the North is not yet quite extinct; and here is another extreme party of Remonstrants in the West,—to whom all the conscientious rash men of Scotland, in Kirkcaldy and elsewhere, seem as if they would join themselves! Nothing but remonstrating, protesting, treatying and mistreatying from sea to sea.

To have taken up such a Remonstrance at first, and stood by it, before the War began, had been very wise: but to take it up now, and attempt not to make a Peace by it, but to continue the War with it, looks mad enough! Such, nevertheless, is Colonel Gibby Ker's project,—not Strahan's, it would seem: men's projects strangely cross one another in this time

* Russell's *Life of Cromwell*, ii. 95 (from *Statistical Account of Scotland*).

of bewilderment; and only perhaps in doing *nothing* could a man in such a scene act wisely. Lambert, however, is gone into the West with Three-thousand horse to deal with Ker and his projects; the Lord General has himself been in the West: the end of Ker's projects is succinctly shadowed forth in the following Letter. From Baillie[1] we learn that Ker, with his Western Army, was lying at a place called Carmunnock, when he made this infall upon Lambert; that the time of it was 'four in the morning of Sunday 1st December 1650'; and the scene of it Hamilton Town, and the streets and ditches thereabouts: a dark sad business, of an ancient Winter morning;—sufficiently luminous for our purpose with it here.

The 'treaties among the Enemy' means Ker and Strahan's confused remonstratings and treatyings; the 'result,' or general upshot, of which is this scene in the ditches at four in the morning.[2]

TO THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM LENTHALL, ESQUIRE, SPEAKER OF THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND: THESE

Edinburgh, 4th December 1650.

Sir,—I have now sent you the results of some Treaties amongst the Enemy, which came to my hand this day.

The Major-General and Commissary-General Whalley marched a few days ago towards Glasgow. The Enemy attempted his quarters in Hamilton; were entered the Town: but by the blessing of God, by a very gracious hand of Providence, without the loss of six men as I hear of, he beat them out; killed about an Hundred; took also about the same number, amongst whom are some prisoners of quality; and near an Hundred horse,—as I am informed. The Major-General is still in the chase of them; to whom also I have since sent the addition of a fresh party. Colonel Ker (as my Messenger, this night, tells me) is taken; his Lieutenant-Colonel; and one that was sometimes Major to Colonel

[1] iii. 125. [2] See also Whitlocke, 16th December 1650.

Strahan; and Ker's Captain-Lieutenant. The whole Party is shattered. And give me leave to say it, If God had not brought them upon us, we might have marched Three-thousand horse to death, and not have lighted on them. And truly it was a strange Providence brought them upon him. For I marched from Edinburgh on the north side of Clyde; "and had" appointed the Major-General to march from Peebles to Hamilton, on the south side of Clyde. I came thither by the time expected; tarried the remainder of the day, and until near seven o'clock the next morning,—apprehending "then that" the Major-General would not come, by reason of the waters. I being retreated, the Enemy took encouragement; marched all that night; and came upon the Major-General's quarters about two hours before day; where it pleased the Lord to order as you have heard.

The Major-General and Commissary-General (as he sent me word) were still gone on in the prosecution of them; and "he" saith that, except an Hundred-and-fifty horse in one body, he hears they are fled, by sixteen or eighteen in a company, all the country over. Robin Montgomery was come out of Stirling, with four or five regiments of horse and dragoons,[1] *but was put to a stand when he heard of the issue of this business. Strahan and some other Officers had quitted some three weeks or a month before this business; so that Ker commanded this whole party in chief.*

It is given out that the Malignants will be almost all received, and rise unanimously and expeditiously. I can assure you, that those that serve you here find more satisfaction in having to deal with men of this stamp than "with" others; and it is our comfort that the Lord hath hitherto made it the matter of

[1] For the purpose of rallying to him these Western forces, or such of them as would follow the official Authorities and him; and leading them to Stirling, to the main Army (Baillie, *ubi supra*). Poor Ker thought it might be useful to do a feat on his own footing first: and here is the conclusion of him! Colonel 'Robin Montgomery' is the Earl of Eglinton's Son, whom we have repeatedly seen before.

our prayers, and of our endeavours (if it might have been the will of God), To have had a Christian understanding between those that fear God in this land and ourselves. And yet we hope it hath not been carried on with a willing failing of our duty to those that trust us:—and I am persuaded the Lord hath looked favourably upon our sincerity herein; and will still do so; and upon you also, whilst you make the Interest of God's People yours.

Those religious People of Scotland that fall in this Cause we cannot but pity and mourn for them; and we pray that all good men may do so too. Indeed, there is at this time a very great distraction, and mighty workings of God upon the hearts of divers, both Ministers and People; much of it tending to the justification of your Cause. And although some are as bitter and as bad as ever; making it their business to shuffle hypocritically with their consciences and the Covenant, to make it "seem" lawful to join with Malignants, which now they do,—as well they might long before, having taken-in the Head "Malignant" of them: yet truly others are startled at it; and some have been constrained by the work of God upon their consciences, to make sad and solemn accusations of themselves, and lamentations in the face of their Supreme Authority; charging themselves as guilty of the blood shed in this War, by having a hand in the Treaty at Breda, and by bringing the King in amongst them. This lately did a Lord of the Session; and withdrew "from the Committee of Estates." And lately Mr. James Livingston, a man as highly esteemed as any for piety and learning, who was a Commissioner for the Kirk at the said Treaty,—charged himself with the guilt of the blood of this War, before their Assembly; and withdrew from them, and is retired to his own house.

It will be very necessary, to encourage victuallers to come to us, that you take off Customs and Excise from all things brought hither for the use of the Army.

I beg your prayers; and rest, your humble servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 94-5).

This, then, is the end of Ker's fighting project; a very mad one, at this state of the business. The *Remonstrance* continued long to be the symbol of the Extreme-Covenant or Whiggamore Party among the Scots; but its practical operation ceased here. Ker lies lamed, dangerously wounded; and, I think, will fight no more.[1] Strahan and some others, voted traitorous by the native Authorities, went openly over to Cromwell;—Strahan soon after died. As for the Western Army, it straightway dispersed itself; part towards Stirling and the Authorities; the much greater part to their civil callings again, wishing they had never quitted them. 'This miscarriage of affairs in the West by a few unhappy men,' says Baillie, 'put us all under the foot of the Enemy. They presently ran over all the country; destroying cattle and crops; putting Glasgow and all other places under grievous contributions. This makes me,' for my part, 'stick at Perth; not daring to go where the Enemy is master, as he now is of all Scotland south of the Forth.'[2]

It only remains to be added, that the two Extreme Parties being broken, the Middle or Official one rose supreme, and widened its borders by the admission, as Oliver anticipated, 'of the Malignants almost all'; a set of 'Public Resolutions' so-called being passed in the Scotch Parliament to that end, and ultimately got carried through the Kirk Assembly too. Official majority of 'Resolutioners,' with a zealous party of 'Remonstrants,' who are also called 'Protesters': in Kirk and State, these long continue to afflict and worry one another, sad fruit of a Covenanted Charles Stuart; but shall not farther concern us here. It is a great comfort to the Lord General that he has now mainly real Malignants for enemies in this country; and so can smite without reluctance. Unhappy 'Resolutioners,' if they *could* subdue Cromwell, what would become of them at the hands of their own Malignants! They have admitted the Chief Malignant, 'in whom all

[1] Other notice of him, and of his unsubduable stiffness of neck, in Thurloe iv. 480 (Dec. 1655), etc. [2] iii. 125 (date, 2d January 1650-1).

Malignity doth centre,' into their bosom; and have an Incarnate Solecism presiding over them. Satisfactorily descended from Elizabeth Muir of Caldwell, but in all other respects most unsatisfactory!—

The 'Lord of the Session,' who felt startled at this condition of things, and 'withdrew' from it, I take to have been Sir James Hope of Craighall,[1] of whom, and whose scruples, and the censures they got, there is frequent mention in these months. But the Laird of Swinton, another of the same, went still farther in the same course; and indeed, soon after this defeat of Ker, went openly over to Cromwell. 'There is very great distraction, there are mighty workings upon the hearts of divers.' 'Mr. James Livingston,' the Minister of Ancrum, has left a curious *Life* of himself:—he is still represented by a distinguished family in America.

LETTER CLIV

THE next affair is that of Edinburgh Castle. Our Derbyshire miners found the rock very hard, and made small way in it: but now the Lord General has got his batteries ready; and, on Thursday 12th December, after three-months' blockade, salutes the place with his 'guns and mortars,' and the following set of Summonses; which prove effectual.

FOR THE GOVERNOR OF EDINBURGH CASTLE: THESE

Edinburgh, 12th December 1650.

Sir,—We being now resolved, by God's assistance, to make use of such means as He hath put into our hands towards the reducing of Edinburgh Castle, I thought fit to send you this Summons.

What the grounds of our proceedings have been, and what our desires and aims in relation to the glory of God and the common Interest of His People, we have often expressed in our Papers tendered to public view. To which though credit hitherto

[1] Balfour, iv. 173, 235.

hath not been given by men, yet the Lord hath been pleased to bear a gracious and favourable testimony; and hath not only kept us constant to our profession, and in our affections to such as fear the Lord in this Nation, but hath unmasked others from their pretences,—as appears by the present transactions at St. Johnston.[1] *Let the Lord dispose your resolutions as seemeth good to Him: my sense of duty presseth me, for the ends aforesaid, and to avoid the effusion of more blood, To demand the rendering of this place to me upon fit conditions.*

To which expecting your answer this day, I rest, Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The Governor's Answer to my Lord General's Letter is this:

'FOR HIS EXCELLENCY THE GENERAL OF THE ENGLISH FORCES

'Edinburgh, 12th December 1650.

'MY LORD,—I am intrusted by the Estates of Scotland with this place; and being sworn not to deliver it to any without their warrant, I have no power to dispose thereof by myself. I do therefore desire the space of ten days, wherein I may conveniently acquaint the said Estates, and receive their answer. And for this effect, your safe-conduct for them employed in the message. Upon the receipt of their answer you shall have the resolution of,—my Lord, your most humble servant, W. DUNDAS.'

The Lord General's reply to Governor Walter Dundas:

LETTER CLV

FOR THE GOVERNOR OF THE CASTLE OF EDINBURGH

Edinburgh, 12th December 1650.

Sir,—It concerns not me to know your obligations to those

[1] Readmission 'of the Malignants almost all'; Earl of Calendar, Duke of Hamilton, etc. (Balfour, iv. 179-203); by the Parliament at Perth,—at 'St. Johnston,' as the old name is.

that trust you. I make no question the apprehensions you have of your abilities to resist those impressions which shall be made upon you,[1] *are the natural and equitable rules of all men's judgments and consciences in your condition;—except you had taken an oath beyond a possibility. I leave that to your consideration; and shall not seek to contest with your thoughts: only I think it may become me to let you know, You may have honourable terms for yourself and those with you; and both yourself and soldiers have satisfaction to all your reasonable desires; and those that have other employments, liberty and protection in the exercise of them.*

But to deal plainly with you, I will not give liberty to you to consult your Committee of Estates; because I hear, those that are honest amongst them enjoy not satisfaction, and the rest are now discovered to seek another Interest than they have formerly pretended to. And if you desire to be informed of this, you may, by them you dare trust, at a nearer distance than St. Johnston.

Expecting your present answer, I rest, Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The Governor's Reply, No. 2, arrives on the morrow, Friday:

'FOR HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD GENERAL OF THE ENGLISH FORCES IN SCOTLAND

'Edinburgh Castle, 13th December 1650.

'MY LORD,—It much concerneth me (considering my obligations) to be found faithful in the trust committed to me. And therefore, in the fear of the living God, and of His great Name called upon in the accepting of my trust, I do again press the liberty of acquainting the Estates. The time is but short; and I do expect it, as answerable to your profession of affection to those that fear the Lord. In the

[1] By my cannons and mortars.

mean time I am willing to hear information of late proceedings from such as he dare trust who is,—my Lord, your humble servant, W. DUNDAS.'

The Lord General's Reply, No. 2:

LETTER CLVI

FOR THE GOVERNOR OF EDINBURGH CASTLE: THESE

Edinburgh, 13th December 1650.

Sir,—Because of your strict and solemn adjuration of me, in the fear and Name of the living God, That I give you time to send to the Committee of Estates, to whom you undertook the keeping of this place under the obligation of an oath, as you affirm,—I cannot but hope that it is your conscience, and not policy, carrying you to that desire. The granting of which, if it be prejudicial to our affairs,—I am as much obliged in conscience not to do it, as you can pretend cause for your conscience' sake to desire it.

Now considering "that" our merciful and wise God binds not His People to actions too cross one to another; but that our bands may be,[1] *as I am persuaded they are, through our mistakes and darkness,—not only in the question about the surrendering this Castle, but also in all the present differences:—I have much reason to believe that, by a Conference, you may be well satisfied, in point of fact, of your Estates (to whom you say you are obliged) carrying on an Interest destructive and contrary to what they professed when they committed that trust to you,—having made to depart from them many honest men through fear of their own safety,*[2] *and making way for the reception of professed Malignants, both in their Parliament and Army;—and also "that you" may have laid before you such grounds of our ends and aims to the preservation of the interest of honest men in Scotland as well as England, as will (if God vouchsafe to appear in them) give your conscience satisfaction. Which if*

[1] our perplexities are caused. [2] Swinton, Strahan, Hope of Craighall, etc.

you refuse, I hope you will not have cause to say that we are either unmindful of the great Name of the Lord which you have mentioned, nor that we are wanting to answer our profession of affection to those that fear the Lord.

I am willing to cease hostility for some hours, or convenient time to so good an end as information of judgment and satisfaction of conscience;—although I may not give liberty for the time desired, to send to the Committee of Estates; or at all stay the prosecution of my attempt.

Expecting your sudden answer, I rest, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[*]

The Governor's Reply, No. 3, comes out on Saturday:

FOR HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD GENERAL OF THE ENGLISH FORCES IN SCOTLAND: THESE

'Edinburgh Castle, 14 December 1650.

'My Lord,—What I pressed, in my last, proceeded from conscience and not from policy: and I conceived that the few days desired could not be of such prejudice to your affairs as to bar the desired expressions of professed affection towards those that fear the Lord. And I expected that a small delay of our own[1] affairs should not have preponderated the satisfaction of a desire pressed in so serious and solemn a manner for satisfying conscience.

'But if you will needs persist in denial, I shall desire to hear the information of late proceedings from such as I dare trust, and "as" have had occasion to know the certainty of things. Such I hope you will permit to come alongst at the first convenience; and during that time all acts of hostility, and prosecution of attempts, be forborne on both sides. I am, my Lord, your humble servant, W. Dundas.'

The Lord General's Reply, No. 3:

[*] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 97).

[1] 'our own,' *one's own.*

LETTER CLVII

FOR THE GOVERNOR OF EDINBURGH CASTLE: THESE

Edinburgh, 14th December 1650.

Sir,—You will give me leave to be sensible of delays out of conscience of duty "too."

If you please to name any you would speak with "who are" now in Town, they shall have liberty to come and speak with you for one hour, if they will; provided you send presently. I expect there be no loss of time. I rest, your servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

Governor Dundas applies hereupon for Mr. Alexander Jaffray and the Reverend John Carstairs to be sent to him: two official persons, whom we saw made captive in Dunbar Drove, who have ever since been Prisoners-on-parole with his Excellency; doing now and then an occasional message for him; much meditating on him and his ways. Who very naturally decline to be concerned with so delicate an operation as this now on hand,—in the following characteristic Note, enclosed in his Excellency's Reply, No. 4:

LETTER CLVIII

FOR THE GOVERNOR OF EDINBURGH CASTLE: THESE

Edinburgh, 14th December 1650.

Sir,—Having acquainted the Gentlemen with your desire to speak with them, and they making some difficulty of it, "they" have desired me to send you this enclosed. I rest, Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

Here is 'this enclosed':

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 97). † *Ibid.* p. 98.

'FOR THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE GOVERNOR OF EDINBURGH CASTLE: THESE

'Edinburgh, 14th December 1650.

'RIGHT HONOURABLE,—We now hearing that you was desirous to speak with us for your information of the posture of affairs, we would be glad, and we think you make no doubt of it, to be refreshing or useful to you in anything; but the matter is of so high concernment, especially since it may be you will lean somewhat upon our information in managing that important trust put upon you, that we dare not take upon us to meddle: ye may therefore do as ye find yourselves clear and in capacity; and the Lord be with you. We are, Sir, your honour's humble servants, well-wishers in the Lord,

'AL. JAFFRAY.

'JO. CARSTAIRS.'

So that, for this Saturday, nothing can be done. On Sunday, we suppose, Mr. Stapylton, in black, teaches in St. Giles's; and other qualified persons, some of them in red with belts, teach in other Kirks; the Scots, much taken with the doctrine, 'answering in their usual way of groans,' Hum-m-mrrh!—and on Monday, it is like, the cannons and mortar-pieces begin to teach again, or indicate that they can at once begin. Wherefore, on Wednesday, here is a new Note from Governor Dundas; which we shall call Reply No. 4, from that much-straitened Gentleman:

'Edinburgh Castle, 18th December 1650.

'MY LORD,—I expected that conscience, which you pretended to be your motive that did induce you to summon this house before you did attempt anything against it, should also have moved you to have expected my Answer to your Demand of the house; which I could not, out of conscience, suddenly give without mature deliberation; it being a business of such

high importance. You having refused that little time, which I did demand to the effect I might receive the commands of them that did intrust me with this place; and 'I 'yet not daring to fulfil your desire,—I do demand such a competent time as may be condescended upon betwixt us, within which if no relief come, I shall surrender this place upon such honourable conditions as can be agreed upon by capitulation; and during which time all acts of hostility and prosecution of attempts on both sides may be forborne. I am, my Lord, your humble servant, W. DUNDAS.'

The Lord General's Reply, No. 5:

LETTER CLIX

FOR THE GOVERNOR OF EDINBURGH CASTLE: THESE

Edinburgh, 18th December 1650.

Sir,—All that I have to say is shortly this: That if you will send out Commissioners by eleven o'clock this night, thoroughly instructed and authorised to treat and conclude, you may have terms, honourable and safe to you, and "to" those whose interests are concerned in the things that are with you. I shall give a safe-conduct to such whose names you shall send within the time limited, and order to forbear shooting at their coming forth and going in.

To this I expect your answer within one hour, and rest, Sir, your servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

The Governor's Reply, No. 5:

'Edinburgh Castle, 18th December 1650.

'MY LORD,—I have thought upon these two Gentlemen whose names are here mentioned; to wit, Major Andrew Abernethy and Captain Robert Henderson; whom I purpose to send out instructed, in order to the carrying-on the

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 98).

Capitulation. Therefore expecting a safe-conduct for them with this bearer,—I rest, my Lord, your humble servant,

'W. DUNDAS.'

The Lord General's Reply, No. 6:

LETTER CLX

FOR THE GOVERNOR OF EDINBURGH CASTLE: THESE

Edinburgh, 18th December 1650.

Sir,—I have, here enclosed, sent you a safe-conduct for the coming forth and return of the Gentlemen you desire; and have appointed and authorised Colonel Monk and Lieutenant-Colonel White to meet with your Commissioners, at the house in the safe-conduct mentioned: there to treat and conclude of the Capitulation on my part. I rest, Sir, your servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

Here is his Excellency's Pass or safe-conduct for them:

'PASS

'TO ALL OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS UNDER MY COMMAND

'You are on sight hereof to suffer Major Andrew Abernethy 'and Captain Robert Henderson to come forth of Edinburgh 'Castle, to the house of Mr. Wallace in Edinburgh, and to 'return back into the said Castle, without any trouble or 'molestation.

'Given under my hand, this 18th December 1650.

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'†

By tomorrow morning, in Mr. Wallace's House, Colonel Monk and the other Three have agreed upon handsome terms; of which, except what indicates itself in the following Proclamation, published by beat of drum the same day, we need say nothing. All was handsome, just and honourable, as the case permitted; my Lord General being extremely anxious to gain

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 98). † *Ibid.* p. 99.

this place, and conciliate the Godly People of the Nation. By one of the conditions, the Public Registers, now deposited in the Castle, are to be accurately bundled up by authorised persons, and carried to Stirling, or whither the Authorities please; concerning which some question afterwards accidentally rises.

'PROCLAMATION

'TO BE PROCLAIMED BY THE MARSHAL-GENERAL, BY BEAT OF DRUM, 'IN EDINBURGH AND LEITH

'WHEREAS there is an agreement of articles by treaty 'concluded betwixt myself and Colonel Walter Dundas, 'Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh, which doth give free 'liberty to all Inhabitants adjacent, and all other persons 'who have any goods in the said Castle, to fetch forth the 'same from thence:

'These are therefore to declare, That all such people 'before mentioned who have any goods in the Castle, as is 'before expressed, shall have free liberty between this present 'Thursday the 19th instant and Tuesday the 24th, To repair 'to the Castle, and to fetch away their goods, without let or 'molestation. And I do hereby farther declare and require 'all Officers and Soldiers of this Army, That they take strict 'care, that no violation be done to any person or persons 'fetching away their goods, and carrying them to such place 'or places as to them seemeth fit. And if it shall so fall out 'that any Soldier shall be found willingly or wilfully to do 'anything contrary hereunto, he shall suffer death for the 'same. And if it shall appear that any Officer shall, either 'through connivance or otherwise, do or suffer "to be done," 'anything contrary to and against the said Proclamation, 'wherein it might lie in his power to prevent or hinder the 'same, he the said Officer shall likewise suffer death.

'Given under my hand the 19th of December 1650.

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'*

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 99).

It is now Thursday: we gain admittance to the Castle on the Tuesday following, and the Scotch forces march away,—in a somewhat confused manner, I conceive. For Governor Dundas and the other parties implicated are considered little better than traitors, at Stirling: in fact, they are, openly or secretly, of the Remonstrant or Protester species; and may as well come over to Cromwell;—which at once or gradually the most of them do. What became of the Clergy, let us not inquire: Remonstrants or Resolutioners, confused times await them! Of which here and there a glimpse may turn up as we proceed. The Lord General has now done with Scotch Treaties; the Malignants and Quasi-Malignants are ranked in one definite body; and he may smite without reluctance. Here is his Letter to the Speaker on this business. After which, we may hope, the rest of his Scotch Letters may be given in a mass; sufficiently legible without commentary of ours.

LETTER CLXI

FOR THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM LENTHALL, ESQUIRE, SPEAKER OF THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND: THESE

Edinburgh, 24th Dec. 1650.

Right Honourable,—It hath pleased God to cause this Castle of Edinburgh to be surrendered into our hands, this day about eleven o'clock. I thought fit to give you such account thereof as I could, and "as" the shortness of time would permit.

I sent a Summons to the Castle upon the 12*th instant; which occasioned several Exchanges and Replies, which, for their unusualness, I also thought fit humbly to present to you.*[1] *Indeed the mercy is very great, and seasonable. I think, I need to say little of the strength of the place; which, if it had not come in as it did, would have cost very much blood to have attained, if at all to be attained; and did tie-up your Army to that inconvenience, That little or nothing could have been*

[1] We have already read them.

attempted whilst this was in design; or little fruit had of anything brought into your power by your Army hitherto, without it. I must needs say, not any skill or wisdom of ours, but the good hand of God hath given you this place.

I believe all Scotland hath not in it so much brass ordnance as this place. I send you here enclosed a List thereof,[1] *and of the arms and ammunition, so well as they could be taken on a sudden. Not having more at present to trouble you with I take leave, and rest, Sir, your most humble servant,*

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

LETTERS CLXII—CLXXXI

THE Lord General is now settled at Edinburgh till the season for campaigning return. Tradition still reports him as lodged, as in 1648, in that same spacious and sumptuous 'Earl of Murrie's House in the Cannigate'; credibly enough; though Tradition does not in this instance produce any written voucher hitherto.[2] The Lord General, as we shall find by and by, falls dangerously sick here; worn down by over-work and the rugged climate.

The Scots lie entrenched at Stirling, diligently raising new levies; parliamenting and committeeing diligently at Perth; —crown their King at Scone Kirk, on the First of January,[3] in token that they have now all 'complied' with him. The Lord General is virtually master of all Scotland south of the Forth;—fortifies, before long, a Garrison as far west as

[1] Drakes, minions, murderers, monkeys, of brass and iron,—not interesting to us, except it be 'the great iron murderer called *Muckle-Meg*,' already in existence, and still held in some confused remembrance in those Northern parts.

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 99).

[2] Yes, in fine: *Memorie of the Somervilles* (Edinburgh, 1815), ii. 423, gives 'my Lady Home's Lodging,' which is known to signify that same House. (*Note of* 1857.)

[3] Minute description of the ceremony in *Somers Tracts*, vi. 117.

'Newark,'[1] which we now call Port Glasgow, on the Clyde. How his forces had to occupy themselves, reducing detached Castles; coercing Mosstroopers; and, in detail, bringing the Country to obedience, the old Books at great length say, and the reader here shall fancy in his mind. Take the following two little traits from Whitlocke, and spread them out to the due expansion and reduplication:

'*February 3d*, 1650. Letters that Colonel Fenwick summoned Hume Castle to be surrendered to General Cromwell. The Governor answered, "I know not Cromwell; and as for my Castle, it is built on a rock." Whereupon Colonel Fenwick played upon him' a little 'with the great guns.' But the Governor still would not yield; nay sent a Letter couched in these singular terms:

'I, William of the Wastle,
Am now in my Castle;
And aw the dogs in the town
Shanna gar[2] me gang down.'

So that there remained nothing but opening the mortars upon this William of the Wastle; which did gar him gang down, more fool than he went up.

We also read how Colonel Hacker and others rooted out bodies of Mosstroopers from Strength after Strength; and 'took much oatmeal,' which must have been very useful there. But this little Entry, a few days subsequent to that of Willie Wastle, affected us most: 'Letters that the Scots in a Village called Geddard rose, and armed themselves; and set upon Captain Dawson as he returned from pursuing some Mosstroopers;—killed his guide and trumpet; and took Dawson and eight of his party, and after having given them quarter, killed them all in cold blood.'[3] In which 'Village called Geddard,' do not some readers recognise a known place, *Jeddart* or *Jedburgh*, friendly enough to Mosstroopers; and

[1] *Milton State-Papers*, p. 84.
[2] 'Shand garre' is Whitlocke's reading.
[3] 14th February 1650 (Whitlocke, p. 464).

in the transaction itself, a notable example of what is called 'Jeddart Justice,'—killing a man whom you have a pique at; killing him first, to make sure, and then judging him!—However there come Letters too, 'That the English soldiers married divers of the Scots Women'; which was an excellent movement on their part;—and may serve as the concluding feature here.

LETTER CLXII

THE 'Empson' of this Letter, who is now to have a Company in Hacker's regiment, was transiently visible to us once already, as 'Lieutenant Empson of my regiment,' in the Skirmish at Musselburgh, four months ago.[1] Hacker is the well-known Colonel Francis Hacker, who attended the King on the scaffold; having a signed Warrant, which we have read, addressed to him and two other Officers to that effect. The most conspicuous, but by no means the most approved, of his military services to this Country! For which one indeed, in over-balance to many others, he was rewarded with death after the Restoration. A Rutlandshire man; a Captain from the beginning of the War; and rather favourably visible, from time to time, all along. Of whom a kind of continuous Outline of a Biography, considerably different from Caulfield's and other inane Accounts of him,[2] might still be gathered, did it much concern us here. To all appearance, a somewhat taciturn, somewhat indignant, very swift, resolute and valiant man. He died for his share in the Regicide; but did not profess to repent of it; intimated, in his taciturn way, that he was willing to accept the results of it, and answer for it in a much higher Court than the Westminster one. We are indeed to understand generally, in spite of the light phrase which Cromwell reprimands in this Letter, that Hacker was a religious man; and in his regicides and other operations did

[1] Letter CXXXV., antea, p. 182.

[2] Caulfield's *High Court of Justice*, pp. 83-7; *Trials of the Regicides*, etc.

not act without some warrant that was very satisfactory to him. For the present he has much to do with Mosstroopers; very active upon them;—for which 'Peebles' is a good locality. He continues visible as a Republican to the last; is appointed 'to raise a regiment' for the expiring Cause in 1659,—in which, what a little concerns us, this same 'Hubbert' here in question is to be his Major.[1]

TO THE HONOURABLE COLONEL HACKER, AT PEEBLES OR ELSEWHERE: THESE

"Edinburgh," 25th December 1650.

Sir,—I have "used" the best consideration I can, for the present, in this business; and although I believe Captain Hubbert is a worthy man, and hear so much, yet, as the case stands, I cannot, with satisfaction to myself and some others, override the Commission I had given to Captain Empson, without offence to them, and reflection upon my own judgment.

I pray let Captain Hubbert know I shall not be unmindful of him, and that no disrespect is intended to him. But indeed I was not satisfied with your last speech to me about Empson, that he was a better preacher than fighter or soldier,—or words to that effect. Truly I think he that prays and preaches best will fight best. I know nothing "that" will give like courage and confidence as the knowledge of God in Christ will; and I bless God to see any in this Army able and willing to impart the knowledge they have, for the good of others. And I desire it be encouraged by all the Chief Officers in this Army especially; and I hope you will do so. I pray receive Captain Empson lovingly; I dare assure you he is a good man and a good officer; I would we had no worse. I rest, your loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

[1] Thurloe State Papers, vii. 669, 675, 824.

[2] Harris, p. 316: Lansdowne MSS., 1236, fol. 99, contains the *address*, which Harris has omitted.

LETTER CLXIII

LETTER Hundred-and-sixty-third relates to the exchange of three Prisoners whom we saw taken in Dunbar Drove, and have had an occasional glimpse of since. Before reading it, let us read another Letter, which is quite unconnected with this; but which lies, as we may see, on the Lord General's table in Moray House in the Canongate, while he writes this; —and indeed is a unique of its kind: A Letter from the Lord General's Wife.

'My Lord Chief Justice' is Oliver St. John, known to us this long while; 'President' is Bradshaw; 'Speaker' is Lenthall: high official persons; to whom it were better if the Lord General took his Wife's advice, and wrote occasionally.

'THE LADY ELIZABETH CROMWELL TO HER HUSBAND THE LORD GENERAL AT EDINBURGH

'"Cockpit, London," 27th December 1650.

'MY DEAREST,—I wonder you should blame me for writing no oftener, when I have sent three for one: I cannot but think they are miscarried. Truly if I know my own heart, I should as soon neglect myself as to "omit"[1] the least thought towards you, who in doing it, I must do it to myself. But when I do write, my Dear, I seldom have any satisfactory answer; which makes me think my writing is slighted; as well it may: but I cannot but think your love covers my weakness and infirmities.

'I should rejoice to hear your desire in seeing me; but I desire to submit to the Providence of God; hoping the Lord, who hath separated us, and hath often brought us together again, will in His good time bring us again, to the praise of His name. Truly my life is but half a life in your absence,

[1] Word torn out.

did not the Lord make it up in Himself, which I must acknowledge to the praise of His grace.

'I would you would think to write sometimes to your dear friend my Lord Chief Justice, of whom I have often put you in mind. And truly, my Dear, if you would think of what I put you in mind of some, it might be to as much purpose as others;[1] writing sometimes a Letter to the President, and sometimes to the Speaker. Indeed, my Dear, you cannot think the wrong you do to yourself in the want of a Letter, though it were but seldom. I pray think on;[2] and so rest, —yours in all faithfulness, ELIZABETH CROMWELL.'[3]

This Letter, in the original, is frightfully spelt; but otherwise exactly as here: the only Letter extant of this Heroine; and not unworthy of a glance from us. It is given in *Harris* too, and in *Noble* very incorrectly.

And now for the Letter concerning Provost Jaffray and his two fellow-prisoners from Dunbar Drove.

FOR THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL DAVID LESLEY: THESE

Edinburgh, 17th January 1650.

Sir,—I perceive by your last Letter you had not met with Mr. Carstairs[4] *and Mr. Waugh, who were to apply themselves to you about Provost Jaffray's and their release, "in exchange" for the Seamen and Officers. But I understood, by a Paper since shown me by them under your hand, that you were contented to release the said Seamen and Officers for those three Persons,—who have had their discharges accordingly.*

I am contented also to discharge the Lieutenant, "in exchange" for the Four Troopers at Stirling, who hath solicited me to that purpose.

[1] The grammar bad; the meaning evident or discoverable,—and the bad grammar a part of that!

[2] 'think *of*' is the Lady's old phrase.

[3] *Milton State-Papers*, p. 40.

[4] Custaires.

General David Lesley.

I have, here enclosed, sent you a Letter,[1] *which I desire you to cause to be conveyed to the Committee of Estates; and that such return shall be sent back to me as they shall please to give. I remain, Sir, your humble servant,*

OLIVER CROMWELL.[*]

Here is a notice from Balfour:[2] At Perth, '22d November 1650 (*Rege præsente*,' the King being present, as usually after that Flight to the Grampian Hills he is allowed to be), 'the Committee of Estates remits to the Committee of Quarterings the exchange of Prisoners anent Mr. Alexander Jaffray and Mr. John Carstairs, Minister, with some English Prisoners in the Castle of Dumbarton.' Nevertheless, at this date, six or seven weeks after, the business is not yet perfected.

Alexander Jaffray, as we know already, is Provost of Aberdeen; a leading man for the Covenant from of old; and generally the Member for his Burgh in the Scotch Parliaments of these years. In particular, he sits as Commissioner for Aberdeen in the Parliament that met 4th January 1649;[3] under which this disastrous Quarrel with the English began. He was famed afterwards (infamous it then meant) as among the first of the Scotch Quakers; he, with Barclay of Urie, and other lesser Fallen-Stars. Personal intercourse with Cromwell, the Secretary and Blasphemer, had much altered the notions of Mr. Alexander Jaffray. Baillie informed us, three months ago, he and Carstairs, then Prisoners-on-parole, were sent Westward by Cromwell 'to agent the Remonstrance,' —to guide towards some good issue the Ker-and-Strahan Negotiation; which, alas, could only be guided headlong into the ditches at Hamilton before daybreak, as we saw!—Jaffray sat afterwards in the Little Parliament; was an official person in Scotland,[4] and one of Cromwell's leading men there.

[1] The next Letter.

[*] Thurloe, i. 172. Laigh Parliament House.

[2] iv. 168.

[3] Balfour, iii. 382.

[4] Ousted our friend Scotstarvet,—most unjustly, thinks he of the *Staggering State* (p. 181). There wanted only that to make the Homily on Life's Nothingness complete!

Carstairs, we have to say or repeat, is one of the Ministers of Glasgow; deep in the confused Remonstrant-Resolutioner Controversies of that day; though on which side precisely one does not altogether know, perhaps he himself hardly altogether knew. From Baillie, who has frequent notices of him, it is clear he tends strongly towards the Cromwell view in many things; yet with repugnancies, anti-sectary and other, difficult for frail human nature. How he managed his life-pilotage in these circumstances shall concern himself mainly. His Son, I believe, is the 'Principal Carstairs,'[1] who became very celebrated among the Scotch Whigs in King William's time. He gets home to Glasgow now, where perhaps we shall see some glimpses of him again.

John Waugh (whom they spell *Vauch* and *Wauch*, and otherwise distort) was the painful Minister of Borrowstounness, in the Shire of Linlithgow. A man of many troubles, now and afterwards. Captive in the Dunbar Drove; still deaf he to the temptings of Sectary Cromwell; deafer than ever. In this month of January 1651, we perceive he gets his deliverance; returns with painfully increased experience, but little change of view derived from it, to his painful Ministry; where new tribulations await him. From Baillie[2] I gather that the painful Waugh's invincible tendency was to the Resolutioner or Quasi-Malignant side; and too strong withal; —no level sailing, or smooth pilotage, possible for poor Waugh! For as the Remonstrant, Protester, or Ker-and-Strahan Party, having joined itself to the Cromwellean, came ultimately to be dominant in Scotland, there ensued for straitlaced clerical individuals who would cling too desperately to the opposite Resolutioner or Quasi-Malignant side, very bad times. There ensued in the first place, very naturally, this, That the straitlaced individual, who would not cease to pray publicly *against* the now Governing Powers, was put out of his living: this; and if he grew still more desperate, worse than this.

[1] *Biog. Britann.* in voce; somewhat indistinct. [2] iii. 248.

Of both which destinies our poor straitlaced Waugh may serve to us as an emblem here. Some three years hence we find that the Cromwellean Government has, in Waugh's, as in various other cases, ejected the straitlaced Resolutioner, and inducted a *loose*laced Protester into his Kirk;—leaving poor Waugh the straitlaced to preach 'in a barn hard by.' And though the looselaced 'have but fifteen,' and the straitlaced 'all the Parish,' it matters not; the stipend and the Kirk go with him whose lacing is loose: one has nothing but one's barn left, and sad reflections. Nay in Waugh's case, the very barn, proving as is likely an arena of too vehement discourse, was taken away from him; and he, Waugh, was lodged in Prison, in the Castle of Edinburgh.[1] For Waugh 'named the King in his prayers,' he and 'Mr. Robert Knox' even went that length! In Baillie, under date 11th November 1653, is a most doleful inflexible Letter from Waugh's own hand: 'brought to the top of this rock,' as his ultimate lodging-place; 'having my habitation among the owls of the desert, because of my very great uselessness and fruitlessness among the sons of men.' Yet he is right well satisfied, conscience yielding him a good etc. etc.—Poor Waugh, I wish he would reconsider himself. Whether it be absolutely indispensable to Christ's Kirk to have a Nell-Gwynn Defender set over it, even though descended from Elizabeth Muir; and if no other, not the bravest and devoutest of all British men, will do for that? O Waugh, it is a strange camera-obscura, the head of man!—

LETTER CLXIV

We have heard of many Mosstroopers: we heard once of a certain Watt, a Tenant of the Earl of Tweedale's, who being ruined-out by the War, distinguished himself in this new course; and contemporary with him, of 'one Augustin a

[1] Baillie, iii. 248, 253, 228.

High-German.' To which latter some more special momentary notice now falls due.

Read Balfour's record, and then Cromwell's Letter. 'One Augustin, a High-German, being purged out of the Army before Dunbar Drove, but a stout and resolute young man, and lover of the Scots Nation,—imitating Watt,—in October or November this year, annoyed the Enemy very much; killing many of his stragglers; and made nightly infalls upon their quarters, taking and killing sometimes twenty, sometimes thirty, and more or less of them: whereby he both enriched himself and his followers, and greatly damnified the Enemy. His chief abode was about and in the Mountains of Pentland and Soutra.'—And again, from Perth, 19th December 1650: '*Memorandum*, That Augustin departed from Fife with a party of Six-score horse; crossed at Blackness on Friday 13th December; forced Cromwell's guards; killed eighty men to the Enemy; put-in thirty-six men to Edinburgh Castle, with all sorts of spices, and some other things; took thirty-five horses and five prisoners, which he sent to Perth the 14th of this instant.' Which feat, with the spices and thirty-six men, could not indeed save Edinburgh Castle from surrendering, as we saw, next week; but did procure Captain Augustin 'thanks from the Lord Chancellor and Parliament in his Majesty's name,' and good outlooks from promotion in that quarter.[1]

FOR THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COMMITTEE OF ESTATES OF THE KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND: THESE

Edinburgh, 17th January 1650.

My Lords,—Having been informed of divers barbarous murders and inhuman acts, perpetrated upon our men by one Augustin a German in employ under you, and one Ross a Lieutenant, I did send to Lieutenant-General David Lesley, desiring justice against the said persons. And to the end I might make good the fact upon them, I was willing either by com-

[1] Balfour, iv. 166, 210, 214.

missioners on both parts, or in any other equal way, to have the charge proved.

The Lieutenant-General was pleased to allege a want of power from Public Authority to enable him herein: which occasions me to desire your Lordships that this business may be put into such a way as may give satisfaction;—whereby I may understand what rules your Lordships will hold during this sad Contest between the two Nations; "rules" which may evidence the War to stand upon other pretences at least than the allowing of such actions will suppose.

Desiring your Lordships' answer, I rest, my Lords, your humble servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

No effect whatever seems to have been produced by this Letter. The Scotch Quasi-Malignant Authorities have 'thanked' Augustin, and are determined to have all the benefit they can of him,—which cannot be much, one would think! In the following June accordingly we find him become '*Colonel* Augustin,' probably Major or Lieutenant-Colonel; quartered with Robin Montgomery 'at Dumfries'; giving 'an alarm to Carlisle,' but by no means taking it;—'falling in,' on another occasion, 'with Two-hundred picked men,' but very glad to fall out again, 'nearly all cut off.' In strong practical *Remonstrance* against which, the learned Bulstrode has Letters in November, vague but satisfactory, 'That the Scots themselves rose against Augustin, killed some of his men, and drove away the rest'; entirely disapproving of such courses and personages. And then finally in January following, 'Letters that Augustin the great robber in Scotland,—upon disbanding of the Marquis of Huntly's forces,' the last remnant of Scotch Malignancy for the present,—'went into the Orcades, and there took ship for Norway.'[1] Fair wind and full sea to him!—

* Thurloe, i. 173. Laigh Parliament House.

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 104); Whitlocke, 23d November 1651; *ib.* 14th January 1651-2.

LETTER CLXV

AN Official Medallist has arrived from London to take the Effigies of the Lord General, for a Medal commemorative of the Victory at Dunbar. The Effigies, Portrait, or 'Statue' as they sometimes call it, of the Lord General appears to be in a state of forwardness; but he would fain waive such a piece of vanity. The 'Gratuity to the Army' is a solid thing: but this of the Effigies, or Stamp of my poor transient unbeautiful Face—?—However, the Authorities, as we may surmise, have made up their mind.

FOR THE HONOURABLE THE COMMITTEE OF THE ARMY "AT LONDON": THESE

Edinburgh, 4th February, 1650.

Gentlemen,—It was not a little wonder to me to see that you should send Mr. Symonds so great a journey, about a business importing so little, as far as it relates to me; whereas, if my poor opinion may not be rejected by you, I have to offer to that[1] *which I think the most noble end, to wit, The Commemoration of that great Mercy at Dunbar, and the Gratuity to the Army. Which might be better expressed upon the Medal, by engraving, as on the one side the Parliament, which I hear was intended and will do singularly well, so on the other side an Army, with this Inscription over the head of it,* The Lord of Hosts, *which was our Word that day. Wherefore, if I may beg it as a favour from you, I most earnestly beseech you, if I may do it without offence, that it may be so. And if you think not fit to have it as I offer, you may alter it as you see cause; only I do think I may truly say, it will be very thankfully acknowledged by me, if you will spare the having my Effigies in it.*

The Gentleman's pains and trouble hither have been very great; and I shall make it my second suit unto you that you

[1] I should vote exclusively for that.

will please to confer upon him that Employment which Nicholas Briot had before him: indeed the man is ingenious, and worthy of encouragement. I may not presume much; but if, at my request, and for my sake, he may obtain this favour, I shall put it upon the account of my obligations, which are not few; and, I hope, shall be found ready to acknowledge "it," and to approve myself, Gentlemen, your most real servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

Of 'Nicholas Briot' and 'Mr Symonds,' since they have the honour of a passing relation to the Lord General, and still enjoy, or suffer, a kind of ghost-existence in the Dilettante memory, we may subjoin, rather than cancel, the following authentic particulars. In the Commons Journals of 20th August 1642, it is: '*Ordered*, That the Earl of Warwick,' now Admiral of our Fleet, 'be desired that Monsieur Bryatt may have delivery of his wearing apparel; and all his other goods stayed at Scarborough, not belonging to Minting and Coining of Moneys.'—This Nicholas Bryatt, or Briot, then, must have been Chief Engraver for the Mint at the beginning of the Civil Wars. We perceive, he has gone to the King northward; but is here stopped at Scarborough, with all his baggage, by Warwick the Lord High Admiral: and is to get away. What became of him afterwards, or what was his history before, no man and hardly any Dilettante knows.

Symonds, Symons, or, as the moderns call him, Simon, is still known as an approved Medal-maker. In the Commons Journals of 17th December 1651, we find: '*Ordered*, That it be referred to the Council of State to take order that the sum of 300*l.* be paid unto Thomas Symonds, which was agreed by the Committee appointed for that purpose to be paid unto him, for the Two Great Seals made by him, and the materials thereof: And that the said Council do take consideration of what farther recompense is fit to be given unto him for his extraordinary pains therein; and give order for the pay-

* Harris, p. 519.

ment of such sum of money as they shall think fit in respect thereof.'

An earlier entry, which still more concerns us here, is an Order, in favour of one whose name has not reached the Clerk, and is now indicated only by stars, That the Council of State shall pay him for 'making the Statue of the General,'—doubtless this Medal or Effigies of the General; the name indicated by stars being again that of Symonds. The Order, we observe, has the same date as the present Letter.[1] The Medal of Cromwell, executed on this occasion, still exists, and is said to be a good likeness.[2] The Committee-men had not taken my Lord General's advice about the Parliament, about the Army with the Lord of Hosts, and the total omitting of his own Effigies. Vertue published Engravings of all these Medals of Simon (as he spells him) in the year 1753.

The 'Two Great Seals,' mentioned in the Excerpt above, are also worth a word from us. There had a good few Great Seals to be made in the course of this War; all by Symonds: of whom, with reference thereto, we find, in authentic quarters, various notices, of years long prior and posterior to this. The *first* of all the 'new Great Seals' was the one made, after infinite debates and hesitations, in 1643, when Lord Keeper Lyttleton ran away with the original: Symonds was the maker of this, as other entries of the same Rhadamanthine Commons Journals instruct us: On the 11th July 1643, Henry Marten is to bring 'the man' that will make the new Great Seal, and let us see him 'tomorrow'; which man, it turns out, at sight of him, not tomorrow,' but a week after, on the 19th July, is 'Mr Simonds,'[3]—who, we find farther, is to have 100*l.* for his work; 40*l.* in hand, 30*l.* so soon as his work is done, and the other 30*l.* one knows not when. Symonds made the Seal duly; but as for his payment, we fear it was not very duly made. Of course when the Com-

[1] *Commons Journals*, 4th February, 1650-1.
[2] Harris, p. 518.
[3] *Commons Journals*, iii. 162, 174.

monwealth and Council of State began, a couple of new Great Seals were needed; and these too, as we see above, Symonds made; and is *to be* paid for them, and for the General's Statue;—which we hope he was, but are not sure!

Other new Seals, Great and Not-so-great, in the subsequent mutations, were needed; and assiduous Symonds made them all. Nevertheless, in 1659, when the Protectorate under Richard was staggering towards ruin, we find, 'Mr Thomas Symonds Chief Graver of the Mint and Seals,' repeatedly turning-up with new Seals, new *order* for payment, and new indication that the order was but incompletely complied with.[1] May 14th, 1659, he has made a new and newest Great Seal; he is to be paid for that, and 'for the former, for which he yet remains unsatisfied.' Also on the 24th May 1659,[2] the Council of State get a new Seal from him. Then on the 22d August, on the Rump Parliament's re-assembling, he makes a 'new Parliament Seal'; and presents a modest Petition to have his money paid him; *order* is granted very promptly to that end; 'his debt to be paid for this Seal, and for all former work done by him';—we *hope*, with complete effect.[3]

The Restoration soon followed, and Symonds continued still in the Mint under Charles II.; when it is not very likely his claims were much better attended to; the brave Hollar, and other brave Artists, having their own difficulties to get life kept-in, during those rare times, Mr. Rigmarole!—Symonds, we see, did get the place of Nicholas Briot; and found it, like other brave men's places, full of hard work and short rations. Enough now of Symonds and the Seals and Effigies.

LETTER CLXVI

Along with Symonds, various English strangers, we perceive, are arriving or arrived, on miscellaneous business with

[1] *Commons Journals*, vii. 654. [2] *Ibid.* vii. 663. [3] *Ibid.* vii. 654, 663, 765.

the Lord General in his Winter-quarters. Part of the Oxford Caput is here in Edinburgh, with 'a very high testimony of respect'; whom, in those same hours, the Lord General dismisses honourably with their Answer.

We are to premise that Oxford University, which at the end of the First Civil War had been found in a most broken, Malignant, altogether waste and ruinous condition, was afterwards, not without difficulty, and immense patience on the part of the Parliament Commissioners, radically reformed. Philip Earl of Pembroke, he of the loud voice, who dined once with Bulstrode in the Guildhall;[1] he, as Chancellor of the University, had at last to go down in person, in the spring of 1648;—put the intemperate Dr. Fell, incorrigible otherwise, under lock and key; left the incorrigible Mrs. Dr. Fell, 'whom the soldiers had to carry out in her chair,' 'sitting in the quadrangle'; appointed a new Vice-Chancellor, new Heads where needful,—and, on the whole, swept the University clean of much loud Nonsense, and left some Piety and Sense, the best he could meet with, at work there in its stead.[2] At work, with earnest diligence and good success, as it has since continued actually to be,—for the contemporary clamours and *Querelas* about Vandalism, Destruction of Learning, and so forth, prove on examination to be mere agonised shrieks, and unmelodious hysterical wind, forgettable by all creatures. Not easily before or since could the Two Universities give such account of themselves to mankind, under all categories, human and divine, as during those Puritan years.

But now Philip of Pembroke, the loud-voiced Chancellor of Oxford, is dead; and the reformed University, after due con-

[1] Antea, p. 34.

[2] Act and Visitors' names in Scobell, i. 116 (1st May 1647): see *Commons Journals*, v. 83-142 (10th February—15th April 1647): 8th March 1647-8, Chancellor Pembroke is to go (Neal, ii. 307; Walker, i. 133); makes report, and is thanked, 21st April 1648 (*Commons Journals*. v. 538). Copious history of the proceedings, from the Puritan side, in Neal, ii. 290-314; and from the Royalist side, in Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*, i. 124-142, which latter, amid its tempestuous froth, has many entertaining traits.

sultation, has elected the Lord General in his stead; to which 'high testimony' here is his response.—'Dr. Greenwood,' who, I think, has some cast about his eyes, is otherwise a most recommendable man: 'Bachelor, then Doctor of Divinity, sometimes Fellow of Brasenose College,' says Royalist Anthony,[1] 'and lately made Principal of the said College by the Committee and Parliamentary Visitors; a severe and good Governor, as well in his Vice-Chancellorship as Principality; continued till the King's return, and then'—

TO THE REVEREND DR. GREENWOOD, VICE-CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CONVOCATION.

Edinburgh, 4th Feb. 1650.

Honoured Gentlemen,—I have received, by the hands of those worthy Persons of your University sent by you into Scotland, a Testimony of very high respect and honour, in "your" choosing me to be your Chancellor. Which deserves a fuller return, of deep resentment, value and acknowledgment, than I am any ways able to make. Only give me leave a little to expostulate, on your and my own behalf. I confess it was in your freedom to elect, and it would be very uningenious in me to reflect upon your action; only (though somewhat late) let me advise you of my unfitness to answer the ends of so great a Service and Obligation, with some things very obvious.

I suppose a principal aim in such elections hath not only respected abilities and interest to serve you, but freedom "as" to opportunities of time and place. As the first may not be well supposed, so the want of the latter may well become me to represent to you. You know where Providence hath placed me for the present; and to what I am related if this call were off,[2] *—I being tied to attendance in another Land as much out of the way of serving you as this, for some certain time yet to*

[1] Wood's *Fasti*, ii. 157 (in *Athenæ*, iv.), of July 1649.

[2] Lord Lieutenant of Ireland 'for three years to come' (*Commons Journals*, vi. 239), 22d June 1649.

come appointed by the Parliament. The known esteem and honour of this place is such, that I should wrong it and your favour very much, and your freedom in choosing me, if, either by pretended modesty or in any unbenign way, I should dispute the acceptance of it. Only I hope it will not be imputed to me as a neglect towards you, that I cannot serve you in the measure I desire.

I offer these exceptions with all candour and clearness to you, as "leaving you" most free to mend your choice in case you think them reasonable; and shall not reckon myself the less obliged to do all good offices for the University. But if these prevail not, and that I must continue this honour,—until I can personally serve you, you shall not want my prayers That that seed and stock of Piety and Learning, so marvellously springing up amongst you, may be useful to that great and glorious Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ; of the approach of which so plentiful an effusion of the Spirit upon those hopeful plants is one of the best presages. And in all other things I shall, by the Divine assistance, improve my poor abilities and interests in manifesting myself, to the University and yourselves, your most cordial friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[*]

On the same Tuesday, 4th February 1650-1, while the Lord General is writing this and the former Letter, his Army, issuing from its Leith Citadel and other Winter-quarters, has marched westward towards Stirling; he himself follows on the morrow. His Army on Tuesday got to Linlithgow; the Lord General overtook them at Falkirk on Wednesday. Two such days of wind, hail, snow and rain as made our soldiers very uncomfortable indeed. On Friday, the morning proving fair, we set out again; got to Kilsyth;—but the hail-reservoirs also opened on us again: we found it impossible to get along; and so returned, by the road we came; back to Edinburgh on Saturday,[1]—coated with white sleet, but endeavouring not to

[*] From the Archives of Oxford University; communicated by Rev. Dr. Bliss.

[1] Perfect Diurnal (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 100).

be discouraged. We hope we much terrified the Scots at Stirling; but the hail-reservoirs proved friendly to them.

LETTER CLXVII

THE Oxford Convocation has received the foregoing Letter, 'canting Letter sent thereunto,' as crabbed Anthony designates it, 'dated at Edinburgh on the 4th of February,' and now at length made public in print; they have 'read it in Convocation,' continues Anthony, 'whereat the Members made the House resound with their cheerful acclamations';[1]—and the Lord General is and continues their Chancellor; encouraging and helping forward them and their work, in many ways, amid his weighty affairs, in a really faithful manner. As begins to be credible without much proof of ours, and might still be abundantly proved if needful.

Here however, in the first blush of the business, comes Mr. Waterhouse, with a small recommendation from the Lord General; 'John Waterhouse of Great Greenford in Middlesex, son of Francis Waterhouse by Bridget his wife,' if anybody want to know him better;[2]—'a student heretofore for eighteen years in Trinity College, Cambridge,' a meritorious Man and Healer since; whom one may well decorate with a Degree, or decorate a Degree with, by the next opportunity.

TO MY VERY WORTHY FRIEND DR. GREENWOOD, VICE-CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

Edinburgh, 14th February 1650.

Sir,—This Gentleman, Mr. Waterhouse, went over into Ireland as Physician to the Army there; of whose diligence, fidelity and abilities I had much experience. Whilst I was there, he constantly attended the Army: and having, to my own knowledge, done very much good to the Officers and

[1] *Fasti*, ii. 159.

[2] *Ibid.* 163: 'created Doctor of Physic by virtue of the Letters of Oliver Cromwell, General' (12th March 1650-1).

Soldiers, by his skill and industry;—and being upon urgent occasion lately come into England, "he" hath desired me to recommend him for the obtaining of the Degree of Doctor in that Science. Wherefore I earnestly desire you that, when he shall repair to you, you[1] *will give him your best assistance for the obtaining of the said Degree; he being shortly to return back to his charge in Ireland.*

By doing whereof, as you will encourage one who is willing and ready to serve the Public, so you will also lay a very great obligation upon, Sir, your affectionate servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

LETTER CLXVIII

COLONEL ROBERT LILBURN, a stout impetuous soldier, as both his Brothers were, and steady to his side as neither of them was, had the honour, at a critical time, in the Summer of 1648, while Duke Hamilton and his Scots were about invading us, to do the State good service, as we transiently saw,[2]— to beat down, namely, and quite suppress, in Lancashire, a certain Sir Richard Tempest and his hot levyings of '1000 horse,' and indeed thereby to suppress all such levyings on behalf of the said Duke, in those Northern parts. An important, and at the time most welcome service. Letter of thanks, in consequence; reward of 1000*l.* in consequence,— reward voted, never yet paid, nor, as would seem, likely soon to be. Colonel Robert will take Delinquents' lands for his 1000*l.*; will buy Bear Park, with it and with other debentures or moneys: Bear Park, once *Beaurepaire*, a pleasant manor near native Durham, belongs to the Cathedral land; and might answer both parties, would the Committee of Obstructions move.

[1] 'that you' in the hasty original.

* From the Archives of Oxford University; communicated by Rev. Dr. Bliss.

[2] Antea, vol. i. p. 327.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM LENTHALL, ESQUIRE, SPEAKER OF THE PARLIAMENT OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND: THESE

Edinburgh, 8th March 1650.

Sir,—I am informed that Colonel Robert Lilburn is like to be damnified very much, in relation to his purchase of the Manor of Bear Park in the County of Durham, by being employed in the service of the Commonwealth in[1] *Scotland:—which business (as I understand), upon his Petition to the Parliament, was referred to the Committee of Obstructions, and a Report thereof hath lain ready in the hands of Mr. John Corbet, a long time, unreported.*

I do therefore humbly desire that the House may be moved to take the said Report into speedy consideration, that so Colonel Lilburn may have redress therein, according as you think fit; and that his readiness and willingness to return to his charge here, and leave his own affairs to serve the Public, may not turn to his disadvantage. I doubt not but those services he hath done in England and here will be a sufficient motive to gratify him herein; which shall be acknowledged by, Sir, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[*]

Committee of Obstructions, 'a Committee for *removing* Obstructions to the Sale of Dean-and-Chapter Lands,' does accordingly bestir itself; and on Tuesday 18th March, the due order is given.[2] To which, we doubt not, as the matter then drops, effect was given,—till the Restoration came, and ousted Colonel Robert and some others. Whether the Colonel personally ever lived at Bear Park, or has left any trace of his presence there, the County Histories and other accessible records do not say.

[1] 'of' in orig.

[*] Baker MSS. (Cambridge), xxxv. 79.

[2] *Commons Journals*, vi. 492 (7th November 1650), his 'Petition,' referred to in this Letter; *ib.* 549 (18th March 1650), due 'redress' to him.

LETTER CLXIX

HERE next, from another quarter, is a new University matter, — Project of a College at Durham; emerging incidentally like a green fruitful islet from amid the dim storms of War; agreeably arresting the eye for a moment.

Concerning which read in the Commons Journals of May last: 'A Letter from the Sheriff and Gentlemen of the County of *Duresme*, dated 24th April 1650; with a Paper' or Petition of the same date, '"delivered-in by the Grand Jury at the Sessions of the Peace holden at Duresme the 24th of April 1650, To be presented to the Honourable Parliament of this Nation,"—were this day read. *Ordered*, That it be referred to the Committee of Obstructions for Sale of Dean-and-Chapter Lands, to consider these Desires of the Gentlemen and others of that County, touching the converting some of the Buildings at Duresme called the "College," which were the Houses of the late Dean and Chapter, into some College or School of Literature; to state the business, to'[1]—in short, to get on with it if possible.

This was some ten months ago, but still there is no visible way made; and now in the wild Spring weather here has been, I suppose, some Deputation of the Northern Gentry riding through the wild mountains, with humane intent, to represent the matter to the Lord General at Edinburgh; from whom, if he pleased to help it forward, a word might be very furthersome. The Lord General is prompt with his word;— writes this Letter as I find, this and the foregoing, in some interval of a painful fit of sickness he has been labouring under.

[1] *Commons Journals*, vi. 410 (8th May 1650).

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM LENTHALL, ESQUIRE, SPEAKER OF THE PARLIAMENT OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND: THESE

Edinburgh, 11th March 1650.

Sir,—Having received information from the Mayor and Citizens of Durham, and some Gentlemen of the Northern Counties, That upon their Petition to the Parliament, 'that the Houses of the late Dean and Chapter in the City of Durham might be converted into a College or School of Literature,' the Parliament was pleased in May last to refer the same to the Committee for removing Obstructions to the sale of Dean-and-Chapter Lands, 'to consider thereon, and to report their opinion therein to the House':[1] *Which said Committee, as I am also informed, have so far approved thereof as that they are of an opinion That the said Houses will be a fit place to erect a College or School for all the Sciences and Literature, and that it will be a pious and laudable work and of great use to the Northern parts; and have ordered Sir Arthur Haselrig to make report thereof to the House accordingly: And the said Citizens and Gentlemen having made some address to me to contribute my assistance to them therein:*

To which, in so good and pious a work, I could not but willingly and heartily concur. And not knowing wherein I might better serve them, or answer their desires, than by recommending the same to the Parliament by, Sir, yourself their Speaker,—I do therefore make it my humble and earnest request that the House may be moved, as speedily as conveniently may be, To hear the Report of the said Committee concerning the said Business, from Sir Arthur Haselrig; that so the House, taking the same into consideration, may do therein what shall seem meet for the good of those poor Countries.

Truly it seems to me a matter of great concernment and importance; as that which, by the blessing of God, may much conduce to the promoting of learning and piety in those poor

[1] *Commons Journals*, ubi supra.

rude and ignorant parts;—there being also many concurring advantages to this Place, as pleasantness and aptness of situation, healthful air, and plenty of provisions, which seem to favour and plead for their desires therein. And besides the good, so obvious to us, "which" those Northern Counties may reap thereby, who knows but the setting on foot this work at this time may suit with God's present dispensations; and may,—if due care and circumspection be used in the right constituting and carrying-on the same,—tend to, and by the blessing of God produce, such happy and glorious fruits as are scarce thought on or foreseen!

Sir, not doubting of your readiness and zeal to promote so good and public a work, I crave pardon for this boldness; and rest, your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Whereupon the Committee for removing Obstructions does bestir itself; manages, in three months hence (for we do nothing rashly), to report[1] by 'Sir Arthur Haselrig, touching Duresme College-Buildings to be converted to a College or School for all the Sciences of Literature: That'—that—And, in brief, History itself has to report that the pious Project, thanks mainly to furtherance by the Lord General, whose power to further it increased by and by, did actually, some seven years hence, take effect;[2]—actually began giving Lessons of human Grammar, human Geography, Geometry, and other divine Knowledge, to the vacant human mind,—in those once sleepy Edifices, dark heretofore, or illuminated mainly by Dr. Cosins's Papistical waxlights or the like: and so continued, in spite of opposition, till the Blessed Restoration put a stop to it, and to some other things. In late

* Baker MSS. xxviii. 455: printed also in Hutchinson's *History of Durham*; and elsewhere.

[1] *Commons Journals* (vi. 589), 18th June 1651.

[2] Protector's *Letters-Patent* of 15th May 1657, following up his *Ordinance in Council* of the previous Year: Hutchinson's *History of the County Palatine of Durham* (Newcastle, 1785), i. 514-30. See Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge*, iii. 473 (Cambridge Petition against it: 18th April 1659). 'Throve apace,' says Hutchinson, 'till' etc.

years there is again some kind of Durham College giving Lessons,—I hope, with good success.

LETTER CLXX

By that tempestuous sleety expedition in the beginning of February my Lord General caught a dangerous illness, which hung about him, reappearing in three successive relapses, till June next; and greatly alarmed the Commonwealth and the Authorities. As this to Bradshaw, and various other Letters still indicate.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE: THESE

Edinburgh, 24th March 1650.

My Lord,—I do with all humble thankfulness acknowledge your high favour, and tender respect of me, expressed in your Letter, and the Express sent therewith to inquire after one so unworthy as myself.

Indeed, my Lord, your service needs not me: I am a poor creature; and have been a dry bone; and am still an unprofitable servant to my Master and you. I thought I should have died of this fit of sickness; but the Lord seemeth to dispose otherwise. But truly, my Lord, I desire not to live, unless I may obtain mercy from the Lord to approve my heart and life to Him in more faithfulness and thankfulness, and "to" those I serve in more profitableness and diligence. And I pray God, your Lordship, and all in public trust, may improve all those unparalleled experiences of the Lord's wonderful Workings in your sight, with singleness of heart to His glory, and the refreshment of His People; who are to Him as the apple of His eye; and upon whom your enemies, both former and latter, who have fallen before you, did split themselves.

This shall be the unfeigned prayer of, my Lord, your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 101).

From Edinburgh, of date 18th March, by special Express we have this comfortable intelligence: 'The Lord General is now well recovered: he was in his dining-room today with his Officers, and was very cheerful and pleasant.' And the symptoms, we see, continue good and better on the 24th. 'So that there is not any fear, by the blessing of God, but our General will be enabled to take the field when the Provisions arrive.' 'Dr. Goddard' is attending him.[1] Before the end of the month he is on foot again; sieging Blackness, sieging the Island of Inchgarvie, or giving Colonel Monk directions to that end.

LETTER CLXXI

THE following Letter brings its own commentary:

FOR MY BELOVED WIFE ELIZABETH CROMWELL, AT THE COCKPIT: THESE

"Edinburgh," 12th April 1651.

My Dearest,—I praise the Lord I am increased in strength in my outward man: But that will not satisfy me except I get a heart to love and serve my heavenly Father better; and get more of the light of His countenance, which is better than life, and more power over my corruptions:—in these hopes I wait, and am not without expectation of a gracious return. Pray for me; truly I do daily for thee and the dear Family; and God Almighty bless you all with His spiritual blessings.

Mind poor Betty of the Lord's great mercy. Oh, I desire her not only to seek the Lord in her necessity, but in deed and in truth to turn to the Lord; and to keep close to Him; and to take heed of a departing heart, and of being cozened with worldly vanities and worldly company, which I doubt she is too subject to. I earnestly and frequently pray for her and for him. Truly they are dear to me, very dear; and I am in fear

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 100-1).

lest Satan should deceive them,—knowing how weak our hearts are, and how subtle the Adversary is, and what way the deceitfulness of our hearts and the vain world make for his temptations. The Lord give them truth of heart to Him. Let them seek Him in truth, and they shall find Him.

My love to the dear little ones; I pray for grace for them. I thank them for their Letters; let me have them often.

Beware of my Lord Herbert's resort to your house. If he do so, it may occasion scandal, as if I were bargaining with him. Indeed, be wise,—you know my meaning. Mind Sir Henry Vane of the business of my Estate. Mr. Floyd knows my whole mind in that matter.

If Dick Cromwell and his Wife be with you, my dear love to them. I pray for them: they shall, God willing, hear from me. I love them very dearly.—Truly I am not able as yet to write much. I am weary; and rest, thine,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

'Betty' and 'he' are Elizabeth Claypole and her Husband; of whom, for the curious, there is a longwinded intricate account by Noble,[1] but very little discoverable in it. They lived at Norborough, which is near Market Deeping, but in Northamptonshire; where, as already intimated, the Lady Protectress, Widow Elizabeth Cromwell, after the Restoration, found a retreat. 'They had at least three sons and daughters.' Claypole became 'Master of the Horse' to Oliver; sat in Parliament; made an elegant appearance in the world:—but dwindled sadly after his widowership; his second marriage ending in 'separation,' in a third *quasi-marriage*, and other confusions, poor man! But as yet the Lady Claypole lives; bright and brave. 'Truly they are dear to me, very dear.'

'Dick Cromwell and his Wife' seem to be up in Town on a visit;—living much at their ease in the Cockpit, they. Brother Henry, in these same days, is out 'in the King's

* Cole MSS. xxxiii. 37: a Copy; Copies are frequent.

[1] ii. 375, etc.

County' in Ireland; doing hard duty at 'Ballybawn' and elsewhere,[1]—the distinguished Colonel Cromwell. And Deputy Ireton, with his labours, is wearing himself to death. In the same house, one works, another goes idle.

'The Lord Herbert' is Henry Somerset, eldest son of the now Marquis of Worcester,—of the Lord Glamorgan whom we knew slightly at Ragland, in underhand 'Irish Treaties' and suchlike; whose *Century of Inventions* is still slightly known to here and there a reader of Old Books. 'This Lord Herbert,' it seems, 'became Duke of Beaufort after the Restoration.' For obvious reasons, you are to 'beware of his resort to your house at present.' A kind of professed Protestant he, but come of rank Papists and Malignants; which may give rise to commentaries. One stupid Annotator on a certain Copy of this Letter says, 'his Lordship had an intrigue with Mrs. Claypole';—which is evidently downright stupor and falsehood, like so much else.

LETTER CLXXII

UPON the Surrender of Edinburgh Castle, due provision had been made for conveyance of the Public Writs and Registers to what quarter the Scotch Authorities might direct; and 'Passes,' under the Lord General's hand, duly granted for that end. Archibald Johnston, Lord Register, we conclude, had superintended the operation; had, after much labour, bundled the Public Writs properly together into masses, packages; and put them on shipboard, considering this the eligiblest mode of transport towards Stirling and the Scotch head-quarters at present. But now it has fallen out, in the middle of last month, that the said ship has been taken, as many ships and shallops on both sides now are; and the Public Writs are in jeopardy: whereupon ensues correspondence; and this fair Answer from my Lord General:

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 102).

"TO THE HONOURABLE ARCHIBALD JOHNSTON, LORD REGISTER OF SCOTLAND: THESE"

Edinburgh, 12th April 1651.

My Lord,—Upon the perusal of the Passes formerly given for the safe passing of the Public Writs and Registers of the Kingdom of Scotland, I do think they[1] *ought to be restored: and they shall be so, to such persons as you shall appoint to receive them; with passes for persons and vessels, to carry them to such place as shall be appointed:—so that it be done within one month next following.*

I herewith send you a Pass for your Servant to go into Fife, and to return with the other Clerks; and rest, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[*]

Warriston's answer, written on Monday, the 12th being Saturday, is given also in *Thurloe*. The Lord General's phrase, 'perusal of the Passes,' we now find is prospective, and means 'reperusal,' new sight of them by the Lord General; which, Archibald earnestly urges, is impossible; the original Passes being now far off in the hands of the Authorities, and the Writs in a state of imminent danger, lying in a ship at Leith, as Archibald obscurely intimates, which the English Governor has got his claws over, and keeps shut-up in dock; with a considerable leak in her, too: very bad stowage for such goods.[2] Which obscure intimation of Archibald's becomes lucid to us, as to the Lord General it already was, when we read this sentence of Bulstrode's, under date 22d March 1650-1: 'Letters that the Books and Goods belonging to the' Scotch 'King and Register were taken by the Parliament's ships; and another ship, laden with oats, meal, and other provisions, going to Fife: twenty-two prisoners.'[3] For

[1] The Writs and Registers.

[*] Thurloe, i. 117. Records of the Laigh Parliament House.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] Whitlocke, p. 490.

captures and small sea-surprisals abound in the Frith at present; the Parliament-ships busy on one hand; and the 'Captain of the Bass,' the 'Shippers of Wemyss,' and the like active persons doing their duty on the other,—whereby infinite 'biscuit,' and such small ware, is from time to time realised.[1]

Without doubt the Public Writs were all redelivered, according to the justice of the case; and the term of 'one month,' which Archibald pleads hard to get lengthened, was made into two, or the necessary time. Archibald's tone towards the Lord General is anxiously respectful, nay submissive and subject. In fact, Archibald belongs, if not by profession, yet by invincible tendency, to the Remonstrant Ker-and-Strahan Party; and looks dimly forward to a near time when there will be no refuge for him, and the like of him, but Cromwell. Strahan, in the month of January last, is already 'excommunicated, and solemnly delivered to the Devil, in the Church of Perth.'[2] This is what you have to look for, from a Quasi-Malignant set of men!

This Archibald, as is well known, sat afterwards in Cromwell's Parliaments; became 'one of Cromwell's Lords'; and ultimately lost his life for these dangerous services. Archibald Johnston of Warriston; loose-flowing Bishop Burnet's uncle by the Mother's side: a Lord Register of whom all the world has heard. Redactor of the Covenanters' protests, in 1637, and onwards; redactor perhaps of the Covenant itself; canny lynx-eyed Lawyer, and austere Presbyterian Zealot; full of fire, of heavy energy and gloom: in fact, a very notable character;—of whom our Scotch friends might do well to give us farther elucidations. Certain of his Letters edited by Lord Hailes,[3] a man of fine intelligence, though at that time ignorant of this subject, have proved well worth their paper and ink. Many more, it appears, still lie in the Edinburgh Archives. A good selection and edition of them were desir-

[1] Balfour, iv. 204, 241, 251, etc.

[2] *Ibid.* iv. 240.

[3] *Memorials and Letters in the Reign of Charles I.* (Glasgow, 1766).

able. But, alas, will any human soul ever again *love* poor Warriston, and take pious pains with him, in this world? Properly it turns all upon that; and the chance seems rather dubious!—

SECOND VISIT TO GLASGOW

THAT Note to Warriston, and the Letter to Elizabeth Cromwell, as may have been observed, are written on the same day, Saturday 12th April 1651. Directly after which, on Wednesday the 16th, there is a grand Muster of the Army on Musselburgh Links; preparatory to new operations. Blackness Fort has surrendered; Inchgarvie Island is beset by gunboats: Colonel Monk, we perceive, who has charge of these services, is to be made Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance: and now there is to be an attack on Burntisland with gunboats, which also, one hopes, may succeed. As for the Army, it is to go westward this same afternoon; try whether cautious Lesley, straitened or assaulted from both west and east, will not come out of his Stirling fastness, so that some good may be done upon him. The Muster is held on Musselburgh Links; whereat the Lord General, making his appearance, is received 'with shouts and acclamations,' the sight of him infinitely comfortable to us.[1] The Lord General's health is somewhat reëstablished, though he has had relapses, and still tends a little towards ague. 'About three in the afternoon' all is on march towards Hamilton; quarters 'mostly in the field there.' Where the Lord General himself arrives, on Friday night late; and on the morrow afternoon we see Glasgow again.

Concerning which here are two notices from opposite points of the compass, curiously corroborative of one another; which we must not withhold. Face-to-face glimpses into the old dead actualities; worth rescuing with a Cromwell in the centre of them.

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 102).

The first is from Baillie;[1] shows us a glance of our old friend Carstairs withal. Read this fraction of a Letter: 'Reverend and dear Brother,—For preventing of mistakes,' lest you should think us looselaced, Remonstrant, sectarian individuals, 'we have thought meet to advertise you that Cromwell having come to Hamilton on Friday late, and to Glasgow on Saturday with a body of his Army, sooner than we could well with safety have retired ourselves,'—there was nothing for it but to stay and abide him here! 'On Sunday forenoon he came unexpectedly to the High Inner Kirk; where quietly he heard Mr. Robert Ramsay,' unknown to common readers, 'preach a very honest sermon, pertinent to his' Cromwell's 'case. In the afternoon he came, as unexpectedly, to the 'High Outer Kirk; where he heard Mr. John Carstairs,' our old friend, 'lecture, and' a 'Mr. James Durham preach,—graciously, and weel to the times as could have been desired.' So that you see we are not of the looselaced species, we! 'And generally all who preached that day in the Town gave a fair enough testimony against the Sectaries.'—Whereupon, next day, Cromwell sent for us to confer with him in a friendly manner. 'All of us did meet to advise,' for the case was grave: however, we have decided to go; nay are just going;—but, most unfortunately, do not write any record of our interview! Nothing, except some transient assertion elsewhere that 'we had no disadvantage in the thing.'[2]—So that now, from the opposite point of the compass, the old London Newspaper must come in; curiously confirmatory:

'Sir,—We came hither' to Glasgow 'on Saturday last, April 19th. The Ministers and Townsmen generally stayed at home, and did not quit their habitations as formerly. The Ministers here have mostly deserted from the proceedings beyond the Water,' at Perth,—and are in fact given to Remonstrant ways, though Mr. Baillie denies it: 'yet they are equally dissatisfied with us. But though they preach

[1] (Glasgow, 22nd April 1651), iii. 165. [2] Baillie, iii. 168.

against us in the pulpit to our faces, yet we permit them without disturbance, as willing to gain them by love.

'My Lord General sent to them to give us a friendly Christian meeting, To discourse of those things which they rail against us for; that so, if possible, all misunderstandings between us might be taken away. Which accordingly they gave us on Wednesday last. There was no bitterness nor passion vented on either side; all was with moderation and tenderness. My Lord General and Major-General Lambert, for the most part, maintained the discourse; and, on their part, Mr. James Guthry and Mr. Patrick Gillespie.[1] We know not what satisfaction they have received. Sure I am, there was no such weight in their arguments as might in the least discourage us from what we have undertaken; the chief thing on which they insisted being our Invasion into Scotland.'[2]

The Army quitted Glasgow after some ten days; rather hastily, on Wednesday 30th April; pressing news, some false alarm of movements about Stirling, having arrived by express from the East. They marched again for Edinburgh;—quenched some foolish Town Riot, which had broken out among the Glasgow Baillies themselves, on some quarrel of their own; and was now tugging and wriggling, in a most unseemly manner, on the open streets, and likely to enlist the population generally, had not Cromwell's soldiers charitably scattered it asunder before they went.[3] In three days they were in Edinburgh again.

When a luminous body, such as Oliver Cromwell, happens to be crossing a dark Country, a dark Century, who knows what he will not disclose to us! For example: On the Western edge of Lanarkshire, in the desolate uplands of

[1] 'Gelaspy' the Sectarian spells; in all particulars of facts he coincides with Baillie. Guthry and Gillespie, noted men in that time, published a 'Sum' of this Interview (Baillie, iii. 168), but nobody now knows it.

[2] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 102).

[3] Ane Information concerning the late Tumult in Glasgow, Wednesday, April 30th,' at the very time of Cromwell's Removal (in Baillie, iii. 161).

the Kirk of Shotts, there dwelt at that time a worshipful Family of Scotch Lairds, of the name of Stewart, at a House called Allertoun,—a lean turreted angry-looking old Stone House, I take it; standing in some green place, in the alluvial hollows of the Auchter Burn or its tributaries: most obscure; standing lean and grim, like a thousand such; entirely unnoticeable by History,—had not Oliver chanced to pass in that direction, and make a call there! Here is an account of that event: unfortunately very vague, not written till the second generation after; indeed, palpably incorrect in some of its details; but indubitable as to the main fact; and too curious to be omitted here. The date, not given or hinted at in the original, seems to fix itself as Thursday 1st May 1651. On that day Auchter Burn rushing idly on as usual, the grim old turreted Stone House, and rigorous Presbyterian inmates, and desolate uplands of the Kirk of Shotts in general,—saw Cromwell's face, and have become memorable to us. Here is the record given as we find it.[1]

'There was a fifth Son' of Sir Walter Stewart, Laird of Allertoun: 'James; who in his younger years was called "the Captain of Allertoun,"—from this incident: Oliver Cromwell, Captain-General of the English Sectarian Army, after taking Edinburgh Castle, was making a Progress through the West of Scotland; and came down towards the River Clyde near Lanark, and was on his march back, against King Charles the Second's Army, then with the King at Stirling. Being informed of a near way through Auchtermuir, he came with some General Officers to reconnoitre; and had a Guide along. Sir Walter, being a Royalist and Covenanter, had absconded. As he' Cromwell 'passed, he called in at Allertoun for a farther Guide; but no men were to be found, save one valetudinary Gentleman, Sir Walter's Son,'—properly a poor valetudinary Boy, as appears, who of course could do nothing for him.

'He found the road not practicable for carriages; and

[1] *Coltness Collections*, published by the Maitland Club (Glasgow, 1842), p. 9.

upon his return he called in at Sir Walter's House. There was none to entertain him but the Lady and Sir Walter's sickly Son. The good Woman was as much for the King and Royal Family as her Husband: but she offered the General the civilities of her House; and a glass of canary was presented. The General observed the forms of these times (I have it from good authority), and he asked a blessing in a long pathetic grace before the cup went round;—he drank his good wishes[1] for the family, and asked for Sir Walter; and was pleased to say, His Mother was a Stewart's Daughter, and he had a relation to the name. All passed easy; and our James, being a lad of ten years, came so near as to handle the hilt of one of the swords: upon which Oliver stroked his head, saying, "You are my little Captain"; and this was all the Commission our Captain of Allertoun ever had.

'The General called for some of his own wines for himself and other Officers,[2] and would have the Lady try his wine; and was so humane, When he saw the young Gentleman so maigre and indisposed, he said, Changing the climate might do good, and the South of France, Montpellier, was the place.

'Amidst all this humanity and politeness he omitted not, in person, to return thanks to God in a pointed grace after his repast; and after this hasted on his return to join the Army. The Lady had been a strenuous Royalist, and her Son a Captain in command at Dunbar; yet upon this interview with the General she abated much of her zeal. She said she was sure Cromwell was one who feared God, and had that fear in him, and the true interest of Religion at heart. A story of this kind is no idle digression; it has some small connexion with the Family concerns, and shows some little of the genius of these distracted times.'—And so we leave it; vague, but indubitable; standing on such basis as it has.

[1] Certainly incorrect.

[2] Imaginary.

LETTER CLXXIII

"FOR MY BELOVED WIFE ELIZABETH CROMWELL, AT THE COCKPIT: THESE"

Edinburgh, 3d May 1651.

My Dearest,—I could not satisfy myself to omit this post, although I have not much to write; yet indeed I love to write to my Dear, who is very much in my heart. It joys me to hear thy soul prospereth: the Lord increase His favours to thee more and more. The great good thy soul can wish is, That the Lord lift upon thee the light of His countenance, which is better than life. The Lord bless all thy good counsel and example to all those about thee, and hear all thy prayers, and accept thee always.

I am glad to hear thy Son and Daughter are with thee. I hope thou wilt have some good opportunity of good advice to him. Present my duty to my Mother, my love to all the Family. Still pray for thine, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Written the day after his return to Edinburgh. 'Thy Son and Daughter' are, to all appearance, Richard and his Wife, who prolong their visit at the Cockpit. The good old 'Mother' is still spared with us, to have 'my duty' presented to her. A pale venerable Figure; who has lived to see strange things in this world;—can piously, in her good old tremulous heart, rejoice in such a Son.

Precisely in these days, a small ship driven by stress of weather into Ayr Harbour, and seized and searched by Cromwell's Garrison there, discloses a matter highly interesting to the Commonwealth. A Plot, namely, on the part of the English Presbyterian-Royalists, English Royalists Proper, and all manner of Malignant Interests in England, to unite with the Scots and their King: in which certain of the London Presbyterian Clergy, Christopher Love among others, are

* Harris, p. 517.

deeply involved. The little ship was bound for the Isle of Man, with tidings to the Earl of Derby concerning the affair; and now we have caught her within the Bars of Ayr; and the whole matter is made manifest![1] Reverend Christopher Love is laid hold of, 7th May; he and others: and the Council of State is busy. It is the same Christopher who preached at Uxbridge Treaty long since, That 'Heaven might as well think of uniting with Hell.' Were a new High Court of Justice once constituted, it will go hard with Christopher.

As for the Lord General, this march to Glasgow has thrown him into a new relapse, which his Doctor counts as the third since March last. The disease is now ague; comes and goes, till, in the end of this month, the Council of State, as ordered by Parliament, requests him to return, in the mean while, to England for milder air;[2] and despatches two London Doctors to him; whom the Lord Fairfax is kind enough to 'send in his own coach'; who arrive in Edinburgh on the 30th of May, 'and are affectionately entertained by my Lord.'[3] The two Doctors are Bates and Wright. Bates, in his loose-tongued *History of the Troubles*, redacted in after-times, observes strict silence as to this Visit. Here is the Lord General's Answer; indicating, with much thankfulness, that he will not now need to return.

LETTER CLXXIV

"TO THE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE: THESE"

Edinburgh, 3d June 1651.

My Lord,—I have received yours of the 27th of May; with an Order from the Parliament for my Liberty to return into England for change of air, that thereby I might the better

[1] Bates, *History of the late Troubles in England* (Translation of the *Elenchus Motuum*; London, 1685), Part ii. 115.

[2] Whitlocke, p. 476; *Commons Journals*, (vi. 579), 27th May 1651.

[3] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 103).

recover my health. All which came unto me whilst Dr. Wright and Dr. Bates, whom your Lordship sent down, were with me.

I shall not need to recite the extremity of my last sickness: it was so violent that indeed my nature was not able to bear the weight thereof. But the Lord was pleased to deliver me, beyond expectation; and to give me cause to say once more, 'He hath plucked me out of the grave'![1]*—My Lord, the indulgence of the Parliament expressed by their Order is a very high and undeserved favour: of which although it be fit I keep a thankful remembrance, yet I judge it would be too much presumption in me to*[2] *return a particular acknowledgement. I beseech you give me the boldness to return my humble thankfulness to the Council for sending two such worthy Persons, so great a journey, to visit me. From whom I have received much encouragement, and good directions for recovery of health and strength,—which I find "now," by the goodness of God, growing to such a state as may yet, if it be His good will, render me useful according to my poor ability, in the station wherein He hath set me.*

I wish more steadiness in your Affairs here than to depend, in the least degree, upon so frail a thing as I am. Indeed they do not,—nor own any instrument. This Cause is of God, and it must prosper. Oh that all that have any hand therein, being so persuaded, would gird up the loins of their mind, and endeavour in all things to walk worthy of the Lord! So prays, my Lord, your most humble servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

The Lord General's case was somewhat grave; at one time, it seemed hopless for this summer. 'My Lord is not sensible that he is grown an old man.' The Officers were to proceed

[1] Psalm xxx. 3, 'hast brought up my soul from the grave'; or, lxxxvi. 3, 'delivered my soul from': but 'plucked' is not in any of the texts.

[2] 'not to' in orig.;—dele 'not.'

* Kimber's (anonymous) *Life of Oliver Cromwell* (London, 1724), p. 201;—does not say whence derived.

without him; directed by him from the distance. Here, however, is an improvement; and two days after, on the 5th of June, the Lord General is seen abroad in his coach again; shakes his ailments and infirmities of age away, and takes the field in person once more. The Campaign is now vigorously begun; though as yet no great result follows from it.

On the 25th of June, the Army from all quarters reassembled 'in its old Camp on the Pentland Hills'; marched westward; left Linlithgow July 2d, ever westward, with a view to force the Enemy from his strong ground about Stirling. Much pickeering, vapouring, and transient skirmishing ensues; but the Enemy, strongly entrenched at Torwood, secured by bogs and brooks, cannot be forced out. We take Calendar House, and do other insults, before their eyes; they will not come out. Cannonadings there are 'from opposite Hills'; but not till it please the Enemy can there be any battle. David Lesley, second in rank, but real leader of the operations, is at his old trade again. The Problem is becoming difficult. We decide to get across into Fife; to take them in flank, and at least cut-off an important part of their supplies.

Here is the Lord General's Letter on the result of that enterprise. Farther details of the Battle, which is briefly spoken of here,—still remembered in those parts as the *Battle of Inverkeithing*,—may be found in Lambert's own Letter concerning it.[1] 'Sir John Browne, their Major-General,' was once a zealous Parliamenteer; 'Governor of Abingdon' and much else; but the King gained him, growls Ludlow, 'by the gift of a pair of silk stockings,'—poor wretch! Besides Browne, there are Massey, and various Englishmen of mark with this Malignant Army. Massey's Brother, a subaltern person in London, is one of the conspirators with Christopher Love.—The Lord General has in the interim made his Third Visit to Glasgow; concerning which there are no details worth

[1] North Ferry, 22d July 1651 (Whitlocke, p. 472): the Battle was on Sunday the 20th. See also Balfour, iv. 313.

giving here.[1] Rev. Christopher Love, on the 5th of this month, was condemned to die.[2]

LETTER CLXXV

FOR THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM LENTHALL, ESQUIRE, SPEAKER OF THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND: THESE

Linlithgow, 21st July 1651.

Sir,—After our waiting upon the Lord, and not knowing what course to take, for indeed we know nothing but what God pleaseth to teach us of His great mercy,—we were directed to send a Party to get us a landing 'on the Fife coast' by our boats, whilst we marched towards Glasgow.

On Thursday morning last, Colonel Overton, with about One-thousand four-hundred foot and some horse and dragoons, landed at the North Ferry in Fife; we with the Army lying near the Enemy (a small river parted us and them), and having consultations to attempt the Enemy within his fortifications: but the Lord was not pleased to give way to that counsel, proposing a better way for us. The Major-General "Lambert" marched, on Thursday night, with two regiments of horse and two regiments of foot, for better securing the place; and to attempt upon the Enemy as occasion should serve. He getting over, and finding a considerable body of the Enemy there (who would probably have beaten our men from the place if he had not come), drew out and fought them; he being about two regiments of horse, with about four-hundred of horse and dragoons more, and three regiments of foot; the Enemy five regiments of foot, and about four or five of horse. They came to a close charge, and in the end totally routed the Enemy; having taken about forty or fifty colours,[3] killed near Two-thousand, some say more; have taken Sir John Browne their Major-General, who commanded in chief,—and other Colonels

[1] Whitlocke, p. 471; *Milton State-Papers*, p. 84 (11th July 1651).

[2] Wood, iii. 278, etc.

[3] Farther account of these in Appendix, No. 22.

and Considerable Officers killed and taken, and about Five or Six Hundred prisoners. The Enemy is removed from their ground with their whole Army; but whither we do not certainly know.

This is an unspeakable mercy. I trust the Lord will follow it until He hath perfected peace and truth. We can truly say, we were gone as far as we could in our counsel and action; and we did say one to another, we knew not what to do. Wherefore it's sealed upon our hearts, that this, as all the rest, is from the Lord's goodness, and not from man. I hope it becometh me to pray, That we may walk humbly and self-denyingly before the Lord, and believingly also. That you whom we serve, as the Authority over us, may do the work committed to you, with uprightness and faithfulness,—and thoroughly, as to the Lord. That you may not suffer anything to remain that offends the eyes of His jealousy. That common weal may more and more be sought, and justice done impartially. For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro; and as He finds out His enemies here, to be avenged on them, so will He not spare them for whom He doth good, if by His lovingkindness they become not good. I shall take the humble boldness to represent this Engagement of David's, in the Hundred-and-nineteenth Psalm, verse Hundred-and-thirty-fourth, Deliver from me the oppression of man, so will I keep Thy precepts. *I take leave, and rest, Sir, your most humble servant,*

OLIVER CROMWELL.

*P.S. The carriage of the Major-General, as in all other things so in this, is worthy of your taking notice of; as also the Colonels Okey, Overton, Daniel, West, Lydcot, Syler, and the rest of the Officers.**

Matters now speedily take another turn. At the Castle of 'Dundas' we are still on the South side of the Frith; in front of the Scotch lines, though distant: but Inchgarvie,

* Newspapers (in *Parl. Hist.* xix. 494; and *Cromwelliana*, p. 105).

often tried with gunboats, now surrenders; Burntisland, by force of gunboats and dispiritment, surrenders: the Lord General himself goes across into Fife. The following Letters speak for themselves.

LETTER CLXXVI

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE: THESE"

Dundas, 24th July 1651.

My Lord,—It hath pleased God to put your affairs here in some hopeful way, since the last Defeat given to the Enemy.

I marched with the Army very near to Stirling, hoping thereby to get the Pass; and went myself with General Dean, and some others, up to Bannockburn; hearing that the Enemy were marched on the other side towards our forces in Fife. Indeed they went four or five miles on towards them; but hearing of my advance, in all haste they retreated back, and possessed the Park, and their other works. Which we viewed; and finding them not advisable to attempt, resolved to march to Queensferry, and there to ship over so much of the Army as might hopefully be master of the field in Fife. Which accordingly we have almost perfected; and have left, on this side, somewhat better than four regiments of horse, and as many of foot.

I hear now the Enemy's great expectation is to supply themselves in the West with recruits of men, and what victual they can get: for they may expect none out of the North, when once our Army shall interpose between them and St. Johnston. To prevent their prevalency in the West, and making incursions into the Borders of England, * * *[1]

OLIVER CROMWELL.[*]

[1] Sir Harry Vane, who reads the Letter in Parliament, judges it prudent to stop here (*Commons Journals*, vi. 614).

[*] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 107).

LETTER CLXXVII

OF this Letter Sir Harry Vane and the Council of State judge it improper to publish anything in the Newspapers, except a rough abstract, in words of their own, of the *first two paragraphs* and the *concluding one*. In which state it presents itself in the Old Pamphlets.[1] The Letter copied in full lies among the *Tanner Manuscripts*;—gives us a glimpse into the private wants, and old furnitures, of the Cromwell Army. 'Pots' are cavalry helmets; 'backs-and-breasts' are still seen on cuirassier regiments; 'snaphances' (German *schnapphahn*, snapcock) are a new wonderful invention, giving fire by flint-and-steel;—promising, were they not so terribly expensive, to supersede the old slow matchlock in field-service! But, I believe, they wind-up like a watch before the trigger acts;[2] and come very high!—

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE: THESE

Linlithgow, 26th July 1651.

My Lord,—I am able to give you no more account than what you have by my last; only we have now in Fife about Thirteen or Fourteen thousand horse and foot. The Enemy is at his old lock, and lieth in and near Stirling; where we cannot come to fight him, except he please, or we go upon too-too manifest hazards; he having very strongly laid himself, and having a very great advantage there. Whither we hear he hath lately gotten great provisions of meal, and reinforcement of his strength out of the North under Marquis Huntly. It is our business still to wait upon God, to show us our way how to deal with this subtle Enemy; which I hope He will.

Our forces on this side the River[3] *are not very many: where-*

[1] In *Parliamentary History*, xix. 498.

[2] Grose's *Military Antiquities*.

[3] Means 'Frith' always.

fore I have sent for Colonel Rich's; and shall appoint them, with the forces under Colonel Saunders, to embody close upon the Borders,—and to be in readiness to join with those left on this side the Frith, or to be for the security of England, as occasion shall offer; there being little use of them where they lie, as we know.

Your Soldiers begin to fall sick, through the wet weather which has lately been. It is desired, therefore, that the recruits of foot determined "on," may rather come sooner in time than usually; and may be sure to be full in numbers, according to your appointment, whereof great failing has lately been. For the way of raising them, it is wholly submitted to your pleasure; and we hearing you rather choose to send us Volunteers than Pressed-men, shall be very glad you go that way.

Our Spades are spent to a very small number: we desire, therefore, that of the Five-thousand tools we lately sent for, at the least Three-thousand of them may be spades,—they wearing most away in our works, and being most useful. Our Horse-arms, especially our pots, are come to a very small number: it is desired we may have a Thousand backs-and-breasts and Fifteen-hundred pots. We have left us in store but Four-hundred pair of pistols; Two-hundred saddles; Six-hundred pikes; Two-thousand and thirty muskets, whereof thirty snaphances. These are our present stores: and not knowing what you have sent us by this Fleet that is coming, we desire we may be considered therein.—Our cheese and butter is our lowest store of Victual.

We were necessitated to pay the Soldiery moneys now at their going over into Fife; whereby the Treasury is much exhausted, although we desire to husband it what we can. This being the principal time of action, we desire your Lordship to take a principal care that money may be supplied us with all possible speed, and these other things herewith mentioned; your affairs so necessarily requiring the same.

The Castle of Inchgarvie, which lieth in the River, almost in the midway between the North and South Ferry, commonly

called Queen's Ferry,—was delivered to us on Thursday last. They marched away with their swords and baggage only; leaving us sixteen cannon, and all their other arms and ammunition. I remain, my Lord, your lordship's most humble servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

LETTER CLXXVIII

"TO MY VERY LOVING BROTHER RICHARD MAYOR, ESQUIRE, AT HURSLEY: THESE"

"Burntisland," 28th July 1651.

Dear Brother,—I was glad to receive a Letter from you; for indeed anything that comes from you is very welcome to me. I believe your expectation of my Son's coming is deferred. I wish he may see a happy delivery of his Wife first,[1] *for whom I frequently pray.*

I hear my Son hath exceeded his allowance, and is in debt. Truly I cannot commend him therein; wisdom requiring his living within compass, and calling for it at his hands. And in my judgment, the reputation arising from thence would have been more real honour than what is attained the other way. I believe vain men will speak well of him that does ill.

I desire to be understood that I grudge him not laudable recreations, nor an honourable carriage of himself in them; nor is any matter of charge, like to fall to my share, a stick[2] *with me. Truly I can find in my heart to allow him not only a sufficiency but more, for his good. But if pleasure and self-satisfaction be made the business of a man's life, "and" so much cost laid out upon it, so much time spent in it, as rather answers appetite than the will of God, or is comely before His Saints,—I scruple to feed this humour; and God forbid that his being my Son should be his allowance to live not pleasingly*

* Tanner MSS., in Cary, ii. 288-90.

[1] Noble's registers are very defective! These Letters, too, were before the poor man's eyes.

[2] stop.

to our Heavenly Father, who hath raised me out of the dust to be what I am!

I desire your faithfulness (he being also your concernment as well as mine) to advise him to approve himself to the Lord in his course of life; and to search His statutes for a rule of conscience, and to seek grace from Christ to enable him to walk therein. This hath life in it, and will come to somewhat: what is a poor creature without this? This will not abridge of lawful pleasures; but teach such a use of them as will have the peace of a good conscience going with it. Sir, I write what is in my heart; I pray you communicate my mind herein to my Son, and be his remembrancer in these things. Truly I love him, he is dear to me; so is his Wife; and for their sakes do I thus write. They shall not want comfort nor encouragement from me, so far as I may afford it. But indeed I cannot think I do well to feed a voluptuous humour in my Son, if he should make pleasures the business of his life,—in a time when some precious Saints are bleeding, and breathing out their last, for the safety of the rest. Memorable is the speech of Uriah to David (Second Samuel, xi. 11).[1]

Sir, I beseech you believe I here say not this to save my purse; for I shall willingly do what is convenient to satisfy his occasions, as I have opportunity. But as I pray he may not walk in a course not pleasing to the Lord, so "I" think it lieth upon me to give him, in love, the best counsel I may; and know not how better to convey it to him than by so good a hand as yours. Sir, I pray you acquaint him with these thoughts of mine. And remember my love to my Daughter; for whose sake I shall be induced to do any reasonable thing. I pray for her happy deliverance, frequently and earnestly.

I am sorry to hear that my Bailiff[2] *in Hantshire should do*

[1] 'And Uriah said unto David, The Ark, and Israel, and Judah abide in tents; and my lord Joab, and the servants of my lord, are encamped in the open fields: shall I, then, go into mine house, to eat and to drink, and to lie with my wife? As thou livest, and as thy soul liveth, I will not do this thing.'

[2] 'Baylye.'

to my Son as is intimated by your Letter. I assure you I shall not allow any such thing. If there be any suspicion of his abuse of the Wood, I desire it may be looked after, and inquired into; that so, if things appear true, he may be removed,—although indeed I must needs say he had the repute of a godly man, by divers that knew him, when I placed him there.

Sir, I desire my hearty affection may be presented to my Sister; to my Cousin Ann, and her Husband though unknown. —I praise the Lord I have obtained much mercy in respect of my health; the Lord give me a truly thankful heart. I desire your prayers; and rest, your very affectionate brother and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[*]

My Cousin Ann, then, is wedded! 'Her Husband though unknown' is John Dunch; who, on his Father's decease, became John Dunch of Pusey;—to whom we owe this Letter, among the others.

LETTER CLXXIX

TO THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM LENTHALL, ESQUIRE, SPEAKER OF THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND: THESE

Burntisland, 29th July 1651.

Sir,—The greatest part of the Army is in Fife; waiting what way God will farther lead us. It hath pleased God to give us in Burntisland;[1] *which is indeed very conducing to the carrying-on of our affairs. The Town is well seated; pretty strong; but marvellous capable of farther improvement in that respect, without great charge. The Harbour, at a high spring, is near a fathom deeper than at Leith; and doth not lie commanded by any ground without the Town. We took three or four small men-of-war in it, and I believe thirty or forty guns.*

Commissary-General Whalley marched along the sea-side

[*] Harris, p. 513.

[1] 'Brunt Island' in orig.

in Fife, having some ships to go along the coast; and hath taken great store of great artillery, and divers ships. The Enemy's affairs are in some discomposure, as we hear. Surely the Lord will blow upon them. "I rest," your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[*]

LETTER CLXXX

In effect, the crisis has now arrived. The Scotch King and Army, finding their supplies cut off, and their defences rendered unavailing, by this flank-movement,—break up suddenly from Stirling;[1] march direct towards England,—for a stroke at the heart of the Commonwealth itself. Their game now is, All or nothing. A desperate kind of play. Royalists, Presbyterian-Royalists and the large miscellany of Discontented Interests may perhaps join them there;—perhaps also not! They march by Biggar; enter England by Carlisle,[2] on Wednesday 6th of August 1651. 'At Girthhead, in the Parish of Wamphray, in Annandale,' human Tradition, very faintly indeed, indicates some Roman Stones or Mile-stones, by the wayside, as the place where his Sacred Majesty passed the Tuesday night;—which are not quite so venerable now as formerly.[3]

TO THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM LENTHALL, ESQUIRE, SPEAKER OF THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND: THESE

Leith, 4th August 1651.

Sir,—In pursuance of the Providence of God, and that blessing lately given to your forces in Fife; and finding that the Enemy, being masters of the Pass at Stirling, could not be gotten out there except by hindering his provisions at St. Johnston,—we, by general advice, thought fit to attempt St. Johnston;

[*] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 107).

[1] 'Last day of July' (Bates, ii. 120). [2] Whitlocke, p. 474.

[3] Nicholas Carlisle's *Topographical Dict. of Scotland*, § Wamphray.

knowing that that would necessitate him to quit his Pass. Wherefore, leaving with Major-General Harrison about three-thousand horse and dragoons, besides those which are with Colonel Rich, Colonel Saunders, and Colonel Barton, upon the Borders, we marched to St. Johnston;[1] *and lying one day before it, we had it surrendered to us.*

During which time we had some intelligence of the Enemy's marching southward; though with some contradictions, as if it had not been so. But doubting it might be true, we (leaving a Garrison in St. Johnston, and sending Lieutenant-General Monk with about Five or Six thousand to Stirling to reduce that place, and by it to put your affairs into a good posture in Scotland) marched, with all possible expedition, back again; and have passed our foot and many of our horse over the Frith this day; resolving to make what speed we can up to the Enemy,—who, in his desperation and fear, and out of inevitable necessity, is run to try what he can do this way.

I do apprehend, that if he goes for England, being some few-days march before us, it will trouble some men's thoughts; and may occasion some inconveniences;—which I hope we are as deeply sensible of, and have been, and I trust shall be, as diligent to prevent, as any. And indeed this is our comfort, That in simplicity of heart as towards God, we have done to the best of our judgments; knowing that if some issue were not put to this Business, it would occasion another Winter's war: to the ruin of your soldiery, for whom the Scots are too hard in respect of enduring the Winter difficulties of this country; and to the endless expense of the treasure of England in prosecuting this War. It may be supposed we might have kept the Enemy from this, by interposing between him and England. Which truly I believe we might: but how to remove him out of this place, without doing what we have done, unless we had had a commanding Army on both sides of the River of Forth, is not clear to us; or how to answer the inconveniences aforementioned, we understand not.

[1] 2d August 1651 (Balfour, iv. 313): 'St. Johnston,' as we know, is *Perth*.

We pray, therefore, that (seeing there is a possibility for the Enemy to put you to some trouble) you would, with the same courage, grounded upon a confidence in God, wherein you have been supported to the great things God hath used you in hitherto,—improve, the best you can, such forces as you have in readiness, or "as" may on the sudden be gathered together, To give the Enemy some check, until we shall be able to reach up to him; which we trust in the Lord we shall do our utmost endeavour in. And indeed we have this comfortable experience from the Lord, That this Enemy is heart-smitten by God; and whenever the Lord shall bring us up to them, we believe the Lord will make the desperateness of this counsel of theirs to appear, and the folly of it also. When England was much more unsteady than now; and when a much more considerable Army of theirs, unfoiled, invaded you; and we had but a weak force to make resistance at Preston,—upon deliberate advice, we chose rather to put ourselves between their Army and Scotland: and how God succeeded that, is not well to be forgotten! This "present movement" is not out of choice on our part, but by some kind of necessity; and, it is to be hoped, will have the like issue. Together with a hopeful end of your work;—in which it's good to wait upon the Lord, upon the earnest of former experiences, and hope of His presence, which only is the life of your Cause.

Major-General Harrison, with the horse and dragoons under him, and Colonel Rich and the rest in those parts, shall attend the motions of the Enemy; and endeavour the keeping of them together, as also to impede his march. And will be ready to be in conjunction with what forces shall gather together for this service:—to whom orders have been speeded to that purpose; as this enclosed to Major-General Harrison will show. Major-General Lambert, this day, marched with a very considerable body of horse, up towards the Enemy's rear. With the rest of the horse, and nine regiments of foot, most of them of your old foot and horse, I am hasting up, and shall, by the Lord's help,

use utmost diligence. I hope I have left a commanding force under Lieutenant-General Monk in Scotland.

This account I thought my duty to speed to you; and rest, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[*]

The Scots found no Presbyterian-Royalists, no Royalists Proper to speak of, nor any Discontented Interest in England disposed to join them in present circumstances. They marched, under rigorous discipline, weary and uncheered, south through Lancashire; had to dispute their old friend the Bridge of Warrington with Lambert and Harrison, who attended them with horse-troops on the left; Cromwell with the main Army steadily advancing behind. They carried the Bridge at Warrington; they summoned various Towns, but none yielded; proclaimed their King with all force of lungs and heraldry, but none cried, God bless him. Summoning Shrewsbury, with the usual negative response, they quitted the London road; bent southward towards Worcester, a City of slight Garrison and loyal Mayor; there to entrench themselves, and repose a little.

Poor Earl Derby, a distinguished Royalist Proper, had hastened over from the Isle of Man, to kiss his Majesty's hand in passing. He then raised some force in Lancashire, and was in hopes to kindle that country again, and go to Worcester in triumph:—but Lilburn, Colonel Robert, whom we have known here before, fell upon him at Wigan; cut his force in pieces;[1] the poor Earl had to go to Worcester in a wounded and wrecked condition. To Worcester,—and, alas, to the scaffold by and by, for that business. The Scots at Worcester have a loyal Mayor, some very few adventurous loyal Gentry in the neighbourhood; and excitable Wales, perhaps again excitable, lying in the rear: but for the present, except in their own poor Fourteen-thousand right-hands, no outlook. And Cromwell is advancing steadily; by York,[2] by Notting-

[*] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 107-8).

[1] Lilburn's two Letters, in Cary, ii. 338-45.

[2] See Appendix, No. 21.

ham, by Coventry and Stratford; 'raising all the County Militias,' who muster with singular alacrity;—flowing towards Worcester like the Ocean-tide; begirdling it with 'upwards of Thirty-thousand men.' His Majesty's royal summons to the Corporation of London is burnt there by the hands of the common hangman; Speaker Lenthall and the Mayor have a copy of it burnt by that functionary at the head of every regiment, at a review of the Trainbands in Moorfields.[1] London, England generally, seems to have made-up its mind.

At London on the 22d of August, a rigorous thing was done: Reverend Christopher Love, eloquent zealous Minister of St. Lawrence in the Jewry, was, after repeated respites and negotiations, beheaded on Tower Hill. To the unspeakable emotion of men. Nay the very Heavens seemed to testify a feeling of it,—by a thunderclap, by two thunderclaps. When the Parliament passed their vote on the 4th of July, That he should die according to the sentence of the Court, there was then a terrible thunderclap, and darkening of daylight. And now when he actually dies, 'directly after his beheading,' arises thunderstorm that threatens the dissolution of Nature! Nature, as we see, survived it.

The old Newspaper says, It was on the 22d August 1642, that Charles late King erected his Standard at Nottingham: and now on this same day, 22d August 1651, Charles Pretender erects his at Worcester; and the Reverend Christopher dies. Men may make their reflections.—There goes a story, due to Carrion Heath or some such party, That Cromwell being earnestly solicited for mercy to this poor Christopher, did, while yet in Scotland, send a Letter to the Parliament, recommending it; which Letter, however, was seized by some roving outriders of the Scottish Worcester Army; who reading it, and remembering Uxbridge Sermon, tore it, saying, 'No, let the villain die!'—after the manner of Heath. Which could be proved, if time and paper were of no value, to be,

[1] Bates, ii. 122; Whitlocke, p. 492; see also *Commons Journals*, vii. 6 (23d August 1651).

like a hundred other very wooden *myths* of the same Period, without truth. *Guarda e passa.* Glance at it here for the last time, and never repeat it more!—

Charles's Standard, it would seem then, was erected at Worcester on Friday the 22d, the day of poor Christopher's death. On which same Friday, about sunrise, 'our Messenger' (the Parliament's) 'left the Lord General at Mr. Pierpoint's House,'—William Pierpoint, of the Kingston Family, much his friend,—the House called Thoresby, 'near Mansfield'; just starting for Nottingham, to arrive there that night. From Nottingham, by Coventry, by Stratford and Evesham, to 'the south-east side of Worcester,' rallying Country forces as we go, will take till Thursday next. Here at Stratford on the Wednesday, eve of that, is a Letter accidentally preserved.

LETTER CLXXXI

DUBITATING Wharton, he also might help to rally forces; his name, from 'Upper Winchington in Bucks,' or wherever he may be, might do something. Give him, at any rate, a last chance.—'Tom Westrow,' here accidentally named; once a well-known man, familiar to the Lord General and to men of worth and quality; now, as near as may be, swallowed forever in the Night-Empires;—is still visible, strangely enough, through one small chink, and recoverable into daylight as far as needful. A Kentish man, a Parliament Soldier once, named in military Kent Committees; sat in Parliament too, 'recruiter' for Hythe, though at present in abeyance owing to scruples. Above all, he was the Friend of poor George Wither, stepson of the Muses; to whom in his undeserved distresses he lent beneficent princely sums; and who, in poor splayfooted doggrel,—very poor, but very grateful, pious, true, and on the whole noble,—preserves some adequate memory of him for the curious.[1] By this chink Tom Westrow

[1] *Westrow Revived: a Funeral Poem without Fiction, composed by George Wither, Esq.; that God may be glorified in His Saints, and that*—etc. etc. (King's

and the ancient figure of his Life, is still recoverable if needed.

Westrow, we find by good evidence, did return to his place in Parliament;[1]—quitted it too, as Wither informs us, foreseeing the great Catastrophe; and retired to country quiet, up the River at Teddington. Westrow and the others returned: Wharton continued to dubitate;—and we shall here take leave of him. 'Poor foolish Mall,' young Mary Cromwell, one of 'my two little Wenches,' has been on a visit at Winchington, I think;—'thanks to you and the dear Lady' for her.

FOR MY HONOURED LORD WHARTON: THESE

Stratford-on-Avon, 27th Aug. 1651.

My Lord,—I know I write to my Friend,—therefore give me leave to say one bold word.

In my very heart: Your Lordship, Dick Norton, Tom Westrow, Robert Hammond have, though not intentionally, helped one another to stumble at the dispensations of God, and to reason yourselves out of His service!—

Now "again" you have opportunity to associate with His people in His work; and to manifest your willingness and desire to serve the Lord against His and His people's enemies. Would you be blessed out of Zion, and see the good of His people, and rejoice with His inheritance,—I advise you all in the bowels of love, Let it appear you offer yourselves willingly to His work! Wherein to be accepted, is more honour from the Lord than the world can give or hath. I am persuaded it needs you not,—save as your Lord and Master needed the Ass's Colt, to show His humility, meekness and condescension: but

Pamphlets, 12mo, no. 390: London, 1653-4, dated with the pen '3d January'): unadulterated doggrel; but really *says* something, and even something *just*;—by no means your insupportablest 'poetic' reading, as times go!

[1] 'Admitted to sit'; means, readmitted after Pride's Purge: *Commons Journals* (vii. 27, 29), 10th October 1651.

you need it, to declare your submission to, and owning yourself the Lord's and His people's![1]—

If you can break through old disputes,—I shall rejoice if you help others to do so also. Do not say, You are now satisfied because it is the old *Quarrel;—as if it had not been so all this while!*

I have no leisure; but a great deal of entire affection to you and yours, and those named "here,"—which I thus plainly express. Thanks to you and the dear Lady, for all loves,—and for poor foolish Mall. I am in good earnest "thankful"; and so also your Lordship's faithful friend and most humble servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

Charles's standard has been floating over Worcester some six days; and now on Thursday 28th of August, comes in sight Cromwell's also; from the Evesham side; with upwards of Thirty-thousand men now near him; and some say, upwards of Eighty-thousand rising in the distance to join him if need were.

LETTERS CLXXXII, CLXXXIII

BATTLE OF WORCESTER

THE Battle of Worcester was fought on the evening of Wednesday 3d September 1651; anniversary of that at Dunbar last year. It could well have but one issue; defeat for the Scots and their Cause;—either swift and complete; or else incomplete, ending in slow sieges, partial revolts, and much new misery and blood. The swift issue was the one appointed; and complete enough; severing the neck of the Controversy now at last, as with one effectual stroke, no need to strike a second time.

[1] Grammar, in this last clause, lost in the haste: 'Ass's Colt' is 'Beast' in orig.

* *Gentleman's Magazine* (London, 1814), lxxxiv. p. 419.—In Appendix, No. 26, there is now (1857) another Letter to his Lordship.

The Battle was fought on both sides of the Severn; part of Cromwell's forces having crossed to the Western bank, by Upton Bridge, some miles below Worcester, the night before. About a week ago, Massey understood himself to have ruined this Bridge at Upton; but Lambert's men 'straddled across by the parapet,'—a dangerous kind of *saddle* for such riding, I think!—and hastily repaired it; hastily got hold of Upton Church, and maintained themselves there: driving Massey back with a bad wound in the hand. This was on Thursday night last, the very night of the Lord General's arrival in those parts; and they have held this post ever since. Fleetwood crosses here with a good part of Cromwell's Army, on the evening of Tuesday September 2d; shall, on the morrow, attack the Scotch posts on the Southwest, about the Suburb of St. John's, across the River; while Cromwell, in person, on this side, plies them from the Southeast. St. John's Suburb lies at some distance from Worcester; west, or southwest as we say, on the Herefordshire Road; and connects itself with the City by Severn Bridge. Southeast of the City, again, near the then and present London Road, is 'Fort Royal,' an entrenchment of the Scots: on this side Cromwell is to attempt the Enemy, and second Fleetwood, as occasion may serve. Worcester City itself is on Cromwell's side of the River; stands high, surmounted by its high Cathedral; close on the left or eastern margin of the Severn; surrounded by fruitful fields, and hedges unfit for cavalry-fighting. This is the posture of affairs on the eve of Wednesday 3d September 1651.

But now, for Wednesday itself, we are to remark that between Fleetwood at Upton, and the Enemy's outposts at St. John's on the west side of Severn, there runs still a River Teme; a western tributary of the Severn, into which it falls about a mile below the City. This River Teme Fleetwood hopes to cross, if not by the Bridge at Powick which the Enemy possesses, then by a Bridge of Boats which he is himself to prepare lower down, close by the mouth of Teme. At this point also, or 'within pistol-shot of it,' there is to be a Bridge

of Boats laid across the Severn itself, that so both ends of the Army may communicate. Boats, boatmen, carpenters, aquatic and terrestrial artificers and implements, in great abundance, contributed by the neighbouring Towns, lie ready on the River, about Upton, for this service. Does the reader now understand the ground a little?

Fleetwood, at Upton, was astir with the dawn September 3d. But it was towards 'three in the afternoon' before the boatmen were got up; must have been towards five before those Bridges were got built, and Fleetwood set fairly across the Teme to begin business. The King of Scots and his Council of War, 'on the top of the Cathedral,' have been anxiously viewing him all afternoon; have seen him build his Bridges of Boats; see him now in great force got across Teme River, attacking the Scotch on the South, fighting them from hedge to hedge towards the Suburb of St. John's. In great force: for new regiments, horse and foot, now stream across the Severn Bridge of Boats to assist Fleetwood: nay, if the Scots knew it, my Lord General himself is come across, 'did lead the van in person, and was the first that set foot on the Enemy's ground.'—The Scots, obstinately struggling, are gradually beaten there; driven from hedge to hedge. But the King of Scots and his War Council decide that most part of Cromwell's Army must now be over in that quarter, on the West side of the River, engaged among the hedges;—decide that they, for their part, will storm out, and offer him battle on their own East side, now while he is weak there. The Council of War comes down from the top of the Cathedral; their trumpets sound: Cromwell also is soon back, across the Severn Bridge of Boats again; and the deadliest tug of war begins.

Fort Royal is still known at Worcester, and Sudbury Gate at the southeast end of the City is known, and those other localities here specified; after much study of which and of the old dead Pamphlets, this Battle will at last become conceivable. Besides Cromwell's Two Letters, there are plentiful details, questionable and unquestionable, in *Bates* and elsewhere,

as indicated below.[1] The fighting of the Scots was fierce and desperate. 'My Lord General did exceedingly hazard himself, riding up and down in the midst of the fire; riding, himself in person, to the Enemy's foot to offer them quarter, whereto they returned no answer but shot.' The small Scotch Army, begirdled with overpowering force, and cut-off from help or reasonable hope, storms forth in fiery pulses, horse and foot; charges now on this side of the River, now on that;—can on no side prevail. Cromwell recoils a little; but only to rally, and return irresistible. The small Scotch Army is, on every side, driven in again. Its fiery pulsings are but the struggles of death: agonies as of a lion coiled in the folds of a boa!

'As stiff a contest, for four or five hours, as ever I have seen.' But it avails not. Through Sudbury Gate, on Cromwell's side, through St. John's Suburb, and over Severn Bridge on Fleetwood's, the Scots are driven-in again to Worcester Streets; desperately struggling and recoiling, are driven through Worcester Streets, to the North end of the City,—and terminate there. A distracted mass of ruin: the foot all killed or taken; the horse all scattered on flight, and their place of refuge very far! His Sacred Majesty escaped, by royal oaks and other miraculous appliances well known to mankind: but Fourteen-thousand other men, sacred too after a sort though not majesties, did not escape. One could weep at such a death for brave men in such a Cause! But let us now read Cromwell's Letters.

LETTER CLXXXII

FOR THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM LENTHALL, ESQUIRE, SPEAKER OF THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND: THESE

Near Worcester, 3d Sept. 1651 (10 at night).

Sir,—Being so weary, and scarce able to write, yet I

[1] Bates, Part ii. 124-7. King's Pamphlets; small 4to, no. 507, § 12 (given mostly in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 114-15); large 4to, no. 54, §§ 15, 18. Letter from Stapylton the Chaplain, in *Cromwelliana*, p. 112.

thought it my duty to let you know thus much. That upon this day, being the 3d of September (remarkable for a mercy vouchsafed to your Forces on this day twelvemonth in Scotland), we built a Bridge of Boats over Severn, between it and Teme, about half a mile from Worcester; and another over Teme, within pistol-shot of our other Bridge. Lieutenant-General Fleetwood and Major-General Dean marched from Upton on the southwest side of Severn up to Powick, a Town which was a Pass the Enemy kept. We, "from our side of Severn," passed over some horse and foot, and were in conjunction with the Lieutenant-General's Forces. We beat the Enemy from hedge to hedge, till we beat him into Worcester.

The Enemy then drew all his Forces on the other side the Town, all but what he had lost; and made a very considerable fight with us, for three-hours' space: but in the end we beat him totally, and pursued him to his Royal Fort, which we took, —and indeed have beaten his whole Army. When we took this Fort, we turned his own guns upon him. The Enemy hath had great loss: and certainly is scattered, and run several ways. We are in pursuit of him, and have laid forces in several places, that we hope will gather him up.

Indeed this hath been a very glorious mercy;—and as stiff a contest, for four or five hours, as ever I have seen. Both your old Forces and those new-raised have behaved themselves with very great courage; and He that made them come out, made them willing to fight for you. The Lord God Almighty frame our hearts to real thankfulness for this, which is alone His doing. I hope I shall within a day or two give you a more perfect account.

In the mean time I hope you will pardon, Sir, your most humble servant,

*OLIVER CROMWELL.**

On Saturday the 6th comes a farther Letter from my Lord General; 'the effect whereof speaketh thus':

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 113); Tanner MSS. (Cary, ii. 355).

LETTER CLXXXIII

FOR THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM LENTHALL, ESQUIRE, SPEAKER OF THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND: THESE

Worcester, 4th September 1651.

Sir,—I am not able yet to give you an exact account of the great things the Lord hath wrought for this Commonwealth and for His People: and yet I am unwilling to be silent; but, according to my duty, shall represent it to you as it comes to hand.

This Battle was fought with various success for some hours, but still hopeful on your part; and in the end became an absolute victory,—and so full an one as proved a total defeat and ruin of the Enemy's Army; and a possession of the Town, our men entering at the Enemy's heels, and fighting with them in the streets with very great courage. We took all their baggage and artillery. What the slain are, I can give you no account, because we have not taken an exact view; but they are very many:—and must needs be so; because the dispute was long and very near at hand; and often at push of pike, and from one defence to another. There are about Six or Seven thousand prisoners taken here; and many Officers and Noblemen of very great quality: Duke Hamilton, the Earl of Rothes, and divers other Noblemen,—I hear, the Earl of Lauderdale; many Officers of great quality; and some that will be fit subjects for your justice.

We have sent very considerable parties after the flying Enemy; I hear they have taken considerable numbers of prisoners, and are very close in the pursuit. Indeed, I hear the Country riseth upon them everywhere; and I believe the forces that lay, through Providence, at Bewdley, and in Shropshire and Staffordshire, and those with Colonel Lilburn, were in a condition, as if this had been foreseen, to intercept what should return.

A more particular account than this will be prepared for you

as we are able. I hear they had not many more than a Thousand horse in their body that fled: and I believe you have near Four-thousand forces following, and interposing between them and home;—what fish they will catch, Time will declare.[1] *Their Army was about Sixteen-thousand strong; and fought ours on the Worcester side of Severn almost with their whole, whilst we had engaged about half our Army on the other side but with parties of theirs. Indeed it was a stiff business; yet I do not think we have lost Two-hundred men. Your new-raised forces did perform singular good service; for which they deserve a very high estimation and acknowledgment; as also for their willingness thereunto,—forasmuch as the same hath added so much to the reputation of your affairs. They are all despatched home again; which I hope will be much for the ease and satisfaction of the Country; which is a great fruit of these successes.*

The dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts. It is, for aught I know, a crowning mercy. Surely, if it be not, such a one we shall have, if this provoke those that are concerned in it to thankfulness; and the Parliament to do the will of Him who hath done His will for it, and for the Nation;—whose good pleasure it is to establish the Nation and the Change of the Government, by making the People so willing to the defence thereof, and so signally blessing the endeavours of your servants in this late great work. I am bold humbly to beg, That all thoughts may tend to the promoting of His honour who hath wrought so great salvation; and that the fatness of these continued mercies may not occasion pride and wantonness, as formerly the like hath done to a chosen Nation;[2] *but that the fear of the Lord, even for His mercies, may keep an Authority and a People so prospered, and blessed, and witnessed*

[1] Phrase omitted in the Newspaper. In orig., an official hand has written on the margin 'omitt this.'

[2] 'But Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked:—(and thou art waxen fat, thou art grown thick, thou art covered with fatness:) then he forsook God which made him, and lightly esteemed the rock of his salvation' (*Deuteronomy* xxxii. 15).

unto, humble and faithful; and that justice and righteousness, mercy and truth may flow from you, as a thankful return to our gracious God. This shall be the prayer of, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

Your Officers behaved themselves with much honour in this service; and the Person[1] *who is the Bearer hereof was equal, in the performance of his duty, to most that served you that day.**

'On Lord's-day next, by order of Parliament,' these Letters are read from all London Pulpits, amid the general thanksgiving of men. At Worcester, the while, thousands of Prisoners are getting ranked, 'penned-up in the Cathedral,' with sad outlooks: carcasses of horses, corpses of men, frightful to sense and mind, encumber the streets of Worcester; 'we are plucking Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen from their lurking-holes,' into the unwelcome light.[2] Lords very numerous; a Peerage sore slashed. The Duke of Hamilton has got his thigh broken; dies on the fourth day. The Earl of Derby, also wounded, is caught, and tried for Treason against the State; lays down his head at Bolton, where he had once carried it too high. Lauderdale and others are put in the Tower; have to lie there, in heavy dormancy, for long years. The Earls of Cleveland and Lauderdale came to Town together, about a fortnight hence. 'As they passed along Cornhill in their coaches with a guard of horse, the Earl of Lauderdale's coach made a stand near the Conduit: where a Carman gave his Lordship a visit, saying, "Oh, my Lord, you are welcome to London! I protest, off goes your head,

[1] Major Cobbet, 'who makes a relation,' and gets 100*l.* (*Commons Journals*, vii. 12, 13).

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 113, 114); Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 359-62).

[2] Original Commission, signed 'O. Cromwell,' and dated 8th September 1651, appointing 'Collonel John James' Governor of Worcester, is now among the MSS. of Trin. Coll. Cambridge (copy *penes me*).

as round as a hoop!" But his Lordship passed off the fatal compliment only with a laughter, and so fared along to the Tower.'[1] His Lordship's big red head has yet other work to do in this world. Having, at the ever blessed Restoration, managed, not without difficulty, 'to get a new suit of clothes,'[2] he knelt before his now triumphant Sacred Majesty on that glorious Thirtieth of May; learned from his Majesty, that 'Presbytery was no religion for a gentleman;' gave it up, not without pangs; and resolutely set himself to introduce the exploded Tulchan Apparatus into Scotland again, by thumbikins, by bootikins, by any and every method, since it was the will of his Sacred Majesty;—failed in the Tulchan Apparatus, as is well known; earned for himself new plentiful clothes-suits, Dukedoms and promotions, from the Sacred Majesty; and from the Scotch People deep-toned universal sound of curses, not yet become inaudible; and shall, in this place, and we hope elsewhere, concern us no more.

On Friday the 12th of September the Lord General arrived in Town. Four dignified Members, of whom Bulstrode was one, specially missioned by vote of Parliament,[3] had met him the day before with congratulations, on the other side Aylesbury; 'whom he received with all kindness and respect; and after ceremonies and salutations passed, he rode with them across the fields;—where Mr. Winwood the Member for Windsor's hawks met them: and the Lord General, with the other Gentlemen, went a little out of the way a-hawking. They came that night to Aylesbury; where they had much discourse; especially my Lord Chief Justice St. John,' the dark Shipmoney Lawyer, now Chief Justice, 'as they supped together.' To me Bulstrode, and to each of the others, he gave a horse and two Scotch prisoners: the horse I kept for carrying me: the two Scots, unlucky gentlemen of that country, I handsomely sent home again without any ransom

[1] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 507, § 18.
[2] Roger Coke's *Detection of the Court and State of England.*
[3] *Commons Journals*, vii. 13 (9th Sept. 1651).

whatever.[1] And so on Friday we arrive in Town, in very great solemnity and triumph: Speaker and Parliament, Lord President and Council of State, Sheriffs, Mayors, and an innumerable multitude, of quality and not of quality, eagerly attending us; once more splitting the welkin with their human shoutings, and volleys of great shot and small: in the midst of which my Lord General 'carried himself with much affability; and now and afterwards, in all his discourses about Worcester, would seldom mention anything of himself; mentioned others only; and gave, as was due, the glory of the Action unto God.'[2]—Hugh Peters, however, being of loose-spoken, somewhat sibylline turn of mind, discerns a certain inward exultation and irrepressible irradiation in my Lord General, and whispers to himself, 'This man will be King of England yet.' Which, unless Kings are entirely superfluous in England, I should think very possible, O Peters! To wooden Ludlow Mr. Peters confessed so much, long afterwards; and the wooden head drew its inferences therefrom.[3]

This, then, is the last of my Lord General's Battles and Victories technically so called. Of course his Life, to the very end of it, continues, as from the beginning it had always been, a *battle* and a dangerous and strenuous one, with due modicum of victory assigned now and then; but it will be with other than the steel weapons henceforth. He here sheaths his war-sword; with that, it is not his Order from the Great Captain that he fight any more.

The distracted Scheme of the Scotch Governors to accomplish their Covenant by this Charles-Stuart method has here ended. By and by they shall have their Charles Stuart back, as a general Nell-Gwynn Defender of the Faith to us all;—and shall see how they will like him! But as Covenanted King he is off upon his travels, and will never return more. Worcester Battle has cut the heart of that affair in two: and

[1] Whitlocke, p. 484; see also 2d edit. p. 509.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 485.
[3] Ludlow.

Monk, an assiduous Lieutenant to the Lord General in his Scotch affairs, is busy suppressing the details.

On Monday the 1st of September, two days before the Battle of Worcester, Lieutenant-General Monk had stormed Dundee, the last stronghold of Scotland; where much wealth, as in a place of safety, had been laid up. Governor Lumsden would not yield on summons: Lieutenant-General Monk stormed him; the Town took fire in the business: there was once more a grim scene, of flame and blood, and rage and despair, transacted in this Earth: and taciturn General Monk, his choler all up, was become surly as the Russian bear; nothing but negatory growls, to be got out of him: nay, to one clerical dignitary of the place he not only gave his 'No!' but audibly threatened a slap with the fist to back it,—'ordered him, Not to speak one word, or he would scobe his mouth for him!'[1]

Ten days before, some Shadow of a new Committee of Estates attempting to sit at Alyth on the border of Angus, with intent to concert some measures for the relief of this same Dundee, had been, by a swift Colonel of Monk's, laid hold of; and the members were now all shipped to the Tower. It was a snuffing-out of the Government-light in Scotland. Except some triumph come from Worcester to rekindle it:—and, alas, no triumph came from Worcester, as we see; nothing but ruin and defeat from Worcester! The Government-light of Scotland remains snuffed out.—Active Colonel Alured, a swift devout man, somewhat given to Anabaptist notions, of whom we shall hear again, was he that did this feat at Alyth; a kind of feather in his cap. Among the Captured in that poor Committee or Shadow of Committee was poor old General Leven, time-honoured Lesley, who went to the Tower with the others; his last appearance in Public History. He got out again, on intercession from Queen Christina of Sweden; retired to his native fields of Fife; and slept soon and still sleeps in Balgony Kirk under his stone of

[1] Balfour, iv. 316.

honour,—the excellent 'crooked little Feldtmarshal' that he was. Excellent, though unfortunate. He bearded the grim Wallenstein at Stralsund once, and rolled him back from the bulwarks there, after long tough wrestle;—and, in fact, did a thing or two in his time. Farewell to him.[1]

But with the light of Government snuffed-out in Scotland, and no rekindling of it from the Worcester side, resistance in Scotland has ended. Lambert, next summer, marched through the Highlands, pacificating them.[2] There rose afterwards rebellion in the Highlands, rebellion of Glencairn, of Middleton, with much mosstroopery and horsestealing; but Monk, who had now again the command there, by energy and vigilance, by patience, punctuality, and slow methodic strength, put it down, and kept it down. A taciturn man; speaks little; thinks more or less;—does whatever is doable here and elsewhere.

Scotland therefore, like Ireland, has fallen to Cromwell to be administered. He had to do it under great difficulties; the Governing Classes, especially the Clergy or Teaching Class, continuing for most part obstinately indisposed to him, so baleful to their formulas had he been. With Monk for an assiduous Lieutenant in secular matters, he kept the country in peace;—it appears on all sides, he did otherwise what was possible for him. He sent new Judges to Scotland; 'a pack of kinless loons,' who minded no claim but that of fair play. He favoured, as was natural, the *Remonstrant* Ker-and-Strahan Party in the Church;—favoured, above all things, the Christian-Gospel Party, who had some good message in them for the soul of man. Within wide limits he tolerated the *Resolutioner* Party; and beyond these limits would not tolerate them;—would not suffer their General Assembly to sit; marched the Assembly out bodily to Bruntsfield Links,

[1] Scotch peerages; Förster's *Wallenstein als Feldherr* (Potsdam, 1834), p. 124. Granger (*Biographic History of England*) has some nonsense about Leven,—in his usual neat style.

[2] Whitlocke, p. 514.

and sent it home again, when it tried such a thing.[1] He united Scotland to England by act of Parliament; tried in all ways to unite it by still deeper methods. He kept peace and order in the country; was a little heavy with taxes:—on the whole, did what he could; and proved, as there is good evidence, a highly beneficial though unwelcome phenomenon there.

Alas, may we not say, In circuitous ways he proved the Doer of what this poor Scotch Nation really wished and willed, could it have known so much at sight of him! The true Governor of this poor Scotch Nation; accomplishing their Covenant *without* the Charles Stuart, since *with* the Charles Stuart it was a flat impossibility. But they knew him not; and with their stiffnecked ways obstructed him as they could. How seldom can a Nation, can even an individual man, understand what at heart his own real will is: such masses of superficial bewilderment, of respectable hearsay, of fantasy and pedantry, and old and new cobwebbery, overlie our poor will; much hiding *it* from us, for most part! So that if we can once get eye on *it*, and walk resolutely towards fulfilment of it, the battle is as good as gained!—

For example, who, of all Scotch or other men, is he that verily understands the 'real ends of the Covenant,' and discriminates them well from the superficial forms thereof; and with pious valour does them,—and continually struggles to see them done? I should say, this Cromwell, whom we call Sectary and Blasphemer! The Scotch Clergy, persisting in their own most hidebound formula of a Covenanted Charles Stuart, bear clear testimony, that at no time did Christ's Gospel so flourish in Scotland as now under Cromwell the Usurper. 'These bitter waters,' say they, 'were sweetened by the Lord's remarkably blessing the labours of His faithful servants. A great door and an effectual was opened to many.'[2] Not

[1] Whitlocke, 25th July 1653; *Life of Robert Blair* (Edinburgh, 1754), pp. 118-19; Blencowe's *Sidney Papers*, pp. 153-5.

[2] *Life of Robert Blair*, p. 120; Livingston's *Life of Himself* (Glasgow, 1754), pp. 54-5; etc. etc.

otherwise in matters civil. 'Scotland,' thus testifies a competent eye-witness, 'was kept in great order. Some Castles in the Highlands had Garrisons put into them, which were so careful of their discipline, and so exact to their rules,' the wild Highlanders were wonderfully tamed thereby. Cromwell built three Citadels, Leith, Ayr and Inverness, besides many little Forts, over Scotland. Seven or Eight thousand men, well paid, and paying well; of the strictest habits, military, spiritual and moral: these it was everywhere a kind of Practical Sermon to take note of! 'There was good justice done; and vice was suppressed and punished. So that we always reckon those Eight years of Usurpation a time of great peace and prosperity,'[1]—though we needed to be twice beaten, and to have our foolish Governors flung into the Tower, before we would accept the same. We, and mankind generally, are an extremely wise set of creatures.

[1] Bishop Burnet's *History of his Own Time*, book i.

ADJOINED TO SECOND VOLUME

SQUIRE PAPERS

(FROM FRASER'S MAGAZINE)

THE following Article in *Fraser's Magazine* had not the effect intended for it,—of securing in printer's types a certain poor defaced scantling of Cromwell Letters, which had fallen to my charge under circumstances already sorrowful enough; and then of being, after some slight peaceable satisfaction to such as took interest in it, forgotten by the public; I also being left to forget it, and be free of it. On the contrary, the peaceable satisfaction to persons interested was but temporary; and the public, instead of neglecting and forgetting, took to unquiet guessing, as if there lay some deeper mystery in the thing, perhaps foul-play in it: private guessing, which in a week or two broke out into the Newspapers, in the shape of scepticism, of learned doubt too acute to be imposed upon, grounding itself on antiquarian philologies (internal evidence of anachronisms), 'cravat,' 'stand no nonsense,' and I know not what. The unwonted circumstances of the case, and the unsatisfactory though unavoidable reticences in detailing it, threw a certain enigmatic *chiaroscuro* over the transaction, which, as it were, challenged the idle mind. Since the public had not neglected and forgotten, the public could do no other than guess. The idle public, obstinately resolute to *see* into millstones, could of course see nothing but opacity and *its* wide realms; got into ever deeper doubt, which is bottomless, 'a sphere with infinite radius,' and very easily arrived at; could get into no certainty, which is a sphere's *centre*, and difficult to arrive at; continued fencing with spectres, arguing from antiquarian philologies, etc. in the Newspapers;—whereby, echo answering echo, and no transparency in millstones being attainable, the poor public rose rapidly to a height of anxiety on this unexpected matter, and raised a noise round itself, which, considering the importance of the subject, might be called surprising. In regard to all which, what could

an unfortunate Editor of Cromwell Letters do, except perhaps carefully hold his peace? The ancient housekeeper, in some innocent first-floor, in the still night-time, throws a potsherd which is in her way into the street of the village: a most small transaction, laudable in its kind; but near by, starts the observant street-dog, who will see farther into it: 'Whaf-thaf? Bow-wow!'—and so awakens, in what enormous geometrical progression is well known, all the dogs in the village, perhaps all the dogs in the parish, and gradually, even in the county and in the kingdom, to universal vigilant observant 'Bow-wow, Whaf-thaf?' in the hope of seeing farther into it. Under which distressing circumstances, the ancient housekeeper understands that her one course is patience and silence; that the less she says or does, the sooner it will end!—This Squire Controversy did not quite terminate by nature, I think; but rather was suddenly quenched by that outburst of the European revolutions in the end of the February then passing, which led the public intellect into fruitfuler departments.

This is not a state of matters one would wish to reawaken! Scepticism, learned doubt, in regard to these Squire Papers, I understand is still the prevailing sentiment; and also that silence, and the reflection how small an interest, if any whatever, is involved in the matter, are the only means of removing doubt, and of leading us to the *least* miraculous explanation, whatever that may be. To myself, I confess, the phenomenon is, what it has always been, entirely inexplicable, a miracle equal to any in *Bollandus* or *Capgravius*, unless these Squire Letters are substantially genuine: and if their history on that hypothesis is very dim and strange,—on the other hypothesis they refuse, for me at least, to have any conceivable history at all. Antiquarian philologies, etc. such as appeared in the late universal 'Whaf-thaf?' or grand 'Squire Controversy' never to be revived, had naturally no effect in changing one's opinion, and could have none. I have since had a visit, two visits, from the Gentleman himself; have conversed with him twice, at large, upon the Letters, the burnt Journal, and all manner of adjacent topics: and certainly, whatever other notion I might form of him, the notion that he either would or could have himself produced a Forgery of Cromwell Letters, or been the instrument (for any consideration, much more for none) of another producing it, was flatly inconceivable once for all. Nay to hint at it, I think, would not be altogether safe for Able-Editors within wind of this gentleman! So stands it, as it has always stood, with myself, in regard to this small question.

At the same time, I am well enough aware, the Gentleman's account of proceedings in the business has an amazing look; which only the personal knowledge of him could perhaps render less amazing. Doubt, to strangers,

is very permissible; nay to all, these Letters, by the very hypothesis, are involved everywhere in liability to incorrectness; irrecoverably stript of their complete historical authenticity,—and not to be admitted, but to be rigorously excluded, except on that footing, in any History of Cromwell; —and, on the whole, are in the state of an absurd entanglement, connected with a most provoking coil of such. Out of which there is only this good door of egress: That they are intrinsically of no importance in the History of Cromwell; that they alter nothing of his Life's character, add nothing, deduct nothing; can be believed or disbelieved, without, to him or to us, any perceptible result whatever;—and ought, in fine, to be dismissed and sent upon their destinies by all persons who have serious truth to seek for, and no time for idle guesses and riddle-ma-rees of the Scriblerus and Nugatory-Antiquarian sort.

Accordingly I had decided, as to these Squire Papers, which can or could in no case have been incorporated into any documentary Life of Cromwell, not to introduce them at all into this Book, which has far other objects than *they* or their questions of antiquarian philology can much further! But, on the other hand, it was urged by friends who believe, like myself, in the fundamental authenticity of Squire, that hereby would arise a tacit admission of Squire's spuriousness, injustice done by me to Squire and to the antiquarian philologers; that many readers, disbelievers or not, would have a certain wish to see the Squire Papers;—that, in fine, under the head of the semi-romantic or Doubtful Documents of Oliver's History, and at all events as an accidental quite undoubtful Document in the history *of* Oliver's History, they would have a certain value. To all which arguments, not without some slight weight, the Printer now accidentally adds another, That he has room for these Squire Papers, and even need of them to preserve his symmetries; that he can maintain an impassable wall between them and the Book, can insert them at the end of Volume Second and yet not *in* the Volume, with ease and with advantage. Here accordingly these astonishing Squire Papers are: concerning which I have only one hope to express, That the public, thinking of them (in silence, if I might advise) exactly what it finds most thinkable, will please to excuse me from farther function in the matter; my duty in respect of them being now, to the last fraction of it, done; my knowledge of them being wholly communicated; and my care about them remaining, what it always was, close neighbour to nothing. The Reprint is exact from *Fraser's Magazine*, except needful correction of misprints, and insertion of two little Notes, which have hung wafered on the margin this long while, and are duly indicated where they occur.

7th May 1849.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER 1847: ART. I.

THIRTY-FIVE UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF OLIVER CROMWELL

ON the first publication of *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, new contributions of Cromwell matter, of some value, of no value and even of less than none, were, as the general reader knows, diligently forwarded to me from all quarters; and turned to account, in the Second Edition of that work, as the laws of the case seemed to allow. The process, which seemed then to all practical intents completed, and is in fact very languid and intermittent ever since, has nevertheless not yet entirely ceased; and indeed one knows not when, if ever, it will entirely cease; for at longer and longer intervals new documents and notices still arrive; though, except in the single instance now before us, I may describe these latter as of the last degree of insignificance; hardly even worth 'inserting in an Appendix,' which was my bargain in respect of them. Whence it does, at last, seem reasonable to infer that our English Archives are now pretty well exhausted, in this particular; and that nothing more, of importance, concerning Oliver Cromwell's utterances of himself in this world will be gathered henceforth.—Here, however, is a kind of exception, in regard to which, on more accounts than one, it has become necessary for me to adopt an exceptional course; and if not to edit, in the sense of elucidating, the contribution sent me, at least to print it straightway, before accident befall it or me.

The following Letters, which require to be printed at once, with my explicit testimony to their authenticity, have come into my hands under singular circumstances and conditions. I am not allowed to say that the Originals are, or were, in the possession of Mr. So-and-so, as is usual in like cases; this, which would satisfy the reader's strict claims in the matter, I have had to engage expressly not to do. 'Why not?' all readers will ask, with astonishment, or perhaps with other feelings still more superfluous for our present object. The story is somewhat of an absurd one, what may be called a farce-tragedy; very ludicrous as well as very lamentable;—not glorious to relate; nor altogether easy, under the conditions prescribed! But these Thirty-five Letters are Oliver Cromwell's; and demand, of me especially, both that they be piously preserved, and that there be no ambiguity, no avoidable mystery or other foolery, in presenting of them to the world. If the Letters are not to have, in any essential or unessential respect, the character of voluntary enigmas; but to be read, with undisturbed attention, in such poor twilight of intelligibility as belongs to them, some explanation, such as can be given, seems needful.

Let me hasten to say, then, explicitly once more, that these Letters

are of indubitable authenticity: farther, that the Originals, all or nearly all in Autograph, which existed in June last, in the possession of a private Gentleman whose name I am on no account to mention, have now irrecoverably perished;—and, in brief, that the history of them, so far as it can be related under these conditions, is as follows:

Some eight or ten months ago, there reached me, as many had already done on the like subject, a letter from an unknown Correspondent in the distance; setting forth, in simple, rugged and trustworthy, though rather peculiar dialect, that he, my Unknown Correspondent, — who seemed to have been a little astonished to find that Oliver Cromwell was actually not a miscreant, hypocrite, etc. as heretofore represented,—had in his hands a stock of strange old Papers relating to Oliver: much consumed by damp, and other injury of time; in particular, much 'eaten into by a vermin' (as my Correspondent phrased it),—some moth, or body of moths, who had boarded there in past years. The Papers, he said, describing them rather vaguely, contained some things of Cromwell's own, but appeared to have been mostly written by one SAMUEL SQUIRE, a subaltern in the famed Regiment of Ironsides, who belonged to 'the Stilton Troop,' and had served with Oliver 'from the first mount' of that indomitable Corps, as Cornet, and then as 'Auditor,'—of which latter office my Correspondent could not, nor could I when questioned, quite specificate the meaning, but guessed that it might be something like that of Adjutant in modern regiments. This Auditor Squire had kept some 'Journal,' or Diary of Proceedings, from 'the first mount' or earlier, from about 1642 till the latter end of 1645, as I could dimly gather; but again it was spoken of as 'Journals,' as 'Old Papers,' 'Manuscripts,' in the plural number, and one knew not definitely what to expect: moth-eaten, dusty, dreary old brown Papers; bewildered and bewildering; dreadfully difficult to decipher, as appeared, and indeed almost a pain to the eye,—and too probably to the mind. Poring in which, nevertheless, my Unknown Correspondent professed to have discovered various things. Strange unknown aspects of affairs, moving accidents, adventures, such as the fortune of war in the obscure Eastern Association (of Lincoln, Norfolk etc.), in the early obscure part of Oliver's career, hitherto entirely vacant and dark in all Histories, had disclosed themselves to my Unknown Correspondent, painfully spelling in the rear of that destructive vermin: onslaughts, seizures, surprises; endless activity, audacity, rapidity on the part of Oliver; strict general integrity too, nay rhadamanthine justice, and traits of implacable severity connected therewith, which had rather shocked the otherwise strong but *modern* nerves of my Unknown Correspondent. Interspersed, as I could dimly gather were certain *Letters* from Oliver and others (known or hitherto

unknown, was not said); kept, presumably, by Auditor Squire, the Ironside Subaltern, as narrative documents, or out of private fondness. As proof what curious and to me interesting matter lay in those old Papers, Journals or Journal, as my Unknown Correspondent indiscriminately named them, he gave me the following small Excerpt; illuminating completely a point on which I had otherwise sought light in vain. See, in *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, Letter of 5th July 1644; which gives account of Marston-Moor Battle, and contains an allusion to Oliver's own late loss, 'Sir, you know my own trials this way,'—touching allusion, as it now proves; dark hitherto for all readers:—Meeting Colonel Cromwell again after some absence, just on the edge of Marston Battle (it is Auditor Squire that writes), 'I thought he looked sad and wearied; for he had had a sad loss; young Oliver got killed to death not long before, I heard: it was near Knaresborough, and 30 more got killed.'[1]

Interesting Papers beyond doubt, my Unknown Correspondent thought. On one most essential point, however, he professed himself at a painful pause: How far, or whether at all, these Papers ought to be communicated to the Public, or even to myself? Part of my Correspondent's old kindred had been Roundheads, part had been Royalists; of both which sorts plentiful representatives yet remained, at present all united in kindly oblivion of those old sorrows and animosities; but capable yet, as my Correspondent feared, of blazing-up into one knew not what fierce contradictions, should the question be renewed. That was his persuasion, that was his amiable fear. I could perceive, indeed, that my Correspondent, evidently a simple and honourable man, felt obscurely as if, in his own new conviction about Oliver's character, he possessed a dangerous secret, which ought in nowise to be lightly divulged. Should he once inconsiderately blab it, this heterodox almost criminal secret, like a fire-spark among tinder and dry flax;—how much more if, by publishing those private Papers, confirmatory of the same, he deliberately shot it forth as mere flame! Explosion without limit, in the family and still wider circles, might ensue.—On the whole, he would consider of it; was heartily disposed to do for me, and for the interests of truth (with what peril soever) all in his power;—hoped, for the rest, to be in London soon, where, it appeared, the Papers were then lying in some repository of his; would there see me, and do as goodwill guided by wise caution might direct.

To all which I could only answer with thanks for the small valuable hint concerning young Oliver's death; with a desire to know more about those old Papers; with astonishment at my Correspondent's apprehension as to publishing them, which I professed was inconceivable, and likely to

[1] But see vol. i. p. 48 n. (*Note of 1857*).

fly away as a night-dream if he spoke of it in intelligent circles;—and finally with an eager wish for new light of any authentic kind on Oliver Cromwell and his acts or sayings, and an engagement that whatever of that sort my Correspondent did please to favour me with, should be thankfully turned to use, under such conditions as he might see good to prescribe. And here, after a second or perhaps even a third letter and answer (for several of these missives, judged at first to be without importance, are now lost), which produced no new information to me, nor any change in my Correspondent's resolutions, the matter had to rest. To an intelligent Friend, partly acquainted in my Correspondent's country, I transmitted his letters; with request that he would visit this remarkable possessor of old *Manuscripts*; ascertain for me, more precisely, what he was, and what they were; and, if possible, persuade him that it would be safe, for himself and for the universe, to let me have some brief perusal of them! This Friend unfortunately did not visit those my Correspondent's localities at the time intended: so, hearing nothing more of the affair, I had to wait patiently its ulterior developments; the arrival, namely, of my Correspondent in Town, and the opening of his mysterious repositories there. Not without surmises that perhaps, after all, there might be little, or even nothing of available, in them; for me nothing, but new dreary labour, ending in new disappointment and disgust; tragic experience being already long and frequent, of astonishingly curious old Papers on Oliver, vouchsafed me, with an effort and from favour, by ardent patriotic correspondents,—which, after painful examination, proved only to be astonishing old bundles of inanity, dusty desolation and extinct stupidity, worthy of oblivion and combustion: surmises tending naturally to moderate very much my eagerness, and render patience easy.

So had some months passed, and the affair been pretty well forgotten, when, one afternoon in June last, a heavy Packet came by Post; recognisable even on the exterior as my Unknown Correspondent's: and hereby, sooner than anticipation, and little as I could at first discern it, had the catastrophe *arrived*. For within there lay only, in the mean while, copied accurately in my Correspondent's hand, those Five-and-thirty Letters of Oliver Cromwell which the Public are now to read: this, with here and there some diligent though rather indistinct annotation by my Correspondent, where needful; and, in a Note from himself, some vague hint of his having been in Town that very day, and even on the point of calling on me, had not haste and the rigour of railways hindered; hints too about the old dangers from Royalist kindred being *now* happily surmounted,—formed the contents of my heavy Packet.

The reading of these old Cromwell Letters, by far the most curious that had ever come to me from such a source, produced an immediate,

earnest, almost passionate request to have sight of that old 'Journal by Samuel Squire,' under any terms, on any guarantee I could offer. Why should my respectable obliging Correspondent still hesitate? These *Letters*, I assured him, if he but sold the Originals as Autographs, were worth hundreds of pounds; the old *Journal of an Ironside*, since such it really seemed to be, for he had named it definitely in the singular, not 'Journals' and 'Papers' as heretofore,—I prized as probably the most curious document in the Archives of England, a piece not to be estimated in tens of thousands. It had become possible, it seemed probable and almost certain, that by diligent study of those old Papers, by examination of them as with microscopes, in all varieties of lights, the veritable figure of Cromwell's Ironsides might be called into day, to be seen by men once more, face to face, in the lineaments of very life! A journey in chase of this Unknown Correspondent and his hidden Papers; any journey, or effort, seemed easy for such a prize.

Alas, alas, by return of post, there arrived a Letter beginning with these words: 'What you ask is impossible, if you offered me the Bank of England for security: the Journal is *ashes*,'—all was ashes! My wonderful Unknown Correspondent had at last, it would appear, having screwed his courage to the sticking place, rushed up to Town by rail; proceeded straight to his hidden repositories here; sat down, with closed lips, with concentered faculty, and copied me exactly the Cromwell Letters, all words of Cromwell's own (these he had generously considered *mine* by a kind of right);—which once done he, still with closed lips, with sacrificial eyes, and terrible hand and mood, had gathered all his old Puritan Papers great and small, Ironside 'Journal,' Cromwell Autographs and whatever else there might be, and sternly consumed them with fire. Let Royalist quarrels, in the family or wider circles, arise now if they could;—'much evil,' said he mildly to me, 'hereby lies buried.' The element of 'resolution,' one may well add, 'is strong in our family'; unchangeable by men, scarcely by the very gods!—and so all *was* ashes; and a strange speaking Apparition of the Past, and of a Past more precious than any other is or can be, had sunk again into the dead depths of Night. Irrecoverable; all the royal exchequer could not buy it back! That, once for all, was the fact; of which I, and mankind in general, might now make whatsoever we pleased.

With my Unknown Correspondent I have not yet personally met; nor can I yet sufficiently explain to myself this strange procedure of his, which naturally excites curiosity, amid one's other graver feelings. The Friend above alluded to, who has now paid that visit, alas too late, describes him to me as a Gentleman of honourable frank aspect and manners; still in his best years, and of robust manful qualities;—by no

means, in any way, the feeble, chimerical or distracted Entity, dug-up from the Seventeenth Century and set to live in this Nineteenth, which some of my readers might fancy him. Well acquainted with that old *Journal*, 'which went to 200 folio pages'; and which he had carefully, though not with much other knowledge, read and again read. It is suggested to me, as some abatement of wonder: 'He has lived, he and his, for 300 years, under the shadow of a Cathedral City: you know not what kind of Sleepy Hollow that is, and how Oliver Cromwell is related to it, in the minds of all men and nightbirds who inhabit there! This Gentleman had felt that, one way or other, you would inevitably in the end get this MS. from him, and make it public; which, what could it amount to but a new Guy-Faux Cellar, and Infernal Machine, to explode his Cathedral City and all its coteries, and almost dissolve Nature for the time being? Hence he resolved to burn his Papers, and avoid catastrophes.'

But what chiefly, or indeed exclusively, concerns us here, is that, from the first, and by all subsequent evidence, I have seen this Gentleman to be a person of perfect veracity, and even of scrupulous exactitude in details; so that not only can his Copies of the Cromwell Letters be taken as correct, or the correctest he could give, but any remark or statement of his concerning them is also to be entirely relied on. Let me add, for my own sake and his, that, with all my regrets and condemnations, I cannot but dimly construe him as a man of much real worth; and even (though strangely *inarticulate*, and sunk in strange environments) of a certain honest intelligence, energy, generosity; which ought not to escape recognition, while passing sentence;—least of all by one who is forced unwillingly to relate these things, and whom, as is clear, he has taken great pains, and made a strong effort over himself, to oblige even so far.—And this is what I had to say by way of Introduction to these new Letters of Oliver Cromwell, which are now all that remains to the world or me from that adventure.

With regard to the Letters themselves, they may now be read without farther preface. As will be seen, they relate wholly to the early part of Oliver's career; to that obscure period, hitherto vacant or nearly so in all Histories, while 'Colonel Cromwell' still fought and struggled in the Eastern Association, under Lord Grey of Groby, under the Earl of Manchester, or much left to his own shifts; and was not yet distinguished by the public from a hundred other Colonels. They present to us the same old Oliver whom we knew, but in still more distinct lineaments and physiognomy; the features deeply, even coarsely marked,—or, as it were, *enlarged* to the gigantic by unexpected nearness. It is Oliver left to himself; stript bare of all conventional draperies; toiling, wrestling as for life and death, in his obscure element; none looking over him but

Heaven only. He 'can stand no nonsenses'; he is terribly in earnest; will have his work done,—will have God's Justice done too, and the Everlasting Laws observed, which shall help, not hinder, all manner of work! The Almighty God's commandments, these, of which this work is one, are great and awful to him; all else is rather small, and not awful. He has pity,—pity as of a woman, of a mother, we have known in Oliver; and rage also as of a wild lion, where need is. He rushes direct to his point: 'If resistance is made, pistol him'; 'wear them (these uniforms), or go home'; 'Hang him out of hand; he wantonly killed the poor widow's boy: God and man will be well pleased to see *him* punished'! The attentive reader will catch not only curious minute features of the old Civil War, in these rude Letters; but more clearly than elsewhere significant glimpses of Oliver's character and ways: and if any reader's nerves, like my Correspondent's, be too *modern*,—all effeminated in this universal, very dreary, very portentous babble of 'abolishing Capital Punishments' etc. etc., and of sending Judas Iscariot, Courvoisier, Praslin, Tawell, and *Nature's* own Scoundrels, teachable by no hellebore, 'to the schoolmaster,' instead of to the hangman, or to the cesspool, or somewhere swiftly out of the way (said 'schoolmaster' not having yet overtaken all his *other* hopefuler work, by any manner of means!)—perhaps the sight of a great natural Human Soul once more, in whom the stamp of the Divinity is *not* quite abolished by Ages of Cant, and hollow Wiggery of every kind, ending now in an age of 'Abolition Principles,' may do such reader some good! I understand, one of my Correspondent's more minute reasons for burning the Ironside Journal was, that it showed Cromwell uncommonly impatient of scoundrels, from time to time; and might have shocked some people!—

I print these Letters according to their date, so far as the date is given; or as the unwritten date can be ascertained or inferred,—which of course is not always possible; more especially since the accompanying 'Journal' was destroyed. With some hesitation, I decide to print with modern spelling and punctuation, there being no evidence that the partially ill-spelt Copies furnished me are exact to Oliver's ill-spelling; which at all events is insignificant, the sense having nowhere been at all doubtful. Commentary, except what Auditor Squire and his Transcriber have afforded, I cannot undertake to give; nor perhaps will much be needed. Supplementary words added by myself are marked by double commas, as was the former wont; annotations, if inserted in the body of the Letter, are in Italics within brackets.—And now to business, with all brevity.

Nos. I—VI

The first Six Letters are of dates prior to the actual breaking-out of the Civil War, but while its rapid approach was too evident; and bring to view, in strange lugubrious *chiaroscuro*, Committees of 'Association for mutual Defence' (or however they phrased it), and zealous Individuals, SAMUEL SQUIRE among others, tremulously sitting in various localities,—tremulous under the shadow of High Treason on the one hand, and of Irish Massacre on the other;—to whom of course the honourable Member's communications, in such a season, were of breathless interest. The King has quitted his Parliament; and is moving northward, towards York as it proved, in a more and more menacing attitude.

I. The address, if there ever was any except a verbal one by the Bearer, is entirely gone, and the date also; but may be supplied by probable conjecture:

"To the Committee of Association at Huntingdon"

"London, March 1641."

DEAR FRIENDS,—It is not improbable that the King may go through Huntingdon on his way to Stamford. Pray keep all steady, and let no peace be broken. Beg of all to be silent; or it may mar our peaceable settling this sad business. Such as are on the County Array bid go; all of you protect, at cost of life, the King from harm, or foul usage by word or deed,—as you love the Cause.—From your faithful—[*word lost?*] OLIVER CROMWELL.

The Transcriber, my Unknown Correspondent, adds from the burnt *Journal* this Note: 'Journal mentioned a sad riot at Peterborough on the King's going to Stamford, between the Townsmen and the Array.' March 1641, as is known, means 1642 according to the modern style: Newyears-day is 25th March.

II. The date exists, though wrong written, from haste; but the address must be supplied:

"To the Committee of Association at Stilton"

Ely, April 11th day, 1641 [*for* 1642; *miswritten, Newyears-day being still recent*].

DEAR FRIENDS,—The Lord has hardened his [*the King's*] heart more and more: "he has" refused to hear reason, or to care for our Cause or Religion or Peace.

Let our Friends have notice of the sad news. I will be with you at Oundle, if possible, early next week; say Monday, as I return now to London this day. Things go on as we all said they would. We are all on the point of now openly declaring ourselves: now may the Lord prosper us in the good Cause!

Commend me in brotherly love to our chosen Friends and vessels of the Lord: I name no one, to all the same. I write myself your Friend in the Lord's Cause, O.

P.S. Be sure and put-up with no affronts. Be as a bundle of sticks; let the offence to one be as to all. The Parliament will back us.

III. *To Mr. Samuel Squire* [subsequently Cornet and Auditor Squire]

London, 3d May 1642.

DEAR FRIEND,—I heard from our good friend W. [*Wildman?*] how zealous in the good Cause you were. We are all alive here, and sweating hard to beat those Papists: may the Lord send to us His holy aid to overcome them, and the Devils who seek to do evil.

Say to your Friends that we have made-up our Demands to the control of the Navy, and Trainbands of the Counties' Militia, also all Forts and Castles: and, with God's aid, we will have them if he [*the King*] likes or dislikes. For he is more shifty every day. We must do more also, unless he does that which is right in the sight of God and man to his People.

I shall come to Oundle, in my way down, this time; as I learn you live there a great time now. So may you prosper in all your undertakings, and may the Lord God protect and watch over you. Let them all know our mind.—From your Friend, O. C.

IV. *To the Committee of Association "at Cambridge"*

London, "June 1642."

GENTLEMEN,—I have sent you, by Hobbes's Wain, those you know of. You must get lead as you may:—the Churches have enough and to spare on them! We shall see the Lord will supply us. Heed well your motions [*learn well your drill-exercise*]: and

laugh not at Rose's Dutch tongue; he is a zealous servant, and we may go farther and get worse man to our hand than he is.

I learn from R. you get offences from the Bullards at Stamford.[1] Let them heed well what they are about, or [*ere*] they get a cake more than they bargain for, for their penny.—V. says that many come ill to the time fixed for muster: pray heed well their loss of time; for I assure you, if once we let time pass by, we shall seek in vain to recover it. The Lord helpeth those who heed His commandments: and those who are not punctual in small matters, of what account are they when it shall please Him to call us forth, if we be not watchful and ready? Pray beat-up those sluggards. —I shall be over, if it please God, next Tuesday or Wednesday. I rest, till then, your Friend and Wellwisher, O. C.

My Correspondent, who rather guesses this Letter to have gone to *Huntingdon*, subjoins in reference to it, the following very curious Note gathered from his recollections of the burnt *Journal*:—'Huntingdon regiment of Horse. Each armed and horsed himself; except Mr. Ol^r^ Cromwell's Troop of Slepe Dragoons, of some 30 to 40 men, mostly poor men or very small freeholders: these the Journal mentioned often; I mean the Slepe Troop of hard-handed fellows, who did as he told them, and asked no questions. The others, despite all that has been said and written, armed themselves and horsed also. I mean the celebrated *Tawnies* or *Ironsides*. They wore brown coats,—as did most Farmers and little country Freeholders; and so do now, as you or me may see any day.—Oliver had some 200 foot also armed by him, who did great service.'

V. No date, no address now left. Probably addressed to the Committee at Cambridge, or whichever was the *central* Committee of those Associations; and, to judge by the glorious *ripeness* to which matters have come, dated about the beginning of July. A very curious Letter. We have prospered to miracle; the Eastern Fen regions are all up or rising, and Royalism quite put down there, impossible as that once seemed. Miraculous success;—and greater is yet coming, if we knew it!

[1] *Note to the Reprint.* 'Bullards,' printed in *Fraser* with a mark of interrogation, has attracted the notice of a helpful Correspondent, or of more than one. 'Bullards,' equivalent to *Bull-wards*, I now find, is an old name or nickname for the Stamford people; Stamford being famous for bull-baiting, and gifted with bequests to promote that branch of enterprise: 'for which legacy,' says one Mr. Lowe of those parts, 'every *Bullard*, in gratitude, ought to drink the joint memory of'—two heroes named by Mr. Lowe: see Hone's *Every-Day Book*, i. 148a.

"*To* ————"

"London, July 1642."

DEAR FRIENDS,—Your Letters gave me great joy at reading your great progress in behalf of our great Cause.

Verily I do think the Lord is with me! I do undertake strange things, yet do I go through with them, to great profit and gladness, and furtherance of the Lord's great Work. I do feel myself lifted on by a strange force, I cannot tell why. By night and by day I am urged forward on the great Work. As sure as God appeared to Joseph in a dream, also to Jacob, He also has directed — — [*some words eaten out by moths*] — — Therefore I shall not fear what man can do unto me. I feel He giveth me the light to see the great darkness that surrounds us at noonday. — to my —ht —ly [*five words gone, by moths*], I have been a stray sheep from the Fold; but I feel I am born again; I have cast off — — [*moths again; nearly three lines lost*]— —

"I have" sent you 300 more Carbines and 600 Snaphances; also 300 Lances, which when complete I shall send down by the Wain with 16 barrels Powder.

We [*of the Parliament*] declare ourselves now, and raise an Army forthwith: Essex and Bedford are our men. Throw-off fear, as I shall be with you. I get a Troop ready to begin; and they will show the others. Truly I feel I am Siloam of the Lord; my soul is with you in the Cause. I sought the Lord; and found this written in the First Chapter of Zephaniah, the 3d verse: 'See, I will consume,' etc. [*Here is the rest of the passage:* 'Consume man and beast; I will consume the fowls of heaven, and the fishes of the sea, and the stumbling-blocks with the wicked; and I will cut-off man from off the land, saith the Lord.']

Surely it is a sign for us. So I read it. For I seek daily, and do nothing without first so seeking the Lord.

I have much to say to you all, when I do see you. Till I so do, the Lord be with you; may His grace abound in all your houses. Peace be among you, loving Friends: so do I pray daily for your soul's health. I pray also, as I know you also "do," for His mercy to soften the heart of the King.— —[*moth-ruins to the end; the signature itself half-eaten: indistinctly guessable to have been:*]

I "shall be at" Godmanchester, "if it please the Lord, on" Monday.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

VI. No date; presumably, August 1642, at Ely or somewhere in that region; where Parliament musters or 'surveys' are going on, and brabbles with recusant Royalists are rife,—in one of which the excellent Mr. Sprigg has got a stroke. My Correspondent, the Transcriber, thinks '*house* at Peterborough' must mean merely *quarters* in a house there, the house or home of Squire appearing in a late Letter to be at Oundle.

To Mr. Squire, at his House, Peterborough

[*No date.*]

SIR,—I regret much to hear your sad news. I regret much that worthy vessel of the Lord, Sprigg, came to hurt.

I hope the voice of the Lord will soften the Malignant's heart even yet at the eleventh hour: we rejoice at the "hope" much;—but do keep it quiet, and not to take air.

We had a rare survey about us; and did much good. I expect to see you all at Stilton on Tuesday. To prevent hindrance, bring your swords and + [*hieroglyph for muskets*?].—From your Friend,

O. C.

Nos. VII—XXIV

VII. Keinton or Edgehill Battle, the first clear bursting into flame of all these long-smouldering elements, was fought on Sunday 23d October 1642. The following Eighteen Letters, dated or approximately dateable all but some two or three, bring us on, in a glimmering fitful manner, along the as yet quite obscure and subterranean course of Colonel Cromwell, to within sight of the Skirmish at Gainsborough, where he dared to beat and even to slay the Hon. Charles Cavendish, and first began to appear in the world.

"To Auditor Squire"

Wisbeach, this day, 11th Nov. 1642.

DEAR FRIEND,—Let the Saddler see to the Horse-gear. I learn, from one, many are ill-served. If a man has not good weapons, horse and harness, he is as naught. I pray you order this:—and tell Rainsborough I shall see to that matter "of his"; but do not wrong the fool.—From your friend, O. C.

VIII. The following is dated the same day, apparently at a subsequent hour, and to the same person:

"To Auditor Squire"

November 11th day, 1642.

Take Three Troops, and go to Downham; I care not which they be. OLIVER CROMWELL.

IX. 'Stanground' is in the Peterborough region; 'Alister *your Music*' means 'Alister your Trumpeter,' of whom there will be other mention. Oliver finds himself at a terrible pinch for money;—there are curious glimpses into that old House by Ely Cathedral too, and the 'Mother' and the 'Dame' there!—

To Mr. Samuel Squire, at his Quarters at Stanground

29th November 1642.

DEAR FRIEND,—I have not at this moment Five Pieces by me loan I can get none: and without money a man is as naught. Pray now open thy pocket, and lend me 150 Pieces until my rent-day, when I will repay,—or say 100 Pieces until then. Pray send me them by Alister your Music; he is a cautious man.

Tell W. I will not have his men cut folk's grass without proper compensation. If you pass mine, say to my Dame I have gone into Essex: my house is open to you; make no scruple; do as at your house at Oundle, or I shall be cross.—If you please ride over to Chatteris, and order the quartering of those [*that*] Suffolk Troop,—I hear they have been very bad;—and let no more such doings be. Bid R. horse[1] any who offend; say it is my order, and show him this.

Pray do not forget the 100 Pieces; and bid Alister ride haste. I shall be at Biggleswade at H. Send me the accounts of the week, if possible by the Trumpet; if not, send them on by one of the Troopers. It were well he rode to Bury, and wait [*waited*] my coming.

I hope you have forwarded my Mother the silks you got for me in London; also those else for my Dame. If not, pray do not fail.—From your Friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.

[1] That is, *wooden-horse* (used as a verb).—'Do military men of these times understand the wooden horse? He is a mere triangular ridge or roof of wood, set on four sticks, with absurd head and tail superadded; and you ride him bare-backed, in face of the world, frequently with muskets tied to your feet,—in a very uneasy manner!'—*Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, antea, p. 19.

'W.' I suppose means Wildman, 'R.' Rainsborough. My Correspondent annotates here: The '*Journal* often mentioned trouble they' (the officers generally) 'got into from the men taking, without leave, hay and corn from Malignants, whom Oliver never allowed to be robbed,—but paid for all justly to friend and foe.'

X. *To Cornet Squire, at his Quarters, Tansor: These*

Huntingdon, 22d January 1642.

SIR,—News has come in, and I want you. Tell my Son to ride over his men to me, as I want to see him. Tell White and Wildman also I want them. Be sure you come too: do not delay.

I have ill news of the men under my Son: tell him from me I must not have it. Bring me over those Papers you know of. Desborow has come in with good spoil,—some 3,000*l.* I reckon. Your Friend, O. ["C." *rotted off.*]

Dated on the morrow after this, is the celebrated Letter to *Robert Barnard, Esquire,* now in the possession of Lord Gosford:[1] 'Subtlety may deceive you, integrity never will!'—

XI. Refers to the Lowestoff exploit;[2] and must bear date 12th March 1642-3,—apparently from Swaffham, Downham, or some such place on the western side of Norfolk.

For Captain Berry, at his Quarters, Oundle. Haste

[*Date gone by moths*]—"12th March 1642."

DEAR FRIEND,—We have secret and sure hints that a meeting of the Malignants takes place at Lowestoff on Tuesday. Now I want your aid; so come with all speed on getting this, with your Troop; and tell no one your route, but let me see you ere sundown.—From your Friend and Commandant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Auditor Squire had written in his *Journal,* now burnt: 'He' (Oliver) 'got his first information of this business from the man that sold fish to the Colleges' (at Cambridge), 'who being searched, a Letter was found on him to the King, and he getting rough usage told all he knew.'

XII. Date and address have vanished; eaten by moths; but can in part be restored. Of the date, it would appear, there remains dimly

[1] *Letters and Speeches,* vol. i. p. 129. [2] *Ibid.* p. 136.

'the last figure, which looks like a 5': that will probably mean 'March 15,' which otherwise one finds to be about the time. The scene is still the Fen country; much harassed by Malignants, necessitating searches for arms, spy-journeys, and other still stronger measures! 'Montague,' we can dimly gather, is the future Earl of Sandwich; at present 'Captain of the St. Neot's troop,' a zealous young Gentleman of eighteen; who, some six months hence, gets a commission to raise a regiment of his own; of whom there is other mention by and by.

"To Cornet Squire"

"—— 15th March 1642."

DEAR FRIEND,—I have no great mind to take Montague's word about that Farm. I learn, behind the oven is the place they hide them [*the arms*]; so watch well, and take what the man leaves; —and hang the fellow out of hand [*out-a-hand*], and I am your warrant. For he shot a boy at Pilton-bee by the Spinney, the Widow's son, her only support: so God and man must rejoice at his punishment.

I want you to go over to Stamford: they do not well know you; ride through, and learn all; and go round by Spalding, and so home by Wisbee [*Wisbeach*]. See 15, 8, 92; and bring me word.—Wildman is gone by way of Lincoln: you may meet; but do not know him; he will not you.

I would you could get into Lynn; for I hear they are building a nest there we must rifle, I sadly fear.—You will hear of me at Downham: if not, seek me at Ely; my Son will say my Quarters to you.—From your Friend, O. C.

XIII. No date, no address; the Letter itself a ruined fragment, 'in Oliver's hand.' For the rest see *Letters and Speeches*, vol. i. p. 140. 'Russell,' I suppose, is Russell of Chippenham, the same whose daughter Henry Cromwell subsequently married.

"To Cornet Squire"

[*No date*] "Cambridge, (23d?) March 1642."

SIR,—Send me by Alister a list of the Troop, and the condition of men and horses; also condition of the arms. Ride over to St. Neot's, and see Montague his Troop, and my Son's Troop; and call on your way back at Huntingdon, and see to Russell's (I hear

his men are ill provided in boots); and bid them heed a sudden call: I expect a long ride.

I shall want 200 Pieces: bring me them, or else send them by a sure hand.—You mentioned to my Wife of certain velvets you had in London, come over in your Father's ship from Italy: now, as far as Twenty Pieces go, buy th — — [*torn off, signature and all*].

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

XIV. *To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Godmanchester*

Cambridge, 26th March 1642 [*miswritten for* 1643; *Newyears-day was yesterday*].

SIR,—Since we came back, I learn no men have got the money I ordered. Let me hear no more of this; but pay as I direct,—as we are about hard work, I think. Yours to mind,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The 'hard work' of this Letter, and 'long ride' of last, refer to the same matter; which did not take effect after all, much as Colonel Hampden urged it.

XV. 'Direction gone; Letter generally much wasted.' Refers, seemingly, to those 'Plunderers' or 'Camdeners' from the Stamford side, concerning whom, about the beginning of this April, there is much talk and terror, and one other Letter by Cromwell, already printed.[1] 'Berry' is the future Major-General; once 'Clerk in the Ironworks,' Richard Baxter's friend; of whom there was already mention in the Lowestoff affair.

"*To Cornet Squire*"

Ely, this 30th day [*rest rotted off*], "March 1643."

— — — hope you to bring me that I want in due time,—we shall, if it please God, be at Swaffham;—and hear of me at 11 [*name in cipher*], who will say to you all needful.

Mind and come on in strength, as they are out to mischief, and some — — [*guess at their number illegible*], — — Troops, but ill-armed. Tell Berry to ride in, also Montague; and cut home, as no mercy ought to be shown those rovers, who are only robbers and not honourable soldiers.——Call at Cosey: I learn he has got a case of arms down; fetch them off; also his harness,—it lies in

[1] *Letters and Speeches*, vol. i. p. 142.

the wall by his bedhead: fetch it off; but move not his old weapons of his Father's, or his family trophies. Be tender of this, as you respect my wishes of one Gentleman to another.

Bring me two pair Boothose, from the Fleming's who lives in London Lane; also a new Cravat:—I shall be much thankful. I rest your Friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.

'London Lane,' I understand, is in Norwich. Let us hope 'the Fleming' has a good fleecy-hosiery article there, and can furnish one's Cornet; for the weather is still cold!—

From Norwich and the Fleming, by faint reflex, we perceive farther that 'Cosey' must be *Costessey*, vernacularly 'Cossy,' *Park*; seat of the old Roman-Catholic Jerninghams (now Lords Stafford), who are much concerned in these broils, to their heavier cost in time coming. Cossy is some four miles east of Norwich; will lie quite handy for Squire and his Troop as they ride hitherward, being on the very road to Swaffham.[1]

XVI. *Mr. Samuel Squire, at his Quarters, Peterborough, in Bridge-street there: Haste*

St. Neot's, 3d April 1643.

DEAR SIR,—I am required by the Speaker to send up those Prisoners we got in Suffolk [*at Lowestoff*, etc.]; pray send me the Date we got them, also their Names in full, and quality. I expect I may have to go up to Town also. I send them up by Whalley's Troop and the Slepe Troop; my Son goes with them. You had best go also, to answer any questions needed.

I shall require a new Pot [*kind of Helmet*]; mine is ill set. Buy me one in Tower-street; a Fleming sells them, I think his name is Vandeleur: get one *fluted*, and good barrets; and let the plume-case be set on well behind. I would prefer it lined with good shamoy leather to any other.

I have wished them return [*the two Troops to return*] by way of Suffolk home; so remind them. Do see after the 3 [*undecipherable cipher*]. 81 is playing fox: I hold a letter of his he sent to certain ones, which I got of one who carried it. If you light on him, pray take care of him, and bring him on to me. I cannot let such escape; life and property is lost by such villains. If resist-

[1] This Paragraph is due to a Correspondent (Jan. 1848), after *Fraser*, where 'Cosey' was printed with a *quære*, 'Cosey (?)'—(*Note to the Reprint*, 1850).

ance is given, pistol him. No nonsense can be held with such: he is as dangerous as a mad bull, and must be quieted by some means. This villain got our men into a strife near Fakenham, some three weeks since; and two got shot down, and nine wounded; and the others lost some twenty or thirty on their side; and all for his mischief.

Let me see you as soon as needs will allow. Mind Henry come to no ill in London; I look to you to heed him.—From your Friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire endorses: 'We went up with the Treasure; and got sadly mauled coming back, but beat the ruffians [*ruffinns*] at Chipping, but lost near all our baggage.'

XVII. These plundering 'Ca'ndishers,' called lately 'Camdeners,' from Noel Viscount Camden their principal adherent in these Southern parts, are outskirts or appendages of the Marquis of Newcastle's Northern or 'Papist' Army, and have for Commander the Hon. Charles Cavendish, Cousin of the Marquis; whence their name. They are fast flowing Southward at present, in spite of the Fairfaxes,—to the terror of men. Our first distinct notice of them by Oliver; the *last* will follow by and by.

To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Oundle: These. Post haste, haste

Stilton, 12th April this day, "1643."

SIR,—Pray show this to Berry, and advise [*signify to*] him to ride in, and join me, by four-days time; as these Ca'ndishers, I hear, are over, tearing and robbing all, poor and rich.— — [*moths*] — — — Many poor souls slain, and cattle moved off. Stamford is taken, and Lord Noel [*Nole*] has put some 300 to garrison it.

Send on word to Biggleswade, to hasten those slow fellows. We are upon no child's-play; and must have all help as we [*they*] may.——At same time, I will buy your Spanish Headpiece you showed me; I will give you Five Pieces for it, and my Scots one: at all rates, I will fain have it.—So rest, your Friend, O. C.

The East Foot [*from Suffolk* etc.] are come in, to some 600 men, I learn. Say so to those Biggleswade dormice.

Squire has jotted on this Letter: 'writ 12th April 1642' (meaning 1643), 'as we were upon our Lincoln riding.'

XVIII. *To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Oundle: These. Haste*

Ely, this 13th day April 1642 [*for* 1643].

SIR,—I got your Letter and the Headpiece [*See Nos.* 16, 17]. I find we want much ere we march. Our Smiths are hard "on" work at shoes. Press me Four more Smiths as you come on: I must have them, yea or nay; say I will pay them fee, and let go after shoeing,—home, and no hindrances.

I am glad Berry is of our mind; and in so good discipline of his men,—next to good arms, sure victory, under God.—I am your Friend, O. C.

XIX. *To Mr. S. Squire, at his Quarters, Oundle: These. Haste*

Ely, this day Monday "——1643."

SIR,—The Pay of the three Troops is come down; therefore come over by Twelve to-morrow, and see to it. I can hear nothing of the man that was sent me out of Suffolk and Essex. I fear he is gone off with the money. If so, our means are straitened beyond my power to redeem;—so must beg of you to lend me 200 pieces more, to pay them; and I will give you the order on my Farm at Slepe, as security, if Parliament fail payment, which I much doubt of.

I got the money out of Norfolk last Friday: it came, as usual, ill; and lies at my Son's quarters safely: also the Hertfordshire money also [*sic*], which lies at his quarters also. The money which was got from the man at Boston is all gone: I had to pay 20 *per centum* for the changing it, and then take Orders on certain you know of, which will reduce it down to barely 60*l.* in the 100:—which is hard case on us who strive, thus to lose our hard earnings by men who use only pens, and have no danger of life or limb to go through.

Bring me the Lists of the Foot now lying in Garrison. I fear those men from Suffolk are being tried sorely by money from certain parties,—whom I will hang, if I catch playing their tricks in my quarters; by law of arms I will serve them. Order Isham

to keep the Bridge (it is needful), and shoot any one passing who has not a pass. The Service is one that we must not be nice upon, to gain our ends. So show him my words for it.

Tell Captain Russell my mind on his men's drinking the poor man's ale and not paying. I will not allow any plunder: so pay the man, and stop their pay to make it up. I will cashier officers and men, if such is done in future.

So let me see you by noon-time; as I leave, after dinner, for Cambridge.—Sir, I am your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'Isham,' who is to keep the Bridge on this occasion, 'left the regiment at the same time as Squire did' (the First War being ended), 'and went to sea, as did many others: so said *Journal*.' (*Note by the Transcriber.*)

XX. Address torn off, date eaten by moths; the former to be guessed at, the latter not.

"To Mr. Squire"

"— — 1643."

DEAR FRIEND,—"I pray you"[1] send a Hundred Pounds to 81 at Ipswich; also a Hundred Pounds to 92 in Harwich; also Fifty-two Pounds to 151 at Aldborough;—and do not delay an hour. W. [*Wildman ?*] is returned: they are all fit to burst at news come in; and, I much fear, will break out. So I am now going over to clip their wings. I shall be back in five days, if all be well.

Henry has borrowed of you Fifty Pieces, I learn. Do not let him have any more; he does not need it; and I hope better of you than go against my mind.—I rest, your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

XXI. *To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Chatteris: Haste, haste*

Headquarters, Monday daybreak.

SIR,—Wildman has seen one who says you have news. How is this I am not put in possession of it? Surely you are aware of our great need. Send or come to me by dinner.—I am your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

[1] Some such phrase, and the half of '*Friend*,' have gone by moths.

XXII. *To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Downham*

[*No date*] "1643."

DEAR FRIEND,—I learn from Burton (112) that one landed at the Quay from Holland, who was let-go, and is now gone-on by way of Lynn. I hear he has a peaked beard, of a blue-black colour: of some twenty-five years old: I think from my letters, a Spaniard. See to him. He will needs cross the Wash; stop him, and bring him to me. I shall lie at Bury, if not at Newmarket: so be off quickly.—From your Friend,

O. CROMWELL.

Haste,—ride on spur.

Squire has endorsed: 'Got the man at Tilney, after a tussle, two troopers hit, and he sore cut, even to loss of life. Got all.'

XXIII. Mr. Waters is some lukewarm Committee-man; whose lasy backwardness, not to say worse of it, this Colonel can endure no longer. Squire (by whatever chance the Letter came into Squire's hand) has endorsed as memorandum: '146 [*and other cipher-marks*] lives at his house,'—which perhaps may explain the thing!

To Mr. Waters, at the Cross Keys: These in all speed

Lincoln, 25th July 1643.

SIR,—If no more be done than you and yours have done, it is well you give over such powers as you have to those who will. I say to you now my mind thereto: If I have not that aid which is my due, I say to you I will take it. And so heed me; for I find your words are mere wind: I shall do as I say, if I find no aid come to me by Tuesday.—Sir, I rest, as you will,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

XXIV. Here are the Ca'ndishers again; scouring the world, like hungry wolves: swift, mount, and after them!

To Captain Montague or Sam Squire: Haste, haste, on spur

Wisbeach, this day,—"July 1643."

SIR,—One has just come-in to say the Ca'ndishers have come as far as Thorney, and done a great mischief, and drove-off some threescore fat beasts.

Pray call all in, and follow them; they cannot have got far Give no quarter; as they shed blood at Bourne, and slew three poor men not in arms. So make haste.—From your Friend and Commander, OLIVER CROMWELL.

Here, too, is a Letter from Henry Cromwell, copied by my Correspondent from Squire's old Papers; which is evidently of contiguous or slightly prior date, and well worth saving.

'*To Captain Berry, at his Quarters, Whittlesea: These in all haste*

—— 18th July 1643.

'Sir,—There is great news just come in, by one of our men who has been home on leave. The Ca'ndishers are coming on hot. Some say 80 troops, others 50 troops. Be it as it may, we must go on. Vermuyden has sent his Son on to say, We had better push-on three troops as scouts, as far as Stamford; and hold Peterborough at all costs, as it is the Key to the Fen, which if lost much ill may ensue. Our news says, Ca'ndish has sworn to sweep the Fens clear of us. How he handles his broom, we will see when we meet: he may find else than dirt to try his hand on, I think! Last night came in Letters from the Lord General; also money, and ammunition a good store.

'Our men being ready, we shall ride in and join your Troop at dawn. Therefore send out scouts to see. Also good intelligencers on foot had better be seen after; they are best, I find, on all occasions. Hold the Town secure; none go in or out, on pain of law of arms and war.—Sharman is come in from Thrapstone: there was a Troop of the King's men driving, but got cut-down to a man,—not far from Kettering, by the Bedford Horse, and no quarter given, I hear.

'Sir, this is all the news I have. My Father desires me to say, Pray be careful!—Sir, I rest, your humble Servant, HENRY CROMWELL.'

On the same sheet follow four lines of abstruse cipher, with a signature which I take to mean 'Oliver Cromwell': apparently some still more secret message from the Colonel himself.

On Friday 28th July 1643, precisely ten days after this Letter, occurred the action at Gainsborough, where poor General Cavendish, 'handling his broom' to best ability, was killed; and a good account, or good instalment of account to begin with, was given of these Ca'ndishers.[1]

[1] *Letters and Speeches*, vol. i. p. 153.

Nos. XXV—XXXV.

Our last batch consists of Eleven Letters; all of which, except two only, bear date 1643; and all turn on the old topics. Squire's more intimate relation to Oliver naturally ceased as the sphere of action widened,—as the 'valiant Colonel,' having finished his Eastern-Association business, emerged as a valiant General into Marston Battle, into England at large. After 1643, there is only one Letter to Squire; and that on personal business, and dated 1645.

XXV. *To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Wisbeach, at Mr. Thorne's House there: by my Son Henry*

August, 2d day, 1643.

SIR,—My Lord Manchester has not the power to serve me as you would [*as you wish*] for York: but I will see if I can do it for him, to serve you in my Kinsman's [*Whalley's, Desborow's, Walton's?*] troop.

I will give you all you ask for that Black you won last fight.—I remain, yours, OLIVER CROMWELL.

'Last Fight' is Gainsborough with the Ca'ndishers; which occurred a week ago,—and has yielded Squire a horse among other things.

XXVI. *To Mr. S. Squire, at his Quarters, the Flag*

This day, 3d August 1643.

SIR,—These are to require you to bring the Statements of the Troopers who were on the road, when they stopped the Wains containing the Arms going from [*word illegible; my Correspondent writes 'Skegness'*] to Oxford: that they be paid their dues for the service.

I learn from Jackson that some of the Suffolk Troop requires Passes to return home to Harvest. Now, that is hardly to be given; seeing we are after Lynn Leaguer, and require all aid needful to surround them [*the Lynn Malignants*]:—Say I cannot grant their requesting. Have they not had great manifesting of God's bounty and grace, in so short a time? I am filled with surprise at this fresh requiring of these selfish men. Let them write home, and hire others to work. I will grant no fresh Passes: the Lord General is against it; and so am I, fixed in my mind.

Do you ride over to Swaffham, and buy Oats for 2000 horse: we shall require as many, to come on to Gaywood, by order, as needed. Also see to the Hay;—and let your servants see well that no imposition is practised. I must insist on due weight and measure for man and horse; or let the chapmen look to their backs and pouches! I stand no rogue's acts here, if they are tolerated in London. I will have my pennyworth for my penny.

Send on a Trooper to Norwich and Yarmouth for news. Bid them call at 112 and 68, and ask Mr. Parmenter after 32: he is fox, I hear. I fear Burton is double.—I am, your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I sent a Pass to your Kinsman.

XXVII. *"To Mr. Squire"*

"17th August 1643."

Bid three Troops go on to Downham, and come by way of Wisbeach. Tell Ireton my mind on his shooting that Spy without learning more. I like it not. His name is Nickols, I hear. It were well no news took air of it. O. C.

'From Col. Cromwell on his way to Siege of Lynn, 17th August 1643:' so Squire dockets; which enables us to date. Farther in regard to 'Ireton's matter' (the well-known Ireton), there stood in the *Journal*, says my Correspondent: 'This man was shot in Thorney Fen: he was a spy, and had done great injury. He had 500 Gold Pieces in his coat, and a Pass of Manchester's and one of the King's.' To which my Correspondent adds in his own person: 'Shooting spies, and hanging newsmongers, was very often done; and to me very horrible was the news I read often in the *Journal* of such doings.'

XXVIII. The 'great work on hand'—is a ride to Lincolnshire; which issued in Winceby Fight, or Horncastle Fight, on Wednesday next.

"To Auditor Squire"

Ely, this day [*moths*] October "1643."

DEAR FRIEND,—Hasten with all speed you may, and come on the spur to me at Ely: we have a great work on hand, and shall need us all to undertake it. May the Lord be with us.—Hasten your men. I must see you by to-morrow sunset, as we start next day.—From yours, OLIVER CROMWELL.

'Came by the Colonel's Music,' so Squire endorses.—For Winceby Fight, which followed on Wednesday next, see *Letters and Speeches*, vol. i. pp. 174-7.

XXIX. Home at Ely again; in want of various domestic requisites,—a drop of mild brandy, for one.

To Mr. S. Squire, at his Quarters, Dereham, or elsewhere: Haste, haste

Ely, 15th November 1643.

SIR,—With all speed, on getting this, see Cox; his Quarters are at the Fort on the South End. Tell him to send me two Culverins, also a small Mortar-piece, with match, powder and shot; also a Gunner and his mates, as I need them.

Buy of Mr. Teryer a case of Strong-waters for me;—and tell the Bailiff to order-on such Volunteers as we can: we need all we can get. Also get a cask of cured Fish for me.—Do not fail sending on, with good speed, the Cannons; we stay for them. In haste, yours, OLIVER CROMWELL.

XXX. *To Mr. S. Squire, at his Quarters*

This day, Friday noon, "— Nov. 1643."

SIR,—Your Letter is more in the Lord General's business than mine; but to serve you am well pleased at all times. I have writ to the Captain at Loughborough to mind what he is about: at the same time, if your Kinsmen are Papists, I do not not know well how I dare go against the Law of Parliament to serve them. I have, to oblige you, done so far: Take a Pass, and go over and see to this matter, if you are inclined. But I think they, if prudent, will get no farther ill.

I shall want the Blue Parcel of Papers you know of: send them by your Music.—Sir, I am your Friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire endorses: 'My Cousin would not leave the Nunnery, so left her.'—But see next Letter, for a wiser course.

XXXI. *To Mr. S. Squire, at his Quarters, Fotheringay*

Peterborough, this day, 2d Dec. 1643.

DEAR FRIEND,—I think I have heard you say that you had a

relation in the Nunnery at Loughborough. Pray, if you love her, remove her speedily; and I send you a Pass,—as we have orders to demolish it, and I must not dispute orders [*no!*]:—There is one of the Andrews' in it; take her away. Nay give them heed to go, if they value themselves. I had rather they did. I like no war on women. Pray prevail on all to go, if you can. I shall be with you at Oundle in time.—From your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire has written on the other side: 'Got my Cousin Mary and Miss Andrews out, and left them at our house at Thrapstone, with my Aunt, same night; and the Troops rode over, and wrecked the Nunnery by order of Parliament.'

XXXII. Some Cathedral or other Church duty come in course; at which young Montague, Captain of the St. Neot's Troop, would fain hesitate! Readers may remember Mr. Hitch of Ely,—about a fortnight after the date here.[1] 'Monuments of Superstition and Idolatry,' they must go: the Act of Parliament, were there nothing more, is express!

"To Mr. Squire"

Christmas Eve, "1643."

SIR,—It is to no use any man's saying he will not do this or that. What is to be done is no choice of mine. Let it be sufficient, it is the Parliament's Orders, and we to obey them. I am surprised at Montague to say so. Show him this: if the men are not of a mind to obey this Order, I will cashier them, the whole Troop. I heed God's House as much as any man: but vanities and trumpery give no honour to God, nor idols serve Him; neither do painted windows make man more pious. Let them do as Parliament bid them, or else go home,—and then others will be less careful to do what we had done [*might have done*] with judgment.

I learn there is 4 Men down with the Sickness, in the St. Neot's Troop now at March. Let me hear: so ride over, and learn all of it.—Sir, I am your Friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire has endorsed: 'They obeyed the Order.'

[1] *Letters and Speeches*, vol. i. p. 179.

XXXIII. This Letter, in my Copy of it, is confidently dated 'Stilton, 31st *July* 1643'; but, for two reasons, the date cannot be accepted. First, there is a Letter long since printed, which bears date *Huntingdon*, instead of Stilton, with precisely the same day and year,—the Letter concerning Gainsborough Fight, namely.[1] Secondly, in the Letter now before us there is allusion to 'Horncastle' or Winceby Fight, which had not happened in 'July,' nor till 11th October following. If for *July* we read *Jan*^{y}, January 1643-4, there is a better chance of being right.

"To Auditor Squire"

Stilton, 31st "January" 1643.

DEAR SIR,—Buy those Horses; but do not give more than 18 or 20 Pieces each for them: that is enough for Dragooners.

I will give you 60 Pieces for that black you won at Horncastle (if you hold to a mind to sell him), for my Son, who has a mind to him.—Dear Sir, I am your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

15 is come in.

XXXIV. Red coats for the first time! My Correspondent gives the following annotation: 'I remember, in *Journal*, mention of all the East men' (Association men) 'wearing red coats,[2] horse and foot, to distinguish them from the King's men; and it being used after by the whole Army. And I think it was after Marston Battle;—but the *Journal* was full of the rowes of the men, and corporals' cabals.'

To Mr. Russell, at his Quarters, Bromley by Bow

[*No date at all*] "1643."

SIR,—I learn your Troop refuse the new Coats. Say this: Wear them, or go home. I stand no nonsense from any one. It is a needful thing we be as one in Colour; much ill having been from diversity of clothes, to slaying "of friends by friends." Sir, I pray you heed this. OLIVER CROMWELL.

XXXV. Cornet or Auditor Squire, it would appear by my Correspondent's recollections of the lost *Journal*, was promoted to be Lieutenant for his conduct in Naseby Fight: 'he afterwards got wounded in Wales or

[1] *Letters and Speeches*, vol. i. p. 153.

[2] *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 157.

Cornwall; place named *Turo*, I think,'—undoubtedly at Truro in Cornwall, in the ensuing Autumn. Here, next Spring, 1645-6, while the Service is like to be lighter, he decides on quitting the Army altogether.

To Lieutenant Squire, at his Quarters, Tavistock: These

3d March 1645.

SIR,—In reply to the Letter I got this morning from you,—I am sorry you "so" resolve; for I had gotten you your commission as Captain from the Lord General, and waited only your coming to give it you. Think twice of this. For I intended your good; as I hope you know my mind thatwise. But so if you will,—I will not hinder you. For, thanks be given to God, I trust now all will be well for this Nation; and an enduring Peace be, to God his glory and our prosperity.

Now there is between you and me some reckoning. Now I hope to be in London, say in three weeks, if God speed me in this matter. Call at the Speaker's, and I will pay you all your due. Pray send me a List of the Items, for guide to me [*for me to guide*]. Let me know what I owe your Brother for the Wines he got me out of Spain to my mind.—Sir, let me once more wish you "would" think over your resolution, that I may serve you. Your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire, in his idle moments, has executed on this sheet a rude drawing of a Pen and Sword; very rude indeed; with these words: 'Ten to one the Feather beats the Iron'; that is Squire's endorsement on this his last remaining Letter from Oliver; indicating a nascent purpose, on the part of Squire, to quit the Army after all.

With which nascent purpose, and last Letter, we should so gladly take our leave of him and his affairs; were it not that there still remain, from the burnt *Journal*, certain miscellaneous Scraps, transitory jottings of Lists and the like, copied by our Correspondent,—which, though generally of the character of mere opaque ashes, may contain here and there some fragment of a burnt bone, once a hero's; and claim to be included in this which may be called the *Funeral Urn of the Ironsides*, what is left to us of them after the fire. These Scraps too, let us hastily shoot them in, therefore; and so end.

SCRAP 1

On a Slip of Paper in Squire's hand first, but ending with a line in Oliver's:

Ely, this 12th day of March 1643.

Sick:

M. Kearnes
T. Allen

Wounded:

P. Jenkins
P. Frisby
Tab. Tomlins
Sh. Wales

4 horses want new shoes; 14 bridles want repairs [*turns the leaf*]; 4 greaves want repair. Paid for Hay for Horses 50 shillings.

The rest all well.

SAML. SQUIRE.

[*Bottom of the Paper.*]

Sixth Troop to go to Downham.

O. C.

SCRAP 2

My Correspondent says: 'These Names are written on a sheet of Paper, folded, and marked *Troops*,'—probably, as my Correspondent guesses elsewhere, the names of the original Ironside Captains; well worth preserving indeed!

Cromwell	Flutter	Barnard
Aires	Stebbings	Dodsworth
Berry	Walton	Richardson
Wright	Campin	Russell
Evanson	Deane	White
Collins	Buckell	Rawlins
Rainsforth	Larance	Sidne (*Algernon?*)
Clarke	Wauton	Cromwell, H.
Lawsell	Walden	Cromwell, O. (*Junior*)
Freshwater	Jones	Ireton
Woolward	Whalley	Rich
Spriggs	Cook	Montague (*Sandwich*)
Sheppherd	Fountain	Cults
Fairside	Norton (*idle Dick*)	Chambers.
Weston	Langley	

SCRAP 3

Names written on a Paper marked 'St Neot's Troop.'

Speechley
Tebbutt (*the Saddler?* in Scrap 7)
Wright
Ellis
Barnard
Hunt
Pickering
Dawson
Butler
Cox
Wauton, V. (*Valentine, young Walton, killed at Marston-Moor?*)
Russell, John
Cromwell, Rd. (*idle Richard!*)
Cromwell, Thos.
Montague
Halles, Ambrose
Andres
Spencer, junr.

SCRAP 4

On a Sheet in Squire's hand:

The Names of those who joined us at Siege of Lynn, and came riding in full armed, and went into our second regiment; and who left us, many of them, after Marston Fight, on fancies of conscience, and turned Quackers (*Quakers*);—and suchlike left us at Newmarket, and went home with the Eastmen's foot, to garrison Lynn and Yarmouth.

No. 1

Allen, Robert
Ames, Simeon
Anger, Josua
Beales, Constantine
Beart, Hiram
Bullard, Octavius
Ball, Frank
Buddery, Isaac S
Breckenham, Edward
Complin (*or* Camplin), Judah
Camon, Joseph
Cornish, Caleb
Dunton, Saml.
Dormer, James
Downeing, Saml.
Daynes, Danyel
Eccles, Thomas (music)
Elsegood, Zachary
Ellis, John
Fuller, Jacob
Fydeman, John
Fyncham, Saul
Fenn, Aaron
Goodwyn, Robert
Gogney, Symon
Greenwood, Japhet
Goss, Jacques
Hutcherson, Levi
Hewet, Jacob
Hunt, Isaiah
Howard, Timon
Jeunes le, Jonathan S
Kinge, Philip
Kiddell, Mores
Kett, Reuben S
Kett, Aminadab
Keckwicke, Josiah
Lowger, Thos. Christian
Munck, Wm.
Myleham, Henry

Matthewman, Thomas
Mason, Alwyn
Mylum, Abraham C
Medcalf, Leonard C
Mayhew, Hezekiah
Neave, Aram
Neale, Jacques
Northen, Christian
Osborn, Zatthu
Price, Ahimelech
Panke, Sheckaniah
Pike, Henry
Patterson, Paul
Roe, Tobias C
Ransom, Icheil (*or* Jeheil)
Roe, Zechariah
Rust, Christian
Rose, Selah
Read, Price Stephen
Reeve, Manna
Soames, Aaron, Major
Stangroom, Eleazer
Sheringham, Walter
Shepperd, Charles
Sharpen, Jacobus
Snell, Robert
Starlin, Edward
Sewell, Samuel
Swann, Josua S
Thurton, Wm. Valentine
Todd, Stephen
Tillet, Ishmael
Taylor, Vilellius
Tizack, Christopher
Tuby, Zered
Toll, Israel
Vickers, John
Vankamp, Hubert
Ward, Willm.
Waymour, Wm.
Wharle, Nicholas
Weeds, Amphilius
Woods, John C
Waters, Bartolemew
Waddelow, Philip
Weasey, John
Wilkerson, Wm.
Willemons, Gabriel
Wasey, Antoney
Waynford, Antony
Youngs, Francis
Yewell, Gordon
Ypres, Cornelius
Yabbs, Peter
Yewells, Christian
Youngman, Gregory
Yeames, Robert
Yorkshire, Samuel

['I suppose S and C means Sergeants and Corporals.'—*Correspondent.*]

No. 2

Allwurd Promise
Cladius Ratson
Gilead Barker
Valentine Barker
Henricus Clarke
Alec Caulfield
James Culling
Sim Cross
Zack Dulwick
Alfred Damant
Kesiah Dannell
Joshua Flint
Mathias Fox
Will Gowan
Paul Hales (*or* Halls
Septimus Lefranc
Richard Lome
Peter A. Money
Israel Meeks
Will Martin
John Mills
Cristr. Mead
Robert Mead
Hall Markston
Fred. Mallet
Mark Nicholls
Egbert Oaks

Caleb Pede	Danl. Staffort	Oliver Weston
David Pascal	Natl. Steele	Isachar Watts
John Pulfrey	James Thompson	Thos. Zobell
Amos Pull	Jos. Watts	Adolff Zobell
Pious Stone	Malec Wats	Shem Quarles
Walter Smidt	Je'sophat Warnes	John Yellows
Ludwig Smidt	Henry Willson	Alfred Love
Julius Stannard	Saul Wensun	Simeon Waite

'To these names nothing farther is written, beyond names of their Troops. I have written them *alphabetically* from my List, which is not so arranged.' (*Note by my Correspondent.*)

SCRAP 5

'These are written on a Strip of Paper was enclosed in a Letter.' (*Correspondent.*)

OC.	DC.	RC.	HC.	Ireton	Cole
HC.	JC.	VW.	D.	Rawlings	York
A.	B.	E.	J.	Rainsboro	Mewburn
		R.		Castle	Frisby
				White	Mossop
				Husbands	

'Copied as they stood in the original Paper. About the treasure going to London' (see antea, No. 16); 'and I think, from the contents, took [*had taken*] College treasure.' (*Correspondent.*)

SCRAP 6

'List of Names written on a Paper marked *Hearty*. I have written them alphabetically for convenience, but they were not so in the Original.' (*Correspondent.*)

Alister	Castles	Chambers, W.
Barnard, J.	Chambers, J.	Cox
Butler	Compton	Castel
Boyle	Carter	Cole
Biglande	Claypol	Chapman
Boucher	Collins	Cromwell, O. senr.
Bussey	Clarke	Cromwell, R.
Berry	Campin	Cromwell, Thos.
Buckel	Cooke	Cromwell, O. junr.
Barnard, R.	Cutts	Cromwell, Richd.

Cromwell, Henry	Jones	Russell, F.
Desborow	John	Reynolds
Desborow	Kincome	Rainsforth
Deane, H.	Knightley	Richardson, J.
Deane, R.	Lemmen	Rawlinges
Dinch	Lawsell	Rich
Dodsworth	Langley	Ayscogh
Dawson, T.	Moulle	Reachlous
Dawson, S.	Mewburn	Steward
Dawson, H.	Montague	Sprigges
Everard, B.	Montague, H.	Stebbings
Everard, R.	Marten	Sidney
Everson	Masham	Speechley
Ellis	Larance	Squire
Freshwater	Ayscouw	Tebbut
Farside	Montague	Thornton
Flutter	Norton	Warters
Frisby	Neale	Walls
Fischer	Neve	Wauton, V.
Garland	Nelson	Whally
Hodges	Ord	Whitston
Halles	Poulton	Wright
Hunt	Powell	White
Hobbard	Pye	Walden
Holland	Pickerin	Woolward
Hewitson	Pede	Weston
Hawkins	Ayres	Walton
Henderson	Richardson, R.	Wauton, J.
Hunt	Rose	Walden
Hart	Rawlen	Wright
Handley	Reede	Warnes
Isham	Ricketts	White
Ingoldsby	Russell, J.	Vanderay
Ingolsby	Ireton	York
Ireton, J.	Russell, R.	Yewson

'These several Lists are all that I copied; but I think the List 3 (*Scrap* 2 as given here) 'contains names of the original Captains [*and Subalterns*] of Troops in the Ironsides; but I cannot say for certain. The large List' (*Scrap* 4) 'was too far gone to touch, as it was perfectly red with damp, and rotten; so was burnt. These were in Letters and odd Papers. I have no others copied that I can find in my travelling Writing-desk; so suppose they are all I took.' (*Correspondent.*)

SCRAP 7

'Written on a Letter, and marked *Settled.*' (*Correspondent.*)

Settled.	*Corporals:*	*Clerk:*
Collonel O. Cromwell	Cornelius Vanderay	Saml. Squire [*Self!*]
Cn. [*Captain*] J. Desboro[h]	Zosimus Rose [*the Drill-Corporal: Letter No.* 4]	*Saddeler:* J. Tebbutt
Leutenant V. Wauton	Thomas Fischer	*Chirugeon:*
Cornet E. Whally	*Trumpets:*	Sl. Moule
Qr. Mr. R. Everard	Levi Allister [*your Music!*]	*Farrier:* Rd. Richardson.
	Thos. Kincome	

SCRAP 8

'Memorandums on a Piece of Paper,' in Squire's hand, 'copied by me *verbatim.*' (*Correspondent.*)

Buried near the Vestrey:

Enoch Soames
John Purfis
Simeon Wildes
John Liffel
Benjamin Waster
Noah Richardson
Seth Richardson
Levi Richardson
Cornelius Van Œst
Caspar Dorflein

Shot to the Death at Ganesborow.

— — 50 horses shot to the death.
40 horses soreley wounded.
30 men wounded soreley, yet can Ride.
10 unabel to Ride.

Lent for the use of the Parlement to pay the Souldiers. Hay and Corn £160 10 4¼

[*turns the leaf*]

£160 10 4¼

Note for its due payt. secured by Col. O.C.

504	19	6
160	10	4¼
665	9	10¼

Lent to	*s.*	
Hiram Dawson	10	
Capn. Desboro'	60	
Colenl. Cromwell	£10—	
A new Cravatt	7	
A new Spurrs	5	
A feather for my Basnet	2	6
	£14	4 6
A new Staffe for y[e] Coloures	1	4
	14	5 10

SCRAP 9

Squire's Conspectus of the 'St. Neot's Troop' is to be seen in *Scrap* 3. Captain Montague obtained Commission to raise a regiment of his own, 'on the 20th August 1643,' says Collins[1]—which I think, as '20th August' was a *Sunday*, can hardly have been the exact day! However, raise a regiment he did, and even regiments; and here is Note of the first of them,—in Squire's handwriting:

Joined Montague's Lanciers

Walter [*his name illegible*]	Wm. Partrige	Gabriel Womac
	Collins Collins	Lemuel Gilbert
John Palmer	John Skipon	Charles Hurst [*or* Harst]
Saul Cobbham	Walter Reachlous	Wm. Waters
Martin Saul	John Evanson	May 24, 1644.
Wolsey Clarke	Wm. Ellis	
Stephen Willis	Henry Johnson	

Explicit Squirus noster; as all things do end! Some three other Notes, written in abstruse cipher, and two of them bearing what I take to be Oliver's occult signature, and plainly Squire's address,—these I keep back, as too abstruse for any printer or any reader. And herewith let us close the Funeral Urn of the Ironsides, with its burnt bones of heroes, and ashes of mere wood; and, with deathless regrets against my Unknown Correspondent, and for the present some real thankfulness to Heaven, wash our hands of this melancholy affair.

T. CARLYLE.

London, 2d Nov. 1847.

[1] Peerage (1741), ii. 281.

END OF VOL. II.

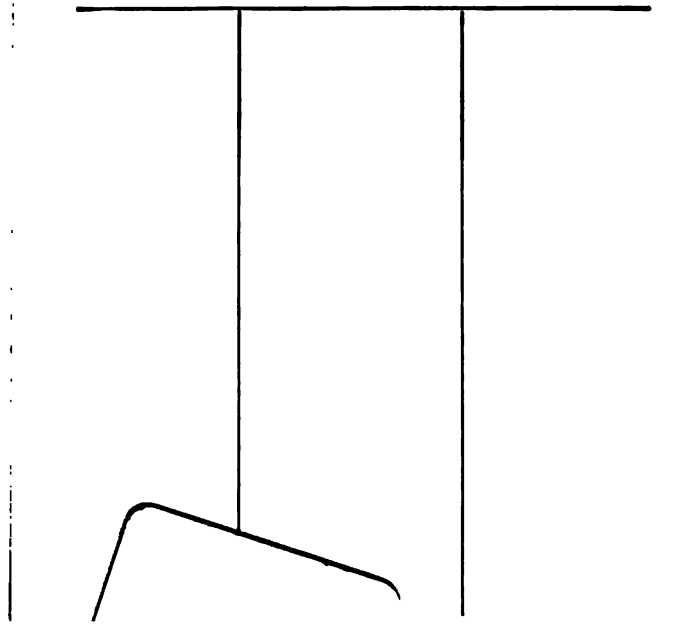
Printed by T. and A. CONSTABLE, Printers to Her Majesty
at the Edinburgh University Press

1 100

GRE-

Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 004 444 837

PR
4421
.T7
V. 7

J. Henry Meyer Memorial Library
Stanford University

Return this book on or before date due.